ANNA KARÉNINA

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.

ANNA KARÉNINA.

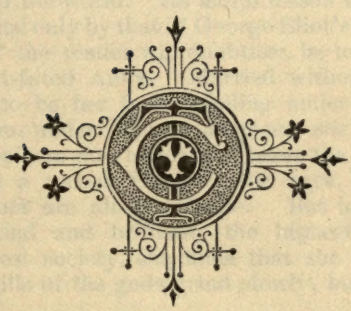
BY

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.

IN EIGHT PARTS.

TRANSLATED BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.



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INTRODUCTION.

To preserve, so far as possible, the spirit and style of the original, has been the translator's aim in presenting, for the first time to English readers, Count Tolstoï's great novel, "ANNA KARÉNINA."

After the present translation was begun, an anonymous French paraphrase appeared. In order to hasten the preparation of this volume for the press, that version has been used in a few passages, but always with the Russian original at hand. It is a novel which, in spite of some faults of repetition, easily stands in the front rank of the great romances of the world. Its moral lesson is wonderful, — perhaps equalled only by that of George Eliot's "Romola." The sympathy of the reader will doubtless be moved by the passion of the ill-fated Anna. Married without love to a man old enough to be her father, falling under the fascination of one whom, under happier auspices, she might have wedded with happiness and honor, she takes the law into her own hands. As a recent French critic says, the loves of Vronsky and Anna are almost chaste. But lovely though she be, intellectual and brilliant, the highest type of a woman of the best society, she finds that she cannot defy the law. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but the end is inevitable.

Polevoï, in his illustrated "History of Russian Literature," says of this story: "Count Tolstoï dwells with especial fondness on the sharp contrast between the frivolity, the tinsel brightness, the tumult and vanity, of the worldly life, and the sweet, holy calm enjoyed by those who, possessing the soil, live amid the beauties of Nature and the pleasures of the family." This contrast will strike the attention of every reader. It is the outgrowth of Count

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Tolstoï's own life, a brief sketch of which may be acceptable.

Count Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoï was born on the 28th of August, o. s. 1828, at Yasnaïa Polyana, in the Government of Tula. His father was a retired lieutenant-colonel, who traced his ancestry to Count Piotr Andreyevitch Tolstoï, a friend and companion of Peter the Great. His mother was the Princess Marya Nikolayevna Volkonskaïa, the only daughter of Prince Nikolaï Sergeyevitch Volkonsky. She died when he was but two years old; and a distant relative, Tatyana Aleksandrovna Yergolskaïa, took charge of the training of the family. In 1838 they all went to live in Moscow, where the eldest son, Nikolaï, was pursuing his studies in the university. But the following summer the father died suddenly, leaving his affairs in confusion; and Theodore Russell, the German tutor, and Prosper Saint Thomas, the French tutor, both of whom figure in Count Tolstoï's novels, had to be dismissed; and the family was divided. The two elder brothers remained in Moscow with their paternal aunt, the Countess Aleksandra Ilinishna Osten-Sacken; and Lyof, with his brother Dmitri and his sister Marya, were taken back to Yasnaïa Polyana by Madame Yergolskaïa. Here they enjoyed a rather desultory education, — now under German tutors, and now under Russian seminarists. In 1840 the Countess Osten-Sacken died; and all the Tolstoïs were taken by their paternal aunt, Pelagia Ilinishna Yushkovaïa, who lived with her husband at Kazan. Nikolaï left the University of Moscow, and entered that of Kazan.

In 1843 Count Lyof also entered the university, and took up the study of Oriental languages; but at the end of a year he exchanged that course for the law, which occupied his attention for two years more. But when his brothers passed their final examination, and went back to the old estate, he suddenly determined to leave the university without graduation, and returned to Yasnaïa Polyana, where he lived until 1851. In that year his favorite brother, Nikolaï, came home from the Caucasus, where he was serving. He inspired Count Lyof with "the desire to see new lands, and new people." He returned with Nikolaï, and found the splendid scenery and the wild, unconventional life of this region, which Pushkin, Lermontof, and other great Russian poets had described in their verse, so fascinating, that he entered

the service, as a *yunker* in the fourth battery of the Twentieth Artillery Brigade, where his brother held the rank of captain.

Here in the Caucasus, Count Tolstoï first began to write fiction. He planned a great romance, which should embrace his early recollections and the traditions of his family. His three stories, "Infancy" (*Dyetstvo*), "Adolescence" (*Otrotchestvo*), and "Youth" (*Yunost*). "Youth" was published in 1852, in the "Contemporary" (*Sovremennik*). In the Caucasus he also wrote his popular sketches of war-life, "The Incursion" (*Nabyeg*), "The Cutting of the Forest" (*Rubka Lyesa*), and his novel, "The Cossaks" (*Kazaki*), which did not appear till later.

Count Tolstoï lived nearly three years in the Caucasus, taking part in numerous expeditions, and enduring all the privations which fell to the lot of the common soldiers. He thus gathered the materials for his remarkable "War Sketches" (*Voyennuie Razskazui*). When the Eastern war broke out, Count Tolstoï was transferred, at his own request, to the army of the Danube, and was on Prince M. D. Gortchákof's staff. Later he took part in the famous defence of Sevastópol, and was promoted to the rank of division commander. After the storming of Sevastópol, he was sent as special courier to St. Petersburg. At this time he wrote his two sketches, "Sevastópol in December," and "Sevastópol in May." After the war he retired to private life, and for several years spent the winter months in Petersburg and Moscow, and his summers on his estate. These years were the culmination of his literary activity. His story, "Youth" (*Yunost*), which he had written in Circassia, as well as the tales, "Sevastópol in August," "The Two Hussars," and "The Three Deaths," appeared about the same time, in the magazines. He began to be recognized as one of Russia's greatest writers.

The emancipation of the serfs [*krestyanins*], in 1861, stirred his interest in agronomic questions; and, like Konstantin Levin, he went to study these questions in other countries of Europe. He also felt it his duty to live constantly on his estate; and he became justice, or judge, of the peace [*mirovoï sudyá*], and was interested in the establishment of a pedagogical journal, called after the name of the place, "Yasnaïa Polyana." In 1862 he married Sofia Andreyevna Beers, the daughter of a Moscow doctor, who held a chair in the

university, and whose wife's family estates were situated not far from Yasnaïa Polyana. He had already published his story, "War and Peace" [*Voiná i Mir*], which described the events of the year 1812 with a master-hand. Great things were predicted and expected of Count Tolstoï; but he devoted himself with renewed interest to his efforts in the direction of popular education, and, for more than ten years, published nothing but spellers and readers for the use of district schools.

In 1873 a famine was raging in a distant province; and Count Tolstoï wrote a brief and telling letter to one of the Moscow newspapers, drawing public attention to it. He also went personally to the famine-stricken province, and made a report upon the condition of the peasantry, and what he saw. The letter had its effect, and help was sent, both by government and by private individuals.

In 1875 Count Tolstoï began the publication of "Anna Karénina" in the pages of the "Russian Messenger" [*Russki Vyestnik*]. The publication of this work continued, not for months alone, but for years, and still kept public attention. Not even a break of some months between two of the parts was sufficient to cool the interest of its readers. Its power is immense. After reading it, real life seems like fiction, and fiction like real life. There is not a detail added that does not increase the effect of this realism. In certain scenes, indeed, the realism is too intense for our Puritan taste; and, perforce, several of these scenes have been more or less modified in the present translation. For the most part, the translation follows the original. In order to preserve, so far as possible, the Russian flavor of the story, many characteristic Russian words have been employed, always accompanied by their meaning, and generally accented properly. A glossary of those used more than once will be found. This use of Russian words was adopted after some deliberation, and in spite of the risk of seeming affectation. The spelling of these words, and of the proper names, is a bog in which it is almost impossible not to get foundered. Consistency would seem to demand one of two courses, — either to spell all words as they are spelled in Russian, or to spell them as they are pronounced. According to the first method, the name Catherine would be spelled *Ekaterina;* according to the other, *Yekatyerina.* According to the one, the word for father would be *otets;* according to

the other, *atyets*. The translator lays not the slightest claim to consistency. The same letter he has sometimes represented by the diphthong *ia*, sometimes by *ya*. He has also used the numerous diminutives for proper names, which are so characteristic of Russian; and, in order that there may be no confusion, he has made a list of the principal characters, with their *aliases*. The Russians use many interjections; and the simpler of them have been introduced, for the same purpose of imparting the foreign flavor. In some cases, the terms "Madame" and "Mr." have been used; but in Russian, the difference in sex is shown by the termination. Thus, the wife of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch Karénin is spoken of either as Anna Arkadyevna, or simply as Karénina. Thus, Prince Tverskoï and the Princess Tverskaïa. It will be noticed that all characters bear two names besides the family name. The first is the baptismal name, the second is the patronymic. Thus, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch means Alexis, the son of Alexander: Anna Arkadyevna means Anna, the daughter of Arcadius. This nomenclature is a relic of the patriarchal family system, and is paralleled in many countries: as, for example, in Scotland, where Tam MacTavish means Thomas Davidson; or in Wales, where every man has an Ap to his name. The term translated "prince," perhaps, needs some explanation. A Russian prince may be a boot-black or a ferryman. The word *kniaz* denotes a descendant of any of the hundreds of petty rulers, who, before the time of the unification of Russia, held the land. They all claim descent from the semi-mythical Rurik; and as every son of a *kniaz* bears the title, it may be easily imagined how numerous they are. The term prince, therefore, is really a too high-sounding title to represent it.

It need scarcely be added, after what has been said of the author, that he has evidently painted himself in the character of Levin. His fondness for the *muzhik*, his struggles with doubts, his final emergence into the light of faith, are all paralleled in this country proprietor, whose triumph brings the book to a close. It is interesting to turn from "My Religion" to the evolution of this character, who seems vaguely to forebode some such spiritual transformation. At all events, the teaching of the story cannot fail to be considered in the highest degree moral and stimulating.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

CHIEF PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch Karénin.
Anna Arkadyevna Karénina.
Count Alekséi Kirillovitch Vronsky (Alosha).
His mother, Countess Vronskaïa.
Prince (*Kniaz*) Stepan Arkadyevitch Oblonsky (Stiva).
Princess (*Kniagina*) Darya Aleksandrovna Oblonskaïa (Dolly, Dólinka, Dáshenka).
Konstantin (Kostia) Dmitriyevitch (Dmitritch) Levin, proprietor of Pokrovsky.
His half-brother, Sergéi Ivanovitch (Ivanuitch, Ivanitch) Koznuishef.
Prince Aleksander Shcherbatsky.
Princess Shcherbatskaïa.
Their daughter, Ekaterina (Kitty, Katyonka, Katerina, Katya) Aleksandrovna Shcherbatskaïa, afterwards Levina.

ANNA KARÉNINA.

PART I.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

I.

All happy families resemble one another, every unhappy family is unhappy after its own fashion.

Confusion reigned in the house of the Oblonskys. The wife had discovered that her husband was too attentive to the French governess who had been in their employ, and she declared that she could not live in the same house with him. For three days this situation had lasted, and the torment was felt by the parties themselves and by all the members of the family and the domestics. All the members of the family and the domestics felt that there was no sense in their trying to live together longer, and that in every hotel people who meet casually had more mutual interests than they, the members of the family and the domestics of the house of Oblonsky. Madame did not come out of her own rooms: it was now the third day that the husband had not been at home. The children ran over the whole house as though they were crazy; the English maid quarrelled with the housekeeper and wrote to a friend, begging her to find her a new place. The head cook went off the evening before just at dinner-time; the black cook and the coachman demanded their wages.

On the third day after the quarrel, Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch Oblonsky — Stiva, as he was known in society — awoke at the usual hour, that is to say about eight o'clock, not in his wife's chamber, but in his library, on a leather-

covered lounge. He turned his pampered form over on the springs of the lounge. In his efforts to catch another nap, he took the cushion and hugged it close to his other cheek. But suddenly he sat up and opened his eyes.

"Well, well! how was it?" he thought, recalling a dream. "Yes, how was it? Yes! Alabin gave a dinner at Darmstadt; no, not at Darmstadt, but it was something American. Yes, but this Darmstadt was in America. Yes, Alabin gave a dinner on glass tables, yes, and the tables sang, '*Il mio tesoro;*' no, not '*Il mio tesoro*,' but something better; and some little decanters, they were women!" said he, continuing his recollections.

Prince Stepan's eyes gleamed with joy and he smiled as he thought, "Yes, it was good, very good. It was extremely elegant, but you can't tell it in words, and you can't express the reality even in thought." Then noticing a ray of sunlight that came through the side of one of the heavy curtains, he gayly set foot down from the lounge, found his gilt leather slippers — they had been embroidered for him by his wife the year before as a birthday present — and according to the old custom which he had kept up for nine years, without rising, he stretched out his hand to the place where in his chamber he hung his dressing-gown. And then he suddenly remembered how and why he had slept, not in his wife's chamber, but in the library; the smile vanished from his face and he frowned.

"Ach! ach! ach! ah," he groaned, recollecting every thing that had occurred. And before his mind arose once more all the details of the quarrel with his wife, all the hopelessness of his situation, and most lamentable of all, his own fault.

"No! she will not and she can not forgive me. And what is the worst of it, 'twas all my own fault — my own fault, and yet I am not to blame. It's all like a drama," he thought. "Ach! ach! ach!" he kept murmuring in his despair, as he revived the unpleasant memories of this quarrel.

Most disagreeable of all was that first moment when returning from the theatre, happy and self-satisfied, with a monstrous pear for his wife in his hand, he did not find her in the sitting-room, did not find her in the library, and at last saw her in her chamber holding the fatal letter which revealed all.

She, his Dolly, this forever busy and fussy and foolish creature as he always looked upon her, sat motionless with the note in her hand, and looked at him with an expression of terror, despair and wrath.

"What is this? This?" she demanded, pointing to the note.

Prince Stepan's torment at this recollection was caused less by the fact itself than by the answer which he gave to these words of his wife. His experience at that moment was the same that other people have had when unexpectedly caught in some shameful deed. He was unable to prepare his face for the situation caused by his wife's discovery of his sin. Instead of getting offended, or denying it, or justifying himself, or asking forgiveness, or showing indifference — any thing would have been better than what he really did — in spite of himself, by a reflex action of the brain as Stepan Arkadyevitch explained it, for he loved Physiology, absolutely in spite of himself he suddenly smiled with his ordinary good-humored and therefore stupid smile.

He could not forgive himself for that stupid smile. When Dolly saw that smile, she trembled as with physical pain, poured forth a torrent of bitter words, quite in accordance with her natural temper, and fled from the room. Since that time she had not wanted to see her husband.

"That stupid smile caused the whole trouble," thought Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"But what is to be done about it?" he asked himself in despair, and found no answer.

II.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was a sincere man as far as he himself was concerned. He could not deceive himself and persuade himself that he repented of what he had done. He could not feel sorry that he, a handsome, susceptible man of four and thirty, did not now love his wife, the mother of his seven children, five of whom were living, though she was only a year his junior. He regretted only that he had not succeeded in hiding it better from her. But he felt the whole weight of the situation and pitied his wife, his children and himself. Possibly he would have had better success in deceiving his wife had he realized that this news would have

had such an effect upon her. Evidently this view of it had never occurred to him before, but he had a dim idea that his wife was aware of his infidelity and looked at it through her fingers. As she had lost her freshness, was beginning to look old, was no longer pretty and far from distinguished and entirely commonplace, though she was an excellent matron, he had thought that she would allow her innate sense of justice to plead for him. But it proved to be quite the contrary.

"O how wretched! ay! ay! ay!" said Prince Stepan to himself over and over. He could not collect his thoughts. "And how well every thing was going until this happened! How delightfully we lived! She was content, happy with the children; I never interfered with her in any way, I allowed her to do as she pleased with the children and the household! To be sure it was bad that *she* had been our own governess; 'twas bad. There is something trivial and common in playing the gallant to one's own governess! But what a governess! [He gave a quick thought to Mlle. Roland's black roguish eyes and her smile.] But as long as she was here in the house with us I did not permit myself any liberties. And the worst of all is that she is already. . . . Every thing happens just to spite me. Ay! ay! ay! But what, what is to be done?"

There was no answer except that common answer which life gives to all the most complicated and insoluble questions. Her answer is this: You must live according to circumstances, in other words, forget yourself. But as you cannot forget yourself in sleep — at least till night, as you cannot return to that music which the decanter-women sang, therefore you must forget yourself in the dream of life!

"We shall see by and by," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to himself, and rising he put on his gray dressing-gown with blue silk lining, tied the tassels into a hasty knot, and took a full breath into his ample lungs. Then with his usual firm step he went over to the window, where he lifted the curtain and loudly rang the bell. It was answered by his old friend, the *valet de chambre* Matvé, bringing his clothes, boots and a telegram. Behind Matvé came the barber with the shaving utensils.

"Are there any papers from the court-house?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, taking the telegram and placing himself before the mirror.

. . . "On the breakfast-table," replied Matvé, looking with inquiry and interest at his master, and after an instant's pause added with a cunning smile, "I just came from the boss of the livery-stable."

Stepan Arkadyevitch answered not a word, but he looked at Matvé in the mirror. In their interchange of glances it could be seen how they understood each other. The look of Stepan Arkadyevitch seemed to ask, "Why did you say that? Don't you know?"

Matvé thrust his hands in his sack-coat pockets, kicked out his leg, and with an almost imperceptible smile on his good-natured face, looked back to his master: —

"I ordered him to come next Sunday, and till then that you and I should not be annoyed without reason," said he, with a phrase apparently ready on his tongue.

Prince Stepan perceived that Matvé wanted to jest and attract attention to himself. He tore open the telegram and read it, guessing at the words that were written in cipher, and his face brightened.

. . . "Matvé, sister Anna Arkadyevna is coming," said he, staying for a moment the plump, gleaming hand of his barber who was trying to make a pink path through his long, curly whiskers.

"Thank God," cried Matvé, showing by this exclamation that he understood as well as his master the significance of this arrival, that it meant that Anna Arkadyevna, Prince Stepan's loving sister, might effect a reconciliation between husband and wife.

"Alone or with her husband?" asked Matvé.

Stepan Arkadyevitch could not speak, as the barber was engaged on his upper lip, but he lifted one finger. Matvé nodded his head toward the mirror.

"Alone. Get her room ready?"

"Report to Darya Aleksandrovna, and let her decide."

"To Darya Aleksandrovna?" reported Matvé rather sceptically.

"Yes! report to her. And here, take the telegram, give it to her and do as she says."

"You want to try an experiment," was the thought in Matvé's mind, but he only said, "I will obey!"

By this time Stepan Arkadyevitch had finished his bath and his toilet, and was just putting on his clothes, when Matvé, stepping slowly with squeaking boots, and holding the

telegram in his hand, returned to the room. . . . The barber was no longer there.

"Darya Aleksandrovna bade me tell you she is going away. . . . To do just as they — as you — please about it," said Matvé with a smile lurking in his eyes. Thrusting his hands in his pockets, and bending his head to one side, he looked at his master. Stepan Arkadyevitch was silent. Then a good-humored and rather pitiful smile lighted up his handsome face.

"Hey? Matvé?" he said, shaking his head.

"It's nothing, sir; she will come to her senses," answered Matvé.

"Will come to her senses?"

"*Eg*sactly."

"Do you think so? — Who is there?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, hearing the rustle of a woman's dress behind the door.

"It's *me*," said a powerful and pleasant female voice, and in the door-way appeared the severe and pimply face of Matriona Filimonovna, the nurse.

"Well, what is it, *Matriosha?*" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, meeting her at the door.

Notwithstanding the fact that Stepan Arkadyevitch was entirely in the wrong as regarded his wife, as he himself confessed, still almost every one in the house, even the old nurse, Darya's chief friend, was on his side.

"Well, what?" he asked gloomily.

"You go down, sir, ask her forgiveness, just once. Perhaps the Lord will bring it out right. She is tormenting herself grievously, and it is pitiful to see her; and every thing in the house is going criss-cross. The children, sir, you must have pity on them. Ask her forgiveness, sir! What is to be done? If you like to coast down hill you've got to . . ."

"But she won't accept an apology . . ."

"But you do your part. God is merciful, sir: pray to God."

"Very well, then, come on," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, suddenly blushing. — "Very well, let me have my things," said he, turning to Matvé, and resolutely throwing off his dressing-gown.

Matvé had every thing all ready for him, and stood blowing off invisible dust from the shirt stiff as a horse

collar, in which he proceeded with evident satisfaction to invest his master's luxurious form.

III.

Having dressed, Stepan Arkadyevitch sprinkled himself with cologne, straightened the sleeves of his shirt, according to his wont, filled his pockets with cigarettes, *portemonnaie*, matches, and his watch with its locket and double chain, and shaking out his handkerchief, feeling clean, well-perfumed, healthy and happy in body, if not in mind, went out to the dining-room, where his coffee was already waiting for him, and next the coffee his letters and the papers from the court-house.

He read his letters. One was very disagreeable, — from a merchant who was negotiating for the purchase of a forest on his wife's estate. It was necessary to sell this wood, but now there could be nothing done about it until a reconciliation was effected with his wife. Most unpleasant it was to think that his interests in this approaching transaction were complicated with his reconciliation to his wife. And the thought that this interest might be his motive, that his desire for a reconciliation with his wife was caused by his desire to sell the forest, this thought worried him.

Having finished his letters Stepan Arkadyevitch took up the papers from the court-house, rapidly turned over the leaves of two deeds, made several notes with a big pencil, and then pushing them away, took his coffee. While he was drinking it he opened a morning journal still damp, and began to read.

It was a liberal paper which Stepan Arkadyevitch subscribed to and read. It was not extreme in its views, but advocated those principles which the majority hold. And in spite of the fact that he was not interested in science or art or politics, in the true sense of the word, he strongly adhered to the views on all such subjects, as the majority, including this paper, advocated, and he changed them only when the majority changed; or more correctly, he did not change them, but they changed themselves imperceptibly.

Prince Stepan never chose a line of action or an opinion, but thought and action were alike suggested to him, just as he never chose the shape of a hat or coat, but took those

that were fashionable. And for one who lived in the upper ten, through the necessity of some mental activity, it was as indispensable to have views as to have a hat. If there was any reason why he preferred a liberal rather than the conservative direction which some of his circle followed, it was not that he found a liberal tendency more rational, but that it better suited his mode of life. The liberal party said that every thing in Russia was wretched; and the fact was, that Stepan Arkadyevitch had a good many debts and was decidedly short of money. The liberal party said that marriage was a defunct institution and that it needed to be remodelled. And the fact was, that domestic life afforded Stepan Arkadyevitch very little pleasure, and compelled him to lie, and to assume that it was contrary to his nature. The liberal party said, or rather took it for granted, that religion was only a curb on the barbarous portion of the community; and the fact was, that Stepan Arkadyevitch could not bear the shortest prayer without pain, and he could not comprehend the necessity of all these awful and high-sounding words about the other world when it was so very pleasant to live in this. And moreover Stepan Arkadyevitch, who liked a merry jest, was sometimes fond of scandalizing a quiet man by saying that any one who was proud of his origin ought not to stop at Rurik and deny his earliest ancestor — the monkey. Thus the liberal side had become a habit with Stepan Arkadyevitch, and he liked his paper, just as he liked his cigar after dinner, because of the slight haziness which it caused in his brain. He now read the leading editorial, which explained how in our day a cry is raised, without reason, over the danger that radicalism may swallow up all the conservative elements, and that government ought to take measures to crush the hydra of revolution, and how, on the contrary, "according to our opinion, the danger lies not in this imaginary hydra of revolution, but in the inertia of traditions which block progress," and so on. He read through another article on finance in which Bentham and Mill were mentioned and which dropped some sharp hints for the ministry. With his peculiar quickness of comprehension he appreciated each point, — from whom and against whom and on what occasion each was directed; and this as usual afforded him some amusement. But his satisfaction was poisoned by the remembrance of Matriona's advice and by the chaos that reigned in the house. He read also that Count von Beust

was reported to have left for Wiesbaden, that there was to be no more gray hair; he read about the sale of a light carriage and the offer of a young person. But these items did not afford him quiet satisfaction and ironical pleasure as ordinarily.

Having finished his paper, his second cup of coffee, and a buttered *kalatch*, he stood up, shook the crumbs of the roll from his vest, and filling his broad chest, smiled joyfully, not because there was any thing extraordinarily pleasant in his mind, but the joyful smile was caused by good digestion.

But this joyful smile immediately brought back the memory of every thing, and he sank into thought.

Two children's voices — Stepan Arkadyevitch recognized the voice of Grisha, his youngest boy, and Tania, his eldest daughter — were now heard behind the door. They brought something and dropped it.

"I tell you, you can't put passengers on top," cried the little girl in English. — "Now pick 'em up."

"Every thing is at sixes and sevens," thought Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Now here the children are, running wild!" Then going to the door, he called to them. They dropped the little box which served them for a railway train, and ran to their father.

The little girl, her father's favorite, ran in boldly, embraced him and laughingly clung around his neck, enjoying as usual the odor which exhaled from his whiskers. Then kissing his face reddened by his bending position, and beaming with tenderness, the little girl unclasped her hands and wanted to run away again, but her father held her back.

"What is mamma doing?" he asked, caressing his daughter's smooth, soft neck. "How are you?" he added, smiling at the boy who stood saluting him. He acknowledged he had less love for the little boy, yet he tried to be impartial. But the boy felt the difference, and did not smile back in reply to his father's chilling smile.

"Mamma? She's up," answered the little girl.

Stepan Arkadyevitch sighed, and thought, "It shows that she has spent another sleepless night."

"What? is she happy?"

The little girl knew that there was trouble between her father and mother, and that her mother could not be happy, and that her father ought to know it, and that he was dissem-

bling when he asked her so lightly. And she blushed for her father. He instantly perceived it and also blushed.

"I don't know," she said: "she told me not to study, but she told me to go with Miss Hull over to grandmother's."

"Well, then, run along, *Tanchurotchka moya*. — Oh, yes, wait," said he, still detaining her and smoothing her delicate little hand.

He took down from the mantel-piece a box of candy that he had placed there the day before, and gave her two pieces, selecting her favorite chocolate and vanilla.

"For Grisha?" she asked, pointing at the chocolate.

"Yes, yes;" and still smoothing her soft shoulder he kissed her on the neck and hair, and let her go.

"The carriage is at the door," said Matvé, and he added, "A woman is here to ask a favor."

"Has she been here long?" demanded Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Half an hour."

"How many times have you been told never to keep any one waiting?"

"I had to get your coffee ready," replied Matvé in his kind, rough voice, at which no one could ever take offence.

"Well, ask her up instantly," said Prince Stepan with an angry face.

The petitioner, the wife of Captain Kalenin, asked some impossible and nonsensical favor; but Prince Stepan, according to his custom, gave her a comfortable seat, listened to her story without interrupting, and then gave her careful advice to whom and how to apply, and in lively and eloquent style wrote in his big, scrawling, but handsome and legible hand a note to the person who might be able to aid her. Having dismissed the captain's wife, Stepan Arkadyevitch took his hat and stood for a moment trying to remember whether he had not forgotten something. The result was that he forgot nothing except what he wanted to forget — his wife.

"Ah, yes!" He dropped his head, and a gloomy expression came over his handsome face. "To go, or not to go," said he to himself; and an inner voice told him that it was not advisable to go, that there was no way out of it except through falsehood, that to straighten, to smooth out their relations was impossible, because it was impossible to make her attractive and lovable again, or to make him an old man insensible to passion. Nothing but falsehood and lying could

come of it, and falsehood and lying were opposed to his nature.

"But it must be done sooner or later; it can't remain so always," he said, striving to gain courage. He straightened himself, took out a cigarette, lighted it, inhaled the smoke two or three times, threw it into a pearl-lined ash-tray, went with quick steps towards the sitting-room, and opened the door into his wife's sleeping-room.

IV.

Darya Aleksandrovna, dressed in a *koftotchka* (or jersey) and surrounded by all sorts of things thrown in confusion, was standing in the room before an open chest of drawers from which she was removing the contents. She had hastily pinned back her hair, which now showed thin, but had once been thick and beautiful, and her great eyes staring from her pale, worn face had an expression of terror. When she heard her husband's steps she turned to the door, and vainly tried to put on a stern and forbidding face. She knew that she feared him and that she dreaded the coming interview. She was in the act of doing what she had attempted to do a dozen times during the three days, and that was to gather up her own effects and those of her children and escape to her mother's house. Yet she could not bring herself to do it. Now, as before, she said to herself that things could not remain as they were, that she must take some measures to punish, to shame him in partial expiation for the pain that he had caused her. She still said that it was her duty to leave him, but she felt that it was impossible: it was impossible to get rid of the thought that he was still her husband and she loved him. Moreover she confessed that if in her own home she had barely succeeded in taking care of her five children, it would be far worse where she was going with them. Her youngest was already suffering from the effects of a poorly made broth, and the rest had been obliged to go without dinner the night before. She felt that it was impossible to go, yet for the sake of deceiving herself she was collecting her things under the pretence of going.

When she saw her husband, she thrust her hands into the drawers of the bureau and did not lift her head until he was close to her. Then in place of the severe and determined

look which she intended to assume, she turned to him a face full of pain and indecision.

"Dolly," said he in a gentle subdued voice. She lifted her head, and gazed at him, hoping to see a humble and submissive mien; but he was radiant with fresh life and health. She surveyed him from head to foot with his radiant life and healthy face, and she thought, "He is happy and contented — but I? Ah, this good nature which others find so pleasant in him is revolting to me!" Her mouth grew firm, the muscles of her right cheek contracted nervously, and she looked straight ahead.

"What do you want?" she demanded in a quick, unnatural tone.

"Dolly," he repeated with a quaver in his voice, "Anna is coming to-day."

"Well, what is that to me? I cannot receive her."

"Still, it must be done, Dolly."

"Go away! go away! go away!" she cried without looking at him, and as though her words were torn from her by physical agony. Stepan Arkadyevitch might be able to persuade himself that all would come out right according to Matvé's prediction, and he might be able to read his morning paper and drink his coffee tranquilly; but when he saw his wife's anguish, and heard her piteous cry, he breathed hard, something rose in his throat, and his eyes filled with tears.

"My God! What have I done? for the love of God! See . . ." He could not say another word for the sobs that choked him.

She shut the drawer violently, and looked at him.

"Dolly, what can I say? Only one thing: forgive me. Just think! Cannot nine years of my life pay for a single minute, a minute?" . . .

She let her eyes fall, and listened to what he was going to say, as though she hoped that she would be undeceived.

"A single moment of temptation," he ended, and was going to continue; but at that word, Dolly's lips again closed tight as if from physical pain, and again the muscles of her right cheek contracted.

"Go away, go away from here," she cried still more impetuously, "and don't speak to me of your temptations and your wretched conduct."

She attempted to leave the room, but she almost fell, and

was obliged to lean upon a chair for support. Oblonsky's face grew melancholy, his lips trembled, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Dolly," said he, almost sobbing, "for the love of God, think of the children. They are not to blame; I am the one to blame. Punish me! Tell me how I can atone for my fault. . . . I am ready to do any thing. I am sorry! Words can't express how sorry I am. Now, Dolly, forgive me!"

She sat down. He heard her quick, hard breathing, and his soul was filled with pity for her. She tried more than once to speak, but could not utter a word. He waited.

"You think of the children, because you like to play with them; but I think of them, too, and I know what they have lost," said she, repeating one of the phrases that had been in her mind during the last three days.

She had used the familiar *tui* (thou), and he looked at her with gratitude, and made a movement as though he would take her hand, but she avoided him with abhorrence.

"I have consideration for my children, and I will do all in the world for them; but I am not sure in my own mind whether I ought to remove them from their father or to leave them with a father who is a libertine, — yes, a libertine! . . . Now tell me after this, — this that has happened, whether we can live together. Is it possible? Tell me, is it possible?" she demanded, raising her voice. "When my husband, the father of my children, makes love to their governess . . ."

. . . "But what is to be done about it? what is to be done?" said he, interrupting with broken voice, not knowing what he said, and feeling thoroughly humiliated.

"You are revolting to me, you are insulting," she cried with increasing anger. "Your tears . . . water! You never loved me; you have no heart, no honor. You are abominable, revolting in my eyes, and henceforth you are a stranger to me, — yes, a stranger," and she repeated with spiteful anger this word "stranger" which was so terrible to her own ears.

He looked at her with surprise and fear, not realizing how he exasperated his wife by his pity. It was the only feeling, as Dolly well knew, that he retained for her: all his love for her was dead. "No, she hates me, she will not forgive me," was the thought in his mind.

"This is terrible, terrible!" he cried.

At this moment one of the children in the next room be-

gan to cry, and Darya Aleksandrovna's face softened. She seemed to collect her thoughts for a second like a person who returns to reality; then as if remembering where she was, she hastened to the door.

"At any rate she loves my child," thought Oblonsky, who had noticed the effect on her face of the little one's sorrow. "*My* child; how then can I seem so revolting to her?"

"Dolly! one word more," he said, following her.

"If you follow me, I will call the domestics, the children! so that everybody may know that you are infamous! As for me, I leave this very day, and you may keep on with your . . . " and she went out and slammed the door.

Stepan Arkadyevitch sighed, wiped his brow, and softly left the room. "Matvé says this can be settled; but how? I don't see the possibility. Ach! Ach! how terrible! and how foolishly she shrieked," said he to himself as he recalled the epithets which she applied to him. "Perhaps the chamber-maids heard her! horribly foolish! horribly!"

It was Friday, and in the dining-room the German clock-maker was winding the clocks. Stepan Arkadyevitch remembered a pleasantry that he had made about this accurate German; how he had said that he must have been wound up himself for a lifetime for the purpose of winding clocks, and he smiled. Stepan Arkadyevitch loved a good joke. "Perhaps it will come out all right! 'twas a good little word: *it will come out all right*," he thought.

"Matvé!" he shouted; and when the old servant appeared, he said, "Have Marya put the best room in order for Anna Arkadyevna."

"Very well."

Stepan Arkadyevitch took his fur coat, and started down the steps.

"Shall you dine at home?" asked Matvé as he escorted him down.

"That depends. Here, take this if you need to spend any thing," said he, taking out a bill of ten rubles. "Will that be enough?"

"Whether it is enough or not, it will have to do," said Matvé, as he shut the carriage-door and went back to the house.

Meantime Darya Aleksandrovna, having pacified the child and knowing by the sound of the carriage that he was gone, came back to her room. This was her sole refuge from the

domestic troubles that besieged her when she went out. Even during the short time that she had been in her child's room the English maid and Matriona Filimonovna asked her all sorts of questions, which she alone could answer: What clothes should they put on the children? should they give them milk? should they try to get another cook?

"Ach! leave me alone, leave me alone!" she cried, and hastened back to the chamber and sat down in the place where she had been talking with her husband. Then clasping her thin hands, on whose fingers the rings would scarcely stay, she reviewed the whole conversation.

"He has gone! But has he broken with *her?*" she asked herself. "Does he still continue to see her? Why didn't I ask him? No, no, we cannot live together. And if we continue to live in the same house, we are only strangers, strangers forever!" she repeated, with a strong emphasis on the word that hurt her so cruelly. "How I loved him! my God, how I loved him! . . . How I loved him! and even now do I not love him? Do I not love him even more than before? and what is most terrible . . ." she was interrupted by Matriona Filimonovna, who said as she stood in the doorway, "Please give orders to have my brother come: he will get dinner. If you don't, it will be like yesterday, when the children did not have any thing to eat for six hours."

"Very good, I will come and give the order. Have you sent for some fresh milk?"

And Darya Aleksandrovna entered into her daily tasks, and for the time being forgot her sorrow.

V.

Stepan Arkadyevitch had done well at school, thanks to his excellent natural gifts, but he was lazy and idle, and consequently had been at the foot of his class. Although he had always been gay, and took a low rank in the *Tchin*, and was still quite young, he nevertheless held an important salaried position as *natchalnik*, or president of one of the courts in Moscow. This place he had won through the good offices of his sister Anna's husband, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch Karénin, who was one of the most influential members of the ministry. But even if Karénin had not been able to get this place for Stiva Arkadyevitch, a hundred other people

— brothers, sisters, cousins, uncles, aunts — would have got it for him, or found him some place as good, together with the six thousand rubles' salary which he needed for his establishment, his affairs being somewhat out of order in spite of his wife's considerable fortune. Half the people of Moscow and St. Petersburg were relatives or friends of Stepan Arkadyevitch; he was born into the society of the rich and powerful of this world. A third of the officials attached to the court and in government employ had been friends of his father, and had known him from the time when he wore petticoats; the second third addressed him familiarly; the others were "hail fellows well met." He had, therefore, on his side all those whose function it is to dispense the blessings of the land in the form of places, leases, concessions, and such things, and who could not afford to neglect their own friends. Oblonsky had no trouble in obtaining an excellent place. His only aim was to avoid jealousies, quarrels, offences, which was not a difficult thing because of his natural good temper. He would have thought it ridiculous if he had been told that he could not have any place that he wanted, with the salary attached, because it did not seem to him that he demanded any thing extraordinary. He only asked for what his companions were obtaining, and he felt that he was as capable as any of them of doing the work.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was liked by every one, not only on account of his good and amiable character and his unimpeachable honesty, but for his brilliant and attractive personality. There was something in his bright, sparkling, keen eyes, his black brows, his hair, his vivid coloring, which exercised a strong physical influence on those with whom he came in contact. "Aha, Stiva! Oblonsky! Here he is!" people would say, with a smile of pleasure, when they saw him; and, though the results of meeting him were not particularly gratifying, nevertheless people were just as glad to meet him the second day and the third.

After he had filled for three years the office of *natchalnik*, Stepan Arkadyevitch had gained not only the friendship but also the respect of his colleagues, both those above and those below him in station, as well as of the citizens with whom he had come in contact. The qualities which gained him this universal esteem were, first, his extreme indulgence for every one, which was founded on the knowledge of what was lacking in himself; secondly, his absolute liberality, which was

not the liberalism for which his journal was responsible, but that which flowed naturally in his veins, and caused him to be agreeable to every one, in whatever station in life; and thirdly and principally, his perfect indifference to the business which he transacted, so that he never lost his temper, and therefore never made mistakes.

As soon as he reached his tribunal, he retired to his private office, solemnly accompanied by the Swiss guard who bore his portfolio, and, having put on his uniform, went to the court-room. The *employés* all stood up as he passed, and greeted him with respectful smiles. Stepan Arkadyevitch, in accordance with his usual custom, hastened to his place, and after shaking hands with the other members of the council, he sat down. He uttered a few familiar words, full of good humor, and suitable to the occasion, and then opened the session. No one better than he understood how to preserve the official tone, and, at the same time, give his words that impression of simplicity and good nature which is so useful in the expedition of official business. The secretary came up, and with the free and yet respectful air common to all who surrounded Stepan Arkadyevitch, handed him his papers, and spoke in the familiarly liberal tone which Stepan Arkadyevitch had introduced.

"We have at last succeeded in obtaining reports from the Government of Penza. Permit me to hand them to you."

"So we have them at last," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, pushing the papers away with his finger. "Now, then, gentlemen . . ." And the proceedings began.

"If they only knew," he thought, as he bent his head with an air of importance while the report was read, "how much their president, only a half-hour since, looked like a naughty school-boy!" and his eyes shone with merriment as he listened to the report. The session generally lasted till two o'clock without interruption, and was followed by recess and luncheon. The hour had not yet struck, when the great glass doors of the hall were thrown open, and some one entered. All the members of the council, glad of any diversion, turned round to look; but the door-keeper instantly ejected the intruder, and shut the door upon him.

After the matter under consideration was settled, Stepan Arkadyevitch arose, and in a spirit of sacrifice to the liberalism of the time took out his cigarette, while still in the court-room, and then passed into his private office. Two of his

colleagues, the aged veteran Nikitin, and the *kammer-junker* Grinevitch, followed him.

"There'll be time enough to finish after lunch," said Oblonsky.

"I think so," replied Nikitin.

"This Famin must be a precious rascal," said Grinevitch, alluding to one of the characters in the matter which they had been investigating.

Stepan Arkadyevitch knit his brows at Grinevitch's words, as though to signify that it was not the right thing to form snap-judgments, and he remained silent.

"Who was it came into the court-room?" he demanded of the door-keeper.

"Some one who entered without permission, your Excellency, while my back was turned. He wanted to see you: I said, 'When the session is over, then'" —

"Where is he?"

"Probably in the vestibule: he was there a moment ago. Ah! here he is," said the door-keeper, pointing to a fair-complexioned, broad-shouldered man with curly hair, who, neglecting to remove his sheep-skin *shapka*, was lightly and quickly running up the well-worn steps of the stone staircase. An *employé*, on his way down, with portfolio under his arm, stopped to look, with some indignation, at the feet of the young man, and turned to Oblonsky with a glance of inquiry. Stepan Arkadyevitch stood at the top of the staircase: his bright face, set off by the broad collar of his uniform, was still more radiant when he recognized the visitor.

"Here he is at last," he cried with a friendly though slightly ironical smile, as he looked at Levin. "What! you got tired of waiting for me, and have come to find me in this den?" he said, not satisfied with pressing his friend's hand, but kissing him affectionately. "When did you arrive?"

"I just got here, and was very anxious to see you," said Levin timidly, as he looked about him with distrust and scorn.

"All right! Come into my office," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was aware of the egotistic sensitiveness of his visitor; and, as though he wanted to avoid some danger, he took him by the hand to show him the way.

Stepan Arkadyevitch addressed almost all his acquaintances with the familiar "*tui*" ("thou"), — old men of threescore, young men of twenty, actors and ministers, mer-

chants and generals, all with whom he had ever drunken champagne — and with whom had he not drunken champagne? Among the people thus brought into his intimacy in the two extremes of the social scale, there would have been some astonishment to know that, thanks to him, there was something in common among them. But when in presence of his inferiors, he came in contact with any of his *shameful* intimates, as he jestingly called some of his acquaintances, he had the tact to save them from disagreeable impressions. Levin was not one of his *shameful* intimates. He was a friend of his boyhood; but Oblonsky felt that it might be unpleasant to make a public exhibition of their intimacy, and therefore he hastened to withdraw with him. Levin was about the same age as Oblonsky, and their intimacy arose not only from champagne, but because, in spite of the difference in their characters and their tastes, they were fond of each other in the way of friends who had grown up together. But, as often happens among men who move in different spheres, each allowed his reason to approve of the character of the other, while each at heart really despised the other, and believed his own mode of life to be the only rational way of living. At the sight of Levin, Oblonsky could not repress an ironical smile. How many times had he seen him in Moscow just in from the country, where he had been doing something great, though Oblonsky did not know exactly what, and scarcely took any interest in it. Levin always came to Moscow anxious, hurried, a trifle vexed, and vexed because he was vexed, and generally bringing with him new and unexpected ideas about life and things. Stepan Arkadyevitch laughed at this and yet liked it. Levin for his part despised the life which his friend led in Moscow, treated his official employment with light scorn, and made sport of him. But Oblonsky took this ridicule in good part, like a man sure of being in the right; while Levin, because he was not assured in his own mind, sometimes got angry.

"We have been expecting you for some time," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, as he entered his office, and let go his friend's hand to show that the danger was past. "I am very, very glad to see you," he continued. "How goes it? how are you? When did you come?"

Levin was silent, and looked at the unknown faces of Oblonsky's two colleagues. The elegant Grinevitch was completely absorbed in studying his white hands, and his fin-

gers with their long, yellow, and pointed nails, and his cuffs with their huge, gleaming cuff-buttons. Oblonsky noticed what he was doing, and smiled.

"Ah, yes," said he, "allow me to make you acquainted: my colleagues, Filipp Ivanuitch Nikitin, Mikhaïl Stanislavitch Grinevitch;" then turning to Levin, "A landed proprietor, a rising man, a member of the *zemstvo*, and a gymnast who can lift five *puds* [two hundred pounds] with one hand, a raiser of cattle, a celebrated hunter, and my friend, Konstantin Dmitriévitch Levin, the brother of Sergéi Ivanuitch Koznuishef."

"Very happy," said the oldest of the company. "I have the honor of knowing your brother, Sergéi Ivanuitch," said Grinevitch, extending his delicate hand. Levin's face grew dark: he coldly shook hands, and turned to Oblonsky. Although he had much respect for his half-brother, a writer universally known in Russia, it was none the less unpleasant for him to be addressed, not as Konstantin Levin, but as the brother of the famous Koznuishef.

"No, I am not doing any thing any more. I have quarrelled with everybody, and I don't go to the assemblies," said he to Oblonsky.

"This is a sudden change," said the latter with a smile. "But how? why?"

"It is a long story, and I will tell it some other time," replied Levin; but he nevertheless went on to say, "To make a long story short, I am convinced that no action amounts to any thing, or can amount to any thing, in our provincial assemblies. On the one hand, they try to play Parliament, and I am not young enough and not old enough to amuse myself with toys; and, on the other hand," — he hesitated, — "this serves the *coterie* of the district to make a few pennies. There used to be guardianships, judgments; but now we have the *zemstvo*, not in the way of bribes, but in the way of absorbing salaried offices." He said these words with some heat and with the manner of a man who expects to be contradicted.

"Aha! here we find you in a new phase: you are becoming a conservative," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Well, we'll speak about this by and by."

"Yes, by and by. But I want to see you particularly," said Levin, looking with scorn at Grinevitch's hand.

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled imperceptibly. "Didn't you

say that you would never again put on European clothes?" he asked, examining the new suit made by a French tailor, which his friend wore. "Indeed, I see: 'tis a new phase."

Levin suddenly blushed, not as grown men blush without perceiving it, but as timid and absurd boys blush; and it made him grow still redder. It gave his intelligent, manly face such a strange appearance that Oblonsky ceased to look at him.

"But where can we meet? I must have a talk with you," said Levin.

Oblonsky reflected. "How is this? We will go and take lunch at Gurin's, and we can talk there. At three o'clock I shall be free."

"No," answered Levin after a moment's thought: "I've got to take a drive."

"Well, then, let us dine together."

"Dine? But I have nothing very particular to say, only two words, a short sentence: afterwards we can gossip."

"In that case, speak your two words now: we will talk while we are dining."

"These two words are — But, however, they are not very important." His face assumed a hard expression, due to his efforts to conquer his timidity. "What are the Shcherbatskys doing? — just as they used to?"

Stepan Arkadyevitch had long known that Levin was in love with his sister-in-law Kitty. He smiled, and his eyes flashed gayly. "You have said your say in two words; but I cannot answer in two words, because — excuse me a moment."

The secretary came in at this juncture with his familiar but respectful bearing, and with that modest assumption peculiar to all secretaries that he knew more about business than his superior. He brought some papers to Oblonsky; and under the form of a question, he attempted to explain some difficulty. Without waiting to hear the end of the explanation, Stepan Arkadyevitch laid his hand confidentially on the secretary's arm. "No, do as I asked you to," said he, tempering his remark with a smile; and, having briefly given his own explanation of the matter, he pushed away the papers, and said, "Do it so, I beg of you, Zakhar Nikititch." The secretary went off confused. Levin during this little interview had collected his thoughts; and, standing

behind a chair on which he rested his elbows, he listened with ironical attention.

"I don't understand, I don't understand," he said.

"What is it that you don't understand?" asked Oblonsky, smiling, and hunting for a cigarette. He was expecting some sort of strange outbreak from Levin.

"I don't understand what you are up to," said Levin, shrugging his shoulders. "How can you take this sort of thing seriously?"

"Why not?"

"Why, because, because — it doesn't mean any thing."

"You think so? On the contrary, we have more work than we can do."

"Business on paper! Well, yes, you have a special gift for such things," added Levin.

"You mean that I — there is something that I lack?"

"Perhaps so, yes. However, I cannot help admiring your high and mighty ways, and rejoicing that I have for a friend a man of such importance. Meantime, you have not answered my question," he added, making a desperate effort to look Oblonsky full in the face.

"Well, then, very good, very good! Keep it up, and you will succeed. 'Tis well that you have three thousand *desyatins* of land in the district of Karazinsk, such muscles, and the complexion of a little girl of twelve; but you will succeed all the same. Yes, as to what you asked me. There is no change, but I am sorry that it has been so long since you were in town."

"Why?" demanded Levin.

"Because" — replied Oblonsky; "but we will talk things over by and by. What brought you now?"

"*Ach!* we will speak also of that by and by," said Levin, blushing to his very ears.

"Very good. I understand you," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Do you see? I should have invited you to dine with me at home, but my wife is not well to-day. If you want to see *them*, you will find them at the Zoölogical Gardens from four to five. Kitty is off skating. Good-by now: I will join you later, and we will go and get dinner together."

"Excellent. *Au revoir!*"

Levin left the room, and only remembered when he had passed the door that he had forgotten to salute Oblonsky's colleagues.

"That must be a man of great energy," said Grinevitch, after Levin had taken his departure.

"Yes, *bátiushka*" (papa), said Stepan Arkadyevitch, throwing his head back. "He is a likely fellow. Three thousand *desyatins* (8,100 acres) in the Karazinsk district! He has a future before him, and how young he is! He is not like the rest of us."

"What have you to complain about, Stepan Arkadyevitch?"

"Yes, every thing goes wrong," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, drawing a deep sigh.

VI.

When Oblonsky asked Levin what had brought him to Moscow, Levin blushed, and he was angry because he blushed; but how could he have replied, "I have come to ask the hand of your sister-in-law"? Yet that was what had brought him.

The Levin and Shcherbatsky families, belonging to the old nobility of Moscow, had always been on friendly terms. While Levin was studying at the university the intimacy had grown closer, on account of his friendship with the young Prince Shcherbatsky, the brother of Dolly and Kitty, who was following the same course of study. At that time Levin was a frequent visitor at Shcherbatsky's house, and, strange as it may seem, was in love with the whole family, especially the feminine portion. Konstantin Levin had lost his mother when he was a baby; and as he had only a sister, who was much older than he was, he found in the house of the Shcherbatskys that charming life so peculiar to the old nobility, and of which the death of his parents had deprived him. All the members of this family, but especially the ladies, seemed to him to be surrounded with a mysterious and poetic halo. Not only did he fail to discover any faults in them, but he gave them credit for the loftiest sentiments and the most ideal perfections. Why these three young ladies were obliged to speak French and English every day; why they had, one after the other, to play for hours at a time on the piano, the sounds of which floated up to their brother's room, where the young students were at work; why professors of French literature, of music, of dancing, of

drawing, came to give them lessons; why the three young ladies, at a fixed hour in the day, accompanied by Mlle. Linon, were obliged to stop their carriage on the Tverskoï *boulevard*, and, under the protection of a liveried *valet* with a gilt cockade on his hat, walk up and down in their satin *shubkas*, Dolly's very long, Natalie's of half length, and Kitty's very short, showing her shapely ankles and red stockings, — all these things and many others were absolutely incomprehensible to him. But he felt that all that passed in this mysterious sphere was perfect, and from the mystery arose his love.

Even while he was a student he felt his first passion for Dolly, the eldest; she married Oblonsky: then he imagined that he was in love with the second, for he felt it to be a necessity to love one of the three. But Natali entered society, and soon married the diplomat, Lvof. Kitty was only a child when Levin left the university. Shortly after young Shcherbatsky joined the fleet, and was drowned in the Baltic; and Levin's relations with the family became more distant, in spite of the friendship which attached him to Oblonsky. At the beginning of the winter, however, after a year's absence in the country, he had met the Shcherbatskys again, and learned for the first time which of the three he was destined to love.

It seemed as if there could be nothing easier for a young man of thirty-two, of good family, possessed of a handsome fortune, and likely to be regarded as an eligible suitor, than to ask the young Princess Shcherbatskaïa in marriage, and probably Levin would have been received with open arms. But he was in love. Kitty in his eyes was a creature so accomplished, her superiority was so ideal, and he judged himself so severely, that he was unwilling to admit, even in thought, that others or Kitty herself would allow him to aspire to her hand.

Having spent two months in Moscow, as in a dream, meeting Kitty every day in society, which he allowed himself to frequent on account of her, he suddenly took his departure for the country, having concluded that this alliance was impossible. His decision was reached after reasoning that in the eyes of her parents he had no position to offer that was worthy of her, and that Kitty herself did not love him. His comrades were colonels or staff-officers, distinguished professors, bank directors, railway officials, presidents of tribunals

like Oblonsky, but he — and he knew very well how he was regarded by his friends — was only a *pomyéshchik*, or country proprietor, busy with his land, building farmhouses, and hunting woodcock: in other words, he had taken the direction of those who, in the eyes of society, have made a failure. He was not full of illusions in regard to himself: he knew that he was regarded as a good-for-nothing. And, moreover, how could the charming and poetic Kitty love a man as ill-favored and dull as he was? His former relations with her, while he had been intimate with her brother, were those of a grown man with a child, and seemed to him only an additional obstacle.

It is possible, he thought, for a girl to love a stupid man like himself; but he must be good-looking, and show high qualities, if he is to be loved with a love such as he felt for Kitty. He had heard of women falling in love with ill-favored, stupid men, but he did not believe that such would be his own experience, just as he felt that it would be impossible for him to love a woman who was not beautiful, brilliant, and poetic.

But, having spent two months in the solitude of the country, he became convinced that the passion which consumed him was not ephemeral, like his youthful enthusiasms, and that he could not live without settling this mighty question — whether she would, or would not, be his wife. After all, there was no absolute certainty that she would refuse him. He therefore returned to Moscow with the firm intention of marrying her if she would accept him. If not . . . he could not think what would become of him.

VII.

Coming to Moscow by the morning train, Levin had stopped at the house of his half-brother, Koznuishef. After making his toilet, he went to the library with the intention of making a clean breast of it, and asking his advice; but his brother was engaged. He was talking with a famous professor of philosophy who had come up from Kharkof expressly to settle a vexed question that had arisen between them on some scientific subject. The professor was waging a bitter war on materialism, and Sergéi Koznuishef followed his argument with interest; and, having read a recent article

in which the professor promulgated his views, he raised some objections. He blamed the professor for having made too large concessions to the claims of materialism, and the professor had come on purpose to explain what he meant. The conversation turned on the question then fashionable: Is there a dividing line between the psychical and the physiological phenomena of man's action? and where is it to be found?

Sergéi Ivanovitch welcomed his brother with the same coldly benevolent smile which he bestowed on all, and, after introducing him to the professor, continued the discussion. The professor, a small man with spectacles, and narrow forehead, stopped long enough to return Levin's bow, and then continued without noticing him further. Levin sat down till the professor should go, and soon began to feel interested in the discussion. He had read in the reviews articles on these subjects, but he had read them with only that general interest which a man who has studied the natural sciences at the university is likely to take in their development; but he had never appreciated the connection that exists between these learned questions of the origin of man, of reflex action, of biology, of sociology: and those which touched on the purpose of life and the meaning of death, more and more engaged his attention as he grew older.

He noticed, as he took up the line of the arguments, that his brother and the professor agreed to a certain kinship between scientific and psychological questions. At times he felt sure that they were going to take up this subject; but each time that they trended in that direction, they seemed possessed with the desire to avoid it as much as possible, and take refuge in the domain of subtile distinctions, explanations, quotations, references to authorities, and he could scarcely understand what they were talking about.

"I cannot accept the theory of Keis," said Sergéi Ivanovitch in his elegant and correct manner of speech, "and I cannot admit that my whole conception of the exterior world is derived entirely from my sensations. The principle of all knowledge, the sentiment of being, of existence, does not arise from the senses: there is no special organ by which this conception is produced."

"Yes; but Wurst and Knaust and Pripasof will reply, that you have gained the knowledge that you exist absolutely and entirely from an accumulation of sensations; in a word,

that it is only the result of sensations. Wurst himself says explicitly, that where sensation does not exist, there is no consciousness of existence."

"I will say, on the other hand . . ." replied Sergéi Ivanovitch.

But here Levin noticed that once more just as they were about to touch the root of the whole matter, they started off in a different direction, and he determined to put the following question to the professor: "In this case, suppose my sensations ceased, if my body were dead, would further existence be possible?"

The professor, angry at this interruption, looking at the strange questioner as though he took him for a clown (*burlak*) rather than a philosopher, turned his eyes to Sergéi Ivanovitch as if to ask, "What does this mean?" But Sergéi, who was not quite so narrow-minded as the professor, and was able to see the simple and rational point of the question, answered with a smile, "We have not yet gained the right to answer that question." . . .

"Our capacities are not sufficient," continued the professor, taking up the thread of his argument. "No, I insist upon this, as Pripasof says plainly that sensations are based upon impressions, and that we cannot too closely distinguish between the two notions."

Levin did not listen any longer, and waited until the professor took his departure.

VIII.

When the professor was gone, Sergéi Ivanovitch turned to his brother. "I am very glad to see you. Shall you make a long stay? How are things on the estate?"

Levin knew that his brother took little interest in the affairs of the estate, and only asked out of politeness; and so he refrained from giving more than a short report on the sale of wheat, and the money which he had received. It had been his intention to speak with his brother about his marriage project, and to ask his advice; but after the conversation with the professor, and in consequence of the involuntarily patronizing tone in which his brother had asked about their affairs, he lost his inclination to speak, and felt that his brother would not look upon the matter as he should wish him to.

"How is it with the *zemstvo*?" asked Sergéi Ivanovitch, who took a lively interest in these provincial assemblies, to which he attributed great importance.

"Fact is, I don't know" —

"What! aren't you a member of the assembly?"

"No, I'm no longer a member: I don't go any more," said Levin.

"It's too bad," murmured Sergéi Ivanovitch, wrinkling his brows.

In order to defend himself, Levin described what had taken place at the meetings of his district assembly.

"But it is forever thus," interrupted Sergéi Ivanovitch. "We Russians are always like this. Possibly it is one of the good traits of our character that we are willing to confess our faults, but we exaggerate them: we take delight in irony, which comes natural to our language. If the rights which we have, if our provincial institutions, were given to any other people in Europe, Germans or English, I tell you, they would derive liberty from them; but we only turn them into sport."

"But what is to be done?" asked Levin with an air of contrition. "It was my last attempt. I put my whole heart into it: I could not do another thing. I was helpless."

"Helpless!" said Sergéi Ivanovitch: "you did not look at the matter in the right light."

"Perhaps not," replied Levin in a melancholy tone.

"Did you know that our brother Nikolaï has just been in town?"

Nikolaï was Konstantin Levin's own brother, and Sergéi Ivanovitch's half-brother, standing between them in age. He was a ruined man, who had wasted the larger part of his fortune, and had quarrelled with his brothers on account of the strange and disgraceful society which he frequented.

"What did you say?" cried Levin startled. "How did you know?"

"Prokofi saw him on the street."

"Here in Moscow? Where is he?" and Levin stood up, as though with the intention of instantly going to find him.

"I am sorry that I told you this," said Sergéi Ivanovitch, shaking his head when he saw his younger brother's emotion. "I sent out to find where he was staying; and I sent him his letter of credit on Trubin, the amount of which I paid. But

this is what he wrote me," and Sergéi Ivanovitch handed his brother a note which he took from a letter-press.

Levin read the letter, which was written in the strange hand which he knew so well: "I humbly beg to be left in peace. It is all that I ask from my dear brothers. Nikolaï Levin."

Konstantin, without lifting his head, stood motionless before his brother with the letter in his hand. The desire arose in his heart entirely to forget his unfortunate brother, and at the same time he felt that it would be wrong.

"He evidently wants to insult me," continued Sergéi Ivanovitch; "but that is impossible. I wish with all my soul to help him, and yet I know that I shall not succeed."

"Yes, yes," replied Levin. "I understand, and I appreciate your treatment of him; but I am going to him."

"Go by all means, if it will give you any pleasure," said Sergéi Ivanovitch; "but I would not advise it. Not because I fear, that, as far as I am concerned, he might make a quarrel between us, but on your own account, I advise you not to go. You can't do any thing. However, do as it seems best to you."

"Perhaps I can't do any thing, but I feel especially . . . at this moment . . . I feel that I could not be contented. . . ."

"I don't understand you," said Sergéi Ivanovitch; "but one thing I do understand," he added, "and that is, that this is a lesson in humility for us. Since our brother Nikolaï has become the man he is, I look with greater indulgence on what people call 'abjectness.' Do you know what he has done?"

"Ach! it is terrible, terrible," replied Levin.

Having obtained from his brother's servant, Nikolaï's address, Levin set out to find him, but on second thought changed his mind, and postponed his visit till evening. Before all, he must decide the question that had brought him to Moscow, in order that his mind might be free. He therefore went directly to find Oblonsky; and, having learned where he could find the Shcherbatskys, he went where he was told that he would meet Kitty.

IX.

About four o'clock Levin left his *izvoshchik* (driver) at the entrance of the Zoölogical Garden, and with beating heart followed the path that led to the ice-mountains, near the

place where there was skating, for he knew that he should find Kitty there, having seen the Shcherbatskys' carriage at the gate. It was a beautiful frosty day. At the entrance of the garden there were crowds of carriages, sleighs, hired drivers, policemen. Hosts of fashionable people, gayly glancing in the bright sunlight, were gathered at the entrance and on the paths cleared of snow, between the Russian *izbas* with their carved woodwork. The ancient birch-trees, their branches laden with snow and icicles, seemed clothed in new and solemn chasubles.

As Levin followed the foot-path, he said to himself, "Be calm! there is no reason for being agitated! What do you desire? what ails you? Be quiet, you fool!" Thus Levin addressed his heart. But the more he endeavored to calm his agitation, the more he was overcome by it till at last he could hardly breathe. An acquaintance spoke to him as he passed, but Levin did not even notice who it was. He drew near the ice-mountains. The sledges flashed down the inclines, and were drawn up again by ropes. There was a gay rush of creaking *salazkas* (sleds), and the confusion of happy voices. At a little distance there was skating, and among the skaters he soon discovered *her*. He knew that he was near her from the joy and terror that seized his heart. She was standing on the opposite side, engaged in conversation with a lady; and neither by her toilet nor by her position was she remarkable among the throng that surrounded her, but for Levin she stood out from the rest like a rose among nettles. Her presence brightened all around her. Her smile filled the place with glory. "Am I brave enough to go and meet her on the ice?" he thought. The place where she was seemed like a sanctuary, which he did not dare to approach, and he was so distrustful of himself that he almost turned to go away again. Mastering himself by a supreme effort, he brought himself to think that, as she was surrounded by people of every sort, he had as much right as the rest to watch her skate. He therefore went down upon the ice, looking away from her as though she were the sun; but he saw her, as he saw the sun, though he did not look at her.

This day the ice formed a common meeting-ground for people in society. There were also masters in the art of skating, who came to show off their talents; others were learning to skate by holding on chairs, and making awkward

and distressing gestures; there were young lads and old people who skated as a matter of health: all seemed to Levin to be the favorites of heaven, because they were near Kitty.

And these skaters all glided around her, came close to her, even spoke to her, and nevertheless seemed to enjoy themselves, as though they were absolutely fancy-free, and as though it was enough for them that the ice was good and the weather splendid.

Nikolaï Shcherbatsky, Kitty's cousin, in jacket and knickerbockers, was seated on a bench with his skates on, when he saw Levin.

"Ah!" he cried, "the best skater in Russia: there he is! Have you been here long? Put on your skates quick: the ice is first-rate!"

"I have not my skates with me," replied Levin, surprised that one could speak with such freedom before Kitty, and not losing her out of his sight a single instant, although he did not look at her. He felt that the sun was shining upon him. She, evidently not quite at ease on her high skates, glided towards him from the place where she had been standing, followed by a young man in Russian costume, who was trying to get ahead of her, and making the desperate gestures of an unskilful skater. Kitty herself did not skate with much confidence. She had taken her hands out of the little muff which hung around her neck by a ribbon, and was waving them wildly, ready to grasp the first object that came in her way. She looked at Levin, whom she had just seen for the first time, and smiled at her own timidity. As soon as she had got a start, she struck out with her little foot, and glided up to her cousin, Shcherbatsky, seized him by the arm, and gave Levin a friendly welcome. Never in his imagination had she seemed so charming.

Whenever he thought of her, he could easily recall her whole appearance, but especially her lovely blond head, set so gracefully on her pretty shoulders, and her expression of childlike frankness and goodness. The combination of childlike grace and feminine beauty had a special charm which Levin thoroughly appreciated. But what struck him like something always new and unexpected, was her modest, calm, sincere face, which, when she smiled, transported him to a world of enchantment, where he felt at peace and at rest, with thoughts like those of his childhood.

"When did you come?" she asked, giving him her hand.

"Thank you," she added, as he stooped to pick up her handkerchief, which had dropped out of her muff.

"I? Oh! a little while ago — yesterday — that is, to-day," answered Levin, so disturbed that he did not know what he was saying. "I wanted to call upon you," said he; and when he remembered what his errand was, he blushed, and was more distressed than ever. "I did not know that you skated, and so well."

She looked at him closely, as though to divine the reason of his embarrassment. "Your praise is precious. A tradition of your skill as a skater is still floating about," said she, brushing off with her daintily gloved hand the pine-needles that had fallen on her muff.

"Yes: I used to be passionately fond of skating. I had the ambition to reach perfection."

"Seems to me that you do all things with all your heart," said she with a smile. "I should like to see you skate. Put on your skates, and we will skate together."

"Skate together!" he thought, as he looked at her. "Is it possible?"

"I will go and put them right on," he said; and he hastened to find a pair of skates.

"It is a long time, sir, since you have been with us," said the *katalshchik* (the man who rents skates), as he lifted his foot to fit on the skate. "Since your day, we have not had any one who deserved to be called a master in the art. Are they going to suit you?" he asked, as he tightened the strap.

"It's all right; only make haste," said Levin, unable to hide the smile of joy, which, in spite of him, irradiated his face. "Yes," thought he, "this is life, this is happiness. 'We *will skate together*,' she said. Shall I speak now? But I am afraid to speak, because I am happy, happy with hope. But when? But it must be, it must, it must. Down with weakness!"

Levin arose, took off his cloak, and, after trying his skates in the little house, he struck out across the glare ice; and without effort, allowing his will to guide him, he directed his course toward Kitty. He felt timid about coming up to her, but a smile assured him. She gave him her hand, and they skated side by side, gradually increasing speed; and the faster they went, the closer she held his hand.

"I should learn very quickly with you," she said. "I somehow feel confidence in you."

"I am confident in myself when you lean on my arm," he answered, and immediately he was startled at what he had said, and blushed. In fact, he had scarcely uttered the words, when, just as the sun goes under a cloud, her face lost all its kindliness, and Levin saw on her smooth brow a wrinkle that indicated what her thought was.

"Has any thing disagreeable happened to you? but I have no right to ask," he added quickly.

"Why so? No, nothing disagreeable has happened to me," she said coolly, and immediately continued, "Have you seen Mlle. Linon yet?"

"Not yet."

"Go to see her: she is so fond of you."

"What does this mean? I have offended her! O God! have pity upon me!" thought Levin, and skated swiftly towards the old French governess, with little gray curls, who was watching them from a bench. She received him like an old friend, smiling, and showing her false teeth.

"Yes, but how we have grown up," she said, turning her eyes to Kitty; "and how demure we are! *Tiny bear* has grown large," continued the old governess, still smiling; and she recalled his jest about the three young ladies whom he had named after the three bears in the English story. . . . "Do you remember that you called them so?"

He had entirely forgotten it, but she had laughed at this pleasantry for ten years, and still enjoyed it. "Now go, go and skate. Doesn't our Kitty take to it beautifully?"

When Levin rejoined Kitty, her face was no longer severe; her eyes had regained their fresh and kindly expression: but it seemed to him that in her very kindliness, there was something that was not exactly natural, and he felt troubled. After speaking of the old governess and her eccentricities, she asked him about his own life. "Don't you get tired of living in the country?" she asked.

"No, I don't get tired of it, I am very busy," he replied, feeling that she was bringing him into the atmosphere of indifference, which she had resolved henceforth to throw about her, and which he could not escape now, any more than he could at the beginning of the winter.

"Shall you stay long?" asked Kitty.

"I do not know," he answered, without regard to what he

was saying. The idea of falling back into the tone of calm friendship, and perhaps of returning home without reaching any decision, was revolting to him.

"Why don't you know?"

"I don't know why. It depends on you," he said, and instantly he was horrified at his own words.

She either did not understand his words, or did not want to understand them, but, seeming to stumble once or twice, she made an excuse to leave him; and, having spoken to Mlle. Linon, she went to the little house, where her skates were removed by the waiting-women.

"Good heavens! what have I done? O God! have pity upon me, and come to my aid!" was Levin's secret prayer; and feeling the need of taking some violent exercise, he began to describe a series of intricate curves on the ice.

At this instant a young man, the best among the recent skaters, came out of the *café* with his skates on, and a cigarette in his mouth: without stopping he ran towards the stairway, and without even changing the position of his arms ran down the steps and darted out upon the ice.

"That is a new trick," said Levin to himself, and he climbed the staircase to imitate it.

"Don't you kill yourself! it needs practice," shouted Nikolai Shcherbatsky.

Levin went up the steps, got as good a start as he could, and then flew down the stairway, preserving his balance with his hands; but at the last step, he stumbled, made a violent effort to recover himself, regained his equilibrium, and glided out gaily upon the ice.

"Charming, glorious fellow," thought Kitty, at this moment coming out of the little house with Mlle. Linon, and looking at him with a gentle smile, as though he were a beloved brother. "Is it my fault? Have I done any thing very bad? People say, 'Coquetry.' I know that I don't love him, but it is pleasant to be with him, and he is so charming. But what made him say that?" . . .

Seeing Kitty departing with her mother, who had come for her, Levin, flushed with his violent exercise, stopped and pondered. Then he took off his skates, and joined the mother and daughter at the gate. "Very glad to see you," said the princess: "we receive on Thursdays, as usual."

"To-day, then?"

"We shall be delighted to see you," she answered dryly.

This haughtiness troubled Kitty, and she could not restrain herself from tempering the effect of her mother's chilling manner. She turned to Levin, and said with a smile, "We shall see you, I hope."

At this moment Stepan Arkadyevitch with hat on one side, with animated face and bright eyes, entered the garden. At the sight of his wife's mother, he assumed a melancholy and humiliated expression, and replied to the questions which she asked about Dolly's health. When he had finished speaking in a low and broken voice with his mother-in-law, he straightened himself up, and took Levin's arm.

"Now, then, shall we go? I have been thinking of you all the time, and I am very glad that you came," he said with a significant look into his eyes.

"Come on, come on," replied the happy Levin, who did not cease to hear the sound of a voice saying, "*We shall see you, I hope*," or to recall the smile that accompanied the words.

"At the English hotel, or at the Hermitage?"

"It's all one to me."

"At the English hotel, then," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, who chose this restaurant because he owed more there than at the Hermitage, and it seemed unworthy of him, so to speak, to avoid it. "You have an *izvoshchik?* So much the better, for I sent off my carriage."

While they were on the way, not a word was spoken. Levin was thinking of how Kitty's face had changed, and he passed through alternations of hope and despair, all the time saying that there was no sense in despairing. Nevertheless he felt that he was another man since he had heard those words, "We shall see you, I hope," and seen that reassuring smile.

Stepan Arkadyevitch made out the *menu*.

"You like turbot, don't you?" were his first words on entering the restaurant.

"What?" exclaimed Levin. . . . "Turbot? Yes, I am excessively fond of turbot."

X.

Levin could not help noticing, as they entered the restaurant, how Stepan Arkadyevitch's face and whole person seemed to shine with restrained happiness. Oblonsky took

off his overcoat, and, with hat on one side, marched towards the dining-room, giving, as he went, his orders to the Tartar, who in swallow-tail, and with his napkin under his arm, came to meet him. Bowing to right and left to his acquaintances, who as usual seemed delighted to see him, he went directly to the bar and took a small glass of *vodka* (brandy). The bar-maid, a pretty French girl with curly hair, who was painted, and covered with ribbons and lace, listened to his merry jest, and burst into a peal of laughter. As for Levin, the sight of this French creature, all made up of false hair, rice-powder, and *vinaigre de toilette*, as he said, took away his appetite. He turned away from her quickly, with disgust, as from some horrid place. His heart was filled with memories of Kitty, and in his eyes shone triumph and happiness.

"This way, your excellency; come this way, and you will not be disturbed," said the old obsequious Tartar, whose monstrous waist made the tails of his coat stick out behind. "Will you come this way, your excellency?" said he to Levin, as a sign of respect for Stepan Arkadyevitch, whose guest he was. In a twinkling he had spread a fresh cloth on the round table, which, already covered, stood under the bronze chandelier; then, bringing two velvet chairs, he stood waiting for Stepan Arkadyevitch's orders, holding in one hand his napkin, and his order-card in the other.

"If your excellency would like to have a private room, one will be at your service in a few moments — Prince Galuitsin and a lady. We have just received fresh oysters."

"Ah, oysters!"

Stepan Arkadyevitch reflected. "Supposing we change our plan, Levin," said he with his finger on the bill of fare. His face showed serious hesitation.

"But are they good? Pay attention!"

"They are from Flensburg, your excellency: there are none from Ostend."

"Flensburg oysters are well enough, but are they fresh?"

"They came yesterday."

"Very good! What do you say? — to begin with oysters, and then to make a complete change in our *menu*? What say you?"

"It makes no difference to me. I'd like best of all some *shchi* (cabbage soup) and *kasha* (wheat gruel), but you can't get them here."

"*Kasha à la russe*, if you would like to order it," said the Tartar, bending over towards Levin as a nurse bends towards a child.

"No. Jesting aside, whatever you wish is good. I have been skating and am almost famished. Don't imagine," he added as he saw an expression of disappointment on Oblonsky's face, "that I do not appreciate your *menu*. I can eat a good dinner with pleasure."

"It should be more than that! You should say that it is one of the pleasures of life," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "In this case, little brother mine, give us two, or — no, that's not enough; three dozen oysters, vegetable soup" —

"*Printanière*," suggested the Tartar.

But Stepan Arkadyevitch did not allow him the pleasure of enumerating the dishes in French, and continued, "Vegetable soup, you understand; then turbot, with a sauce not too thick; then roast beef, but see to it that it be done to a turn. Yes, some capon, and lastly, some preserve."

The Tartar, remembering that Stepan Arkadyevitch did not like to call the dishes by their French names, waited till he had finished; then he gave himself the pleasure of repeating the bill of fare according to the rule: "*Potage printanière, turbot, sauce Beaumarchais, poularde à l'estragon, macédoine de fruits.*" Then instantly, as though moved by a spring, he substituted for the bill of fare the wine-list, which he presented to Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"What shall we drink?"

"Whatever you please, only let it be champagne," said Levin.

"What! at the very beginning? But after all, why not? Do you like the white seal?"

"*Cachet blanc*," repeated the Tartar.

"Good with oysters: that will go well. Now, as we have settled on this brand for the oysters, bring that."

"It shall be done, sir. And what *vin de table* shall I bring you?"

"Some *Nuits;* no, hold on, — give us some classic *chablis*."

"It shall be done, sir; and shall I give you some of *your* cheese?"

"Yes, some *parmesan*. Or do you prefer some other kind?"

"No, it's all the same to me," replied Levin, who could not keep from smiling. The Tartar disappeared on the trot,

with his coat-tails flying out behind him. Five minutes later he came with a platter of oysters and a bottle. Stepan Arkadyevitch crumpled up his napkin, tucked it in his waistcoat, calmly stretched out his hands, and began to attack the oysters. "Not bad at all," he said, as he lifted the succulent oysters from their shells with a silver fork, and swallowed them one by one. "Not at all bad," he repeated, looking from Levin to the Tartar, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction. Levin ate his oysters, although he would have preferred bread and cheese; but he could not help admiring Oblonsky. Even the Tartar, after uncorking the bottle, and pouring the sparkling wine into delicate glass cups, looked at Stepan Arkadyevitch with a contented smile while he adjusted his white neck-tie. "You aren't very fond of oysters, are you?" asked Oblonsky, draining his glass. "Or you are pre-occupied? Hey?" He was anxious to get Levin into good spirits; but the latter was anxious, if he was not downcast. His heart being so full, he found himself out of his element in this restaurant, amid the confusion of guests coming and going, surrounded by the private rooms where men and women were dining together: every thing was repugnant to his feelings, — the gas, the mirrors, even the Tartar. He feared that the sentiment that occupied his soul would be defiled.

"I? Yes, I am a little absent-minded; but besides, every thing here confuses me. You can't imagine," he said, "how strange all these surroundings seem to a countryman like myself. It's like the finger-nails of that gentleman whom I met at your office."

"Yes, I noticed that poor Grinevitch's finger-nails interested you greatly," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laughing.

"I cannot," replied Levin. "You are a puzzle to me. I cannot get you into the focus of a man accustomed to living in the country. The rest of us try to have hands to work with; therefore, we cut off our finger-nails, and oftentimes we even turn back our sleeves. Here, on the other hand, men let their nails grow as long as possible, and so as to be sure of not being able to do any work, they fasten their sleeves with plates for buttons."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled gayly. "That proves that there is no need of manual labor: it is brain-work."

"Perhaps so. Yet it seems strange to me, no less than this that we are doing here. In the country we make haste

to get through our meals so as to be at work again; but here you and I are doing our best to eat as long as possible without getting satisfied, and so we are eating oysters."

"Well, there's something in that," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch; "but isn't it the aim of civilization to translate every thing into enjoyment?"

"If that is the aim of civilization, I prefer to remain a barbarian."

"And you are a barbarian! Come, now, you are all savages in your family."

Levin sighed. He thought of his brother Nikolaï, and felt mortified and saddened, and his face grew dark; but Oblonsky introduced a subject which had the immediate effect of diverting him.

"Very well, come this evening to our house. I mean to the Shcherbatskys'," said he, winking gayly, and pushing away the oyster-shells, so as to make room for his cheese.

"Certainly," replied Levin; "though it did not seem that the princess was very cordial in her invitation."

"What an idea! It was only her *grande dame* manner," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "I shall come there immediately after a *musicale* at the Countess Bonina's. — How can we help calling you a savage? How can you explain your flight from Moscow? The Shcherbatskys have more than once besieged me with questions on your account, as if I were likely to know any thing about it. I only know this, that you are always likely to do things that no one would expect you to do."

"Yes," replied Levin slowly, and with emotion: "you are right, I am a savage; but it was not my departure, but my return, that proves me one. I have come now" —

"Are you happy?" interrupted Oblonsky, looking into Levin's eyes.

"Why?"

"I know fiery horses by their brand, and I know young people who are in love by their eyes," said Stepan Arkadyevitch dramatically: "the future is yours."

"And yourself, — have you a future before you also?"

"I have only the present, and this present is not all roses."

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing good. But I don't want to talk about myself, especially as I cannot explain the circumstances," replied

Stepan Arkadyevitch. "What did you come to Moscow for? Here! clear off the things!" he cried to the Tartar.

"Can't you imagine?" answered Levin, not taking his eyes from his friend's face.

"I can imagine, but it is not for me to be the first to speak about it. By this detail you can tell whether I am right in my conjecture," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, looking at Levin with a cunning smile.

"Well, what have you to tell me?" asked Levin with a trembling voice, and feeling the muscles of his face quiver. "How do you look upon the affair?"

Stepan Arkadyevitch slowly drank his glass of *chablis* while he looked steadily at Levin.

"I?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "I would say nothing but this one word — *nothing.*"

"But aren't you mistaken? Do you know what we are talking about?" murmured Levin, with his gaze fixed feverishly on his companion. "Do you believe that what you say is possible?"

"Why shouldn't it be?"

"No, do you really think that it is possible? No! tell me what you really think. If — if she should refuse me, and I am almost certain that" —

"Why should you be?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling at this emotion.

"It is my intuition. It would be terrible for me and for her."

"Oh! in any case, I can't see that it would be very terrible for her: a young girl is always flattered to be asked in marriage."

"Young girls in general, perhaps, but not she."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled; he perfectly understood Levin's feelings, and knew that for him all the young girls in the universe could be divided into two categories: in the one, all the young girls in existence, participating in all the faults common to humanity, — in other words, ordinary girls; in the other, she alone, without the least imperfection, and placed above the rest of humanity.

"Hold on! take a little sauce," said he, stopping Levin's hand, who was pushing away the sauce-dish.

Levin took the sauce in all humility, but he did not give Oblonsky time to eat. "No, just wait, wait," said he: "I want you to understand me perfectly, for with me it is a

question of life and death. I have never spoken to any one else about it, and I cannot speak to any one else but you. I know we are very different from one another, have different tastes, and conflicting views; but I know also that you love me, and that you understand me, and that's the reason I am so fond of you. In the name of Heaven be sincere with me!"

"I will tell you what I think," said Stepan Arkadyevitch smiling. "But I will tell you more: my wife — a most extraordinary woman" — and Stepan Arkadyevitch stopped a moment to sigh, as he remembered how his relations with his wife were strained — "she has a gift of second sight, and sees all that goes on in the hearts of others, but she is a prophetess when there is a question of marriage. Thus, she predicted that Brenteln would marry the Princess Shakhovskaïa: no one would believe it, and yet it came to pass. Well, my wife is on your side."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that she likes you, and she says that Kitty will be your wife."

As he heard these words, Levin's face lighted up with a smile that was almost ready to melt into tears. "She said that!" he cried. "I always thought that your wife was an angel. But enough, enough of this sort of talk," he added, and rose from the table.

"Good! but sit a little while longer."

But Levin could not sit down. He walked two or three times up and down the room, winking his eyes to hide the tears, and then he came back to the table somewhat calmer. "Understand me," he said: "this is not love. I have been in love, but it was not like this. This is more than a sentiment: it is an inward power that controls me. I left Moscow because I had made up my mind that such happiness could not exist, that such good fortune could not be on earth. But I struggled in vain against myself: I find that my whole life is *here*. This question must be decided."

"But why did you leave Moscow?"

"*Ach!* stay! *Ach!* only think! only listen to me! If you only knew what your words meant to me! You cannot imagine how you have encouraged me. I am so happy that I am becoming selfish, and forgetting every thing; and yet this very day I heard that my brother Nikolaï — you know him — is here, and I had entirely forgotten him. It seems to

me that he, too, ought to be happy. But this is like a fit of madness. But one thing seems terrible to me. You who are married ought to know this sensation. It is terrible that we who are already getting old dare not approach a pure and innocent being. Isn't it terrible? and is it strange that I find that I am unworthy?"

"*Nu!* you have not much to reproach yourself with."

"*Ach!*" said Levin; "and yet, as I look with disgust upon my life, I tremble and curse and mourn bitterly—*da!*"

"But what can you do? the world is thus constituted," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"There is only one consolation, and that is in the prayer that I have always loved: 'Pardon me not according to my deserts, but according to *Thy* loving-kindness.' Thus only can she forgive me."

XI.

Levin emptied his glass, and for a few minutes the two friends were silent. "I ought to tell you one thing, though. Do you know Vronsky?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"No: why do you ask?"

"Bring us another bottle," said Oblonsky to the Tartar, who was refilling their glasses. "You must know that Vronsky is a rival of yours."

"Who is this Vronsky?" asked Levin, whose face, a moment since beaming with youthful enthusiasm, suddenly grew dark.

"Vronsky—he is one of Count Kirill Ivanovitch Vronsky's sons, and one of the finest examples of the gilded youth of Petersburg. I used to know him at Tver when I was on duty: he came there for recruiting service. He is immensely rich, handsome, with excellent connections, an adjutant attached to the emperor's person, and, in spite of all, a capital good fellow. From what I have seen of him, he is more than a 'good fellow;' he is well educated and bright; he is a rising man."

Levin scowled, and said nothing.

"*Nu-s!* he put in an appearance soon after you left; and, if people tell the truth, he fell in love with Kitty. You understand that her mother"—

"Excuse me, but I don't understand at all," interrupted Levin, scowling still more fiercely. He suddenly remembered his brother Nikolaï, and how ugly it was in him to forget him.

"Just wait," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laying his hand on Levin's arm with a smile. "I have told you all that I know; but I repeat, that, in my humble opinion, the chances in this delicate affair are in your favor."

Levin grew pale, and leaned on the back of the chair.

"But I advise you to settle the matter as quickly as possible," suggested Oblonsky, handing him a glass.

"No, thank you: I cannot drink any more," said Levin, pushing away the glass. "It will go to my head. *Nu!* how are you feeling?" he added, desiring to change the conversation.

"One word more: in any case I advise you to act quickly. I advise you to speak immediately," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Go to-morrow morning, make your proposal in classic style, and God be with you."

"Why haven't you ever come to hunt with me as you promised to do? Come this spring," said Levin. He now repented with all his heart that he had entered upon this conversation with Oblonsky: his deepest feelings were wounded by what he had just learned of the pretensions of his rival, the young officer from Petersburg, as well as by the advice and insinuations of Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Stepan Arkadyevitch perceived his friend's thoughts, and smiled. "I will come some day," he said. "Yes, brother, woman! She's the spring that moves every thing in this world. My own trouble is bad, very bad. And all on account of women. Give me your advice," said he, taking a cigar, and still holding his glass in his hand: "tell me frankly what you think."

"But what about?"

"Listen: suppose you were married, that you loved your wife, but had been drawn away by another woman" —

"Excuse me. I can't imagine any such thing. As it looks to me, it would be as though, in coming out from dinner, I should steal a loaf of bread from a bakery."

Stepan Arkadyevitch's eyes sparkled more than usual. "Why not? Bread sometimes smells so good, that one cannot resist the temptation: —

"Himmlisch ist's, wenn ich bezwungen
Meine irdische Begier:
Aber doch wenns's nicht gelungen,
Hätt ich auch recht huebsch Plaisir." [1]

As he repeated these lines, Oblonsky smiled. Levin could not refrain from smiling also. "But a truce to pleasantries," continued Oblonsky. "Imagine a charming, modest, lovely woman, poor, and alone in the world, who would sacrifice herself for you: is it necessary to give her up, in case my supposition were true? We'll allow that it is necessary to break with her, so as not to disturb the peace of the family; but ought we not to have pity on her, to make the separation less painful, to look out for her future?"

"Pardon me; but you know that for me, women are divided into two classes, — no, that is, there are women, and there are — But I never yet knew a case of a beautiful repentant Magdalen; and as to that French creature at the bar, with her false curls, she fills me with disgust, and so do all such."

"But woman in the New Testament?"

"*Ach!* hold your peace. Never would Christ have said those words if he had known to what bad use they would be put. Out of the whole gospel, only those words are taken. However, I don't say what I think, but what I feel, nothing more. I feel a disgust for fallen women just as you do for criminals. You did not have to study the manners of the criminal classes to bring about this feeling, nor I these."

"It is well for you to say so: it is a very convenient way to do as the character in Dickens did, and throw all embarrassing questions over the right shoulder with the left hand. But to deny a fact is not to answer it. Now tell me! what is to be done?"

"Don't steal fresh bread."

Stepan Arkadyevitch burst out laughing. "O moralist! but please appreciate the situation. Here are two women: one insists on her rights, and her rights means your love which you cannot give; the other has made an absolute sacrifice, and demands nothing. What can one do? How can one proceed? Here is a terrible drama!"

[1] It was heavenly when I gained
What my heart desired on earth:
Yet if all were not attained,
Still I had my share of mirth.

"If you want me to confess what I think, I will tell you that I don't believe in this drama, and this is why. In my opinion, Love — the two Loves which Plato describes in his "Symposium," you remember, serve as the touch-stone for men. The one class of people understands only one of them: the other understands the other. Those who do not comprehend Platonic affection have no right to speak of this drama. In this sort of love there can be no drama. '*Much obliged to you for the pleasure you have given me;*' and therein consists the whole drama. But Platonic affection cannot make a drama, because it is bright and pure, and because" —

At this moment Levin remembered his own short-comings and the inward struggles which he had undergone, and he added in an unexpected fashion, "However, you may be right. It is quite possible — I know nothing — absolutely nothing about it."

"Do you see," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, "you are a man of perfect purity? Your great virtue is your only fault. And because your character is thus constituted, you desire that all the factors of life should also be absolutely pure; and this can never be. So you scorn the service of the state, because you see in it no service useful to society, and because, according to your idea, every action should correspond to an exact end; and this can never be. You want conjugal life and love to be one and the same, and that cannot be. And besides, all the charm, the variety, the beauty of life consists in these lights and shades."

Levin sighed, and did not answer: he did not even listen. He was absorbed in the thought of what concerned himself. And suddenly both of them felt that this dinner, which ought to have brought them closer together, had widened the distance between them, though they were still good friends. Each was thinking more of his own affairs, and was forgetting to feel interested in his friend's. Oblonsky understood this phenomenon, having often experienced it after dining; and he also knew what his course of conduct would be.

"Give me the account," he cried, and went into the next room, where he met an adjutant whom he knew, and with whom he began to talk about an actress and her lover. This conversation amused and rested Oblonsky after what had been said with Levin, who always kept his mind on the strain, and wearied him.

When the Tartar had brought the account, amounting to twenty-eight rubles and odd kopeks, not forgetting his fee, Levin, who generally, in the honest country fashion, would have been shocked at the size of the bill, paid the fourteen rubles of his share without noticing, and went home to dress for the reception at the Shcherbatskys', where his fate would be decided.

XII.

The Princess Kitty Shcherbatskaïa was eighteen years old. She was making her first appearance in society this winter, and her triumphs had been more brilliant than her elder sisters, than even her mother had anticipated. All the young men in Moscow, who danced at balls, were more or less in love with Kitty; but, besides these, there were two who, during this first winter of her *début*, were serious aspirants to her hand, — Levin, and, soon after his departure, Count Vronsky.

Levin's frequent visits and his unconcealed love for Kitty were the first subjects in regard to her future that gave cause for serious conversation between her father and mother. The prince and princess had lively discussions about it. The prince was on Levin's side, and declared that he could not desire a better match. The princess, with the skill which women have for avoiding the question, insisted that Kitty was very young; that she did not show great partiality for Levin; and, moreover, that he did not seem to be serious in his attentions. But she did not express what was in the bottom of her heart, — that she was ambitious for a more brilliant marriage, that Levin did not appeal to her sympathies, and that she did not understand him. And when Levin took a sudden leave for the country she was delighted, and said, with an air of triumph, to her husband, "You see, I was right." When Vronsky appeared upon the scene, she was still more delighted, and her hopes of seeing Kitty not only well but brilliantly married, were more than confirmed.

For the princess there was no comparison between the two suitors. The mother disliked Levin's brusque and strange way of looking at things, his awkwardness in society, which she attributed to his pride and what she called his savage life in the country, occupied with his cattle and peasants. And she was still more displeased because Levin, though he

was in love with her daughter, and had been a frequent visitor at their house for six weeks, had appeared like a man who was hesitating, watching, and questioning whether, if he should offer himself, the honor which he conferred upon them would not be too great. Was it not customary for one who comes assiduously to a house where there was a marriageable daughter, to declare his intentions? And then his sudden departure without informing any one! "It is fortunate," the mother thought, "that he is so unattractive, and that Kitty has not fallen in love with him."

Vronsky, on the other hand, satisfied all her requirements: he was rich, intelligent, of good birth, with a brilliant career at court or in the army before him, and, moreover, he was charming. Nothing better could be desired. Vronsky was devoted to Kitty at the balls, danced with her, and called upon her parents: there could be no doubt that his intentions were serious. And yet the poor mother had passed a winter full of doubts and perplexities.

When the princess herself was married, through the influence of an aunt, she was thirty years old. Her *fiancé*, who was well known by reputation, came to see her and to show himself: the interview was favorable, and the intermediary announced the impression produced. On the following day the official demand was made upon the parents, and granted, and all had passed off very simply and naturally. At least, so it seemed to the princess, as she looked back to it. But when she came to see her own daughters married, she learned by experience how difficult and complicated in reality this apparently simple matter was. What anxieties, what cares, what waste of money, what collisions with her husband, when the time came for Dolly and Natali to be married! And now she was obliged to pass through the same anxieties, and with even more bitter quarrels with her husband. The old prince, like all fathers, was excessively punctilious about every thing that concerned the honor and purity of his daughters: he was distressingly jealous of them, especially of Kitty, his favorite, and at every opportunity he accused his wife of compromising his daughter. The princess had become accustomed to these scenes from the days of her elder daughters, but she confessed that her husband's strictness was founded on reason. Many of the practices of society had undergone a change, and the duties of mothers were becoming more and more difficult. She saw how

Kitty's young friends went freely into society, rode horseback, were forward with men, went out to drive with them alone: she saw that many of them no longer made courtesies, and, what was more serious, each of them was firmly convinced that the business of choosing a husband was incumbent on her alone, and not at all on her parents. "Marriages aren't made as they used to be," were the thoughts and remarks of these young ladies, and even of some of the older people. "But how are marriages made nowadays?" and this question the princess could not get any one to answer. The French custom, which allows the parents full liberty to decide the lot of their children, was not accepted, was even bitterly criticised. The English custom, which allows the girls absolute liberty, was not admissible. The Russian custom of marriage, through an intermediary, was regarded as a relic of barbarism: everybody ridiculed it, even the princess herself. But she was unable to decide what course of action to take. Every one with whom the princess talked said the same thing: "It is high time to renounce those exploded notions; it is the young folks and not the old who get married, and, therefore, it is for them to make their arrangements in accordance with their own ideas." It was well enough for those without daughters to say this; but the princess knew well, that if she allowed Kitty to enjoy the society of young men, she ran the risk of seeing her fall in love with some one whom her parents would not approve, who would not make her a good husband, or would not dream of marrying her. According to the views of the princess, one might better give five-year-old children loaded pistols as playthings, than allow young people to marry according to their own pleasure, without the aid of their parents. And, therefore, Kitty gave her mother much more solicitude than either of the other daughters had.

Just at present her fear was that Vronsky would content himself with playing the gallant. She saw that Kitty was in love with him, and she felt assured only when she thought that he was a man of honor; but she could not hide the fact, that, through the new liberty allowed in society, it would be very easy for a man of the world to turn the head of a young girl, without feeling the least scruple at enjoying this new sort of intoxication. The week before Kitty had told her mother of a conversation which she had held with Vronsky during a mazurka, and this conversation seemed

significant to the princess, though it did not absolutely satisfy her. Vronsky told Kitty that he and his brother were both so used to letting their mother decide things for them, that they never undertook any thing of importance without consulting her. "And now," he added, "I am looking for my mother's arrival from Petersburg as a great piece of good fortune."

Kitty reported these words without attaching any importance to them, but her mother gave them a meaning conformable to her desire. She knew that the old countess was expected from day to day, and that she would be satisfied with her son's choice; but it seemed strange to her that he had not offered himself before his mother's arrival, as though he feared to offend her. In spite of these contradictions, she gave a favorable interpretation to these words, so anxious was she to escape from her anxieties. Bitterly as she felt the unhappiness of her oldest daughter, Dolly, who was thinking of leaving her husband, she was completely absorbed in her anxieties about her youngest daughter's fate, which seemed to be trembling in the balance. Levin's arrival to-day added to her troubles. She feared lest Kitty, through excessive delicacy, would refuse Vronsky out of respect to the sentiment which she had once felt for Levin. His arrival promised to throw every thing into confusion, and to postpone a long desired consummation.

"Has he been here long?" asked the princess of her daughter, when they reached home after their meeting with Levin.

"Since yesterday, *maman*."

"I have one thing that I want to say to you," the princess began; but at the sight of her serious and agitated face, Kitty knew what was coming.

"Mamma," said she blushing, and turning quickly to her, "don't speak about this, I beg of you, — I beg of you. I know, I know all!"

She felt as her mother felt, but the motives that caused her mother to feel as she did were repugnant to her.

"I only want to say that as you have given hope to one" —

"Mamma, *galubchik* [darling], don't speak. It's so terrible to speak about this."

"I will not," replied her mother, seeing the tears in her eyes: "only one word, *moya dusha* [my soul]; you have promised to have no secrets from me."

"Never, mamma, never!" looking her mother full in the face and blushing: "but I have nothing to tell — now. I — I — even if I wanted to, I could not say what and how — I could not" —

"No, with those eyes she cannot speak a falsehood," was the mother's thought, smiling at her emotion. The princess smiled to think how momentous appeared to the poor girl the thoughts that were passing in her heart.

XIII.

After dinner, and during the first part of the evening, Kitty felt as a young man feels who is about to fight his first duel. Her heart beat violently, and it was impossible for her to collect and concentrate her thoughts. She felt that this evening, when they two should meet for the first time, would decide her fate. She saw them in her imagination, sometimes together, sometimes separately. When she thought of the past, pleasure, almost tenderness, filled her heart at the remembrance of her relations with Levin. The friendship which he had shown for her departed brother, their own childish confidences, invested him with a certain poetic charm. She found it agreeable to think of him, and to feel that he loved her, for she could not doubt that he loved her, and she was proud of it. On the other hand, she felt uneasy when she thought about Vronsky, and perceived that there was something false in their relationship, for which she blamed herself, not him; for he had in the highest degree the calmness and self-possession of a man of the world, and always remained friendly and natural. All was clear and simple in her relations with Levin. But while Vronsky seemed to offer her dazzling promises and a brilliant future, the future with Levin seemed enveloped in mist.

After dinner Kitty went to her room to dress for the reception. As she stood before the mirror she felt that she was looking her loveliest, and, what was most important on this occasion, that she was mistress of her forces, for she felt at ease, and entirely self-possessed.

At half-past seven, as she was descending to the *salon*, the servant announced, "Konstantin Dmitritch Levin." The princess was still in her room: the prince had not yet come down. "It has come at last," thought Kitty; and all the

blood rushed to her heart. As she passed a mirror, she was startled to see how pale she looked. She knew now, for a certainty, that he had come early, so as to find her alone and offer himself. And instantly the situation appeared to her for the first time in a new, strange light. It no longer concerned herself alone; nor was it a question of knowing who would make her happy, or to whom she would give the preference. She felt that she was about to wound a man whom she liked, and to wound him cruelly. Why, why was it that such a charming man loved her? Why had he fallen in love with her? But it was too late to mend matters: it was fated to be so.

"Merciful heaven! Is it possible that I myself have got to give him an answer?" she thought, — "that I must tell him that I don't love him? It is not true! But what can I say? That I love another? Impossible. I will run away, I will run away!"

She was already at the door, when she heard his step. "No, it is not honorable. What have I to fear? I have done nothing wrong. Let come what will, I will tell the truth! I shall not be ill at ease with him. Ah, here he is!" she said to herself, as she saw his strong but timid countenance, with his brilliant eyes fixed upon her. She looked him full in the face, with an air that seemed to implore his protection, and extended her hand.

"I came rather early, seems to me," said he, casting a glance about the empty room; and when he saw that he was not mistaken, and that nothing would prevent him from speaking, his face grew solemn.

"Oh, no!" said Kitty, sitting down near a table.

"But it is exactly what I wanted, so that I might find you alone," he began, without sitting, and without looking at her, lest he should lose his courage.

"Mamma will be here in a moment. She was very tired to-day. To-day" —

She spoke without thinking what she said, and did not take her imploring and gentle gaze from his face.

Levin turned to her: she blushed, and stopped speaking.

"I told you to-day that I did not know how long I should stay; that it depended on you" —

Kitty drooped her head lower and lower, not knowing how she should reply to the words that he was going to speak.

"That it depended upon you," he repeated. "I meant —

I meant — I came for this, that — be my wife," he murmured, not knowing what he had said, but feeling that he had got through the worst of the difficulty. Then he stopped, and looked at her.

She felt almost suffocated: she did not raise her head. Her heart was full of happiness. Never could she have believed that the declaration of his love would make such a deep impression upon her. But this impression lasted only a moment. She remembered Vronsky. She lifted her sincere and liquid eyes to Levin, whose agitated face she saw, and then said hastily, —

"This cannot be! Forgive me!"

How near to him, a moment since, she had been, and how necessary to his life! and now how far away and strange she suddenly seemed to be!

"It could not have been otherwise," he said, without looking at her.

He bowed, and was about to leave the room.

XIV.

At this instant the princess entered. Apprehension was pictured on her face when she saw their agitated faces, and that they had been alone. Levin bowed low, and did not speak. Kitty was silent, and did not raise her eyes. "Thank God, she has refused him!" thought the mother; and the smile with which she always received her Thursday guests re-appeared upon her lips. She sat down, and began to ask Levin questions about his life in the country. He also sat down, hoping to escape unobserved when the guests began to arrive. Five minutes later, one of Kitty's friends, who had been married the winter before, was announced, — the Countess Nordstone. She was a dried-up, yellow, nervous, sickly woman, with great black eyes. She was fond of Kitty, and her affection, like that of every married woman for a young girl, was expressed by a keen desire to have her married in accordance with her own ideas of conjugal happiness. She wanted to marry her to Vronsky. Levin, whom she had often met at the Shcherbatskys' the first of the winter, was always distasteful to her, and her favorite occupation, after she had met him in society, was to make sport of him.

"I am enchanted," she said, "when he looks down upon

me from his imposing loftiness, or when he fails to honor me with his learned conversation because I am too silly for him to condescend to. I am enchanted that he cannot endure me." She was right, because the fact was, that Levin could not endure her, and he despised her for being proud of what she regarded as a merit, — her nervous temperament, her indifference and delicate scorn for all that seemed to her gross and material.

The relationship between Levin and the Countess Nordstone was such as is often met with in society where two persons, friends in outward appearance, despise each other to such a degree that they cannot hold a serious conversation, or even clash with each other.

The Countess Nordstone instantly addressed herself to Levin: "Ah, Konstantin Dmitriévitch! are you back again in our abominable Babylon?" said she, giving him her little thin hand, and recalling his own jest that he had made at the beginning of the winter when he compared Moscow to Babylon. "Is Babylon converted, or have you been corrupted?" she added with a mocking smile in Kitty's direction.

"I am greatly flattered, countess, that you kept such accurate account of my words," replied Levin, who, having had time to collect his thoughts, instantly entered into the facetiously hostile tone peculiar to his relations with the Countess Nordstone. "It seems that they have made a very deep impression upon you."

"*Ach!* how so? But I shall make notes. *Nu!* how is it, Kitty, have you been skating to-day?" And she began to talk with her young friend.

Although it was scarcely decent to take his departure now, Levin would have preferred to commit this breach of etiquette rather than endure the punishment of remaining through the evening, and to see Kitty, who was secretly watching him, though she pretended not to look at him. He therefore attempted to get up; but the princess noticed his movement, and, turning toward him, she said, —

"Do you intend to remain long in Moscow? You are justice of the peace in your district, are you not? and I suppose that will prevent you from making a long stay."

"No, princess, I have resigned that office," he said. "I have come to stay several days."

"Something has happened to him," thought the Countess

Nordstone, as she saw Levin's stern and serious face, "because he does not launch out into his usual tirades; but I'll soon draw him out. Nothing amuses me more than to make him ridiculous before Kitty."

"Konstantin Dmitritch," she said to him, "you who know all things, please explain this to me: at our estate in Kaluga all the *muzhiks* [peasants] and their wives drink up all that they own, and don't pay what they owe us. You are always praising the *muzhiks:* what does this mean?"

At this moment a lady came in, and Levin arose: "Excuse me, countess, I know nothing at all about it, and I cannot answer your question," said he, looking at an officer, who entered at the same time with the lady.

"That must be Vronsky," he thought, and to confirm his surmise he glanced at Kitty. She had already had time to perceive Vronsky, and observe Levin. When he saw the young girl's shining eyes, Levin saw that she loved that man, he saw it as clearly as though she herself had confessed it to him. But what sort of a man was he? Now — whether for good or ill — Levin could not help remaining: he must find out for himself what sort of a man it was that she loved.

There are men who, in presence of a fortunate rival, are disposed to deny that there are any good qualities in him; others, on the contrary, endeavor to discover nothing but the merits which have won him his success, and with sore hearts to attribute to him nothing but good. Levin belonged to the latter class. It was not hard for him to discover what amiable and attractive qualities Vronsky possessed. They were apparent at a glance. He was dark, of medium stature, and well proportioned; his face was handsome, calm, and friendly; every thing about his person, from his black, short-cut hair, and his freshly shaven chin, to his new, well-fitting uniform was simple and perfectly elegant. Vronsky allowed the lady to pass before him, then he approached the princess, and finally came to Kitty. It seemed to Levin that, as he drew near her, her beautiful eyes shone with deeper tenderness, and that her smile expressed a joy mingled with triumph. He extended toward her his hand which was small, but rather wide, and bowed respectfully. After bowing and speaking a few words to each of the ladies to whom he was presented, he sat down without having seen Levin, who never once took his eyes from him.

"Gentlemen, allow me to make you acquainted," said the princess turning to Levin: "Konstantin Dmitritch Levin, Count Alekséi Kirillovitch Vronsky."

Vronsky arose, and, with a friendly look into Levin's eyes, shook hands with him.

"It seems," said he, with his frank and pleasant smile, "that I was to have had the honor of dining with you this winter; but you went off unexpectedly to the country."

"Konstantin Dmitritch despises and shuns the city, and us, its denizens," said the Countess Nordstone.

"It must be that my words impress you deeply, since you remember them so well," said Levin; and, perceiving that he had already made this remark, he blushed deeply.

Vronsky looked at Levin and the countess, and smiled: "So, then, you always live in the country?" he asked. "I should think it would be tiresome in winter."

"Not if one has enough to do; besides, one does not get tired of himself," said Levin in a sour tone.

"I like the country," said Vronsky, noticing Levin's tone, and appearing not to notice it.

"But you would not consent to live always in the country, I hope," said the Countess Nordstone.

"I don't know; I never made a long stay; but I once felt a strange sensation," he added. "Never have I so eagerly longed for the country, the real Russian country with its *muzhiks*, as during the winter that I spent at Nice with my mother. Nice, you know, is melancholy anyway; and Naples, Sorrento, are pleasant only for a short time. It is then that one remembers Russia most tenderly, and especially the country. One would say that" —

He spoke, now addressing Kitty, now Levin, turning his calm and friendly face from one to the other, as he said whatever came into his head.

As the Countess Nordstone seemed desirous to put in her word, he stopped, without finishing his phrase, and listened attentively.

The conversation did not languish a single instant, so that the old princess had no need of advancing her unfailing themes, her two heavy guns, — classic and scientific education, and the general compulsory conscription, — which she held in reserve in case the silence became prolonged. The countess did not even have a chance to rally Levin.

He wanted to join in the general conversation, but was

unable. He kept saying to himself, "Now, I'll go;" and still he waited as though he expected something.

The conversation turned on table-tipping and spiritism; and the Countess Nordstone, who was a believer in it, began to relate the marvels which she had seen.

"*Ach*, countess! in the name of Heaven, take me to see them. I never yet saw any thing extraordinary, anxious as I have always been," said Vronsky smiling.

"Good; next Saturday," replied the countess. "But you, Konstantin Dmitritch, do you believe in it?" she demanded of Levin.

"Why did you ask me? You knew perfectly well what my answer would be."

"Because I wanted to hear your opinion."

"My opinion is simply this," replied Levin: "that table-tipping proves that good society is scarcely more advanced than the peasantry. The *muzhiks* believe in the evil eye, in casting lots, in sorceries, while we" —

"That means that you don't believe in it."

"I cannot believe in it, countess."

"But if I myself have seen these things?"

"The *babui* [peasant women] also say that they have seen the *domovoï*" [household spirits].

"Then, you think that I do not tell the truth?" And she broke into an unpleasant laugh.

"But no, *Masha*. Konstantin Dmitritch simply says that he cannot believe in spiritism," interrupted Kitty, blushing for Levin; and Levin understood her, and began to speak in a still more irritated tone. But Vronsky came to the rescue, and with a gentle smile brought back the conversation, which threatened to go beyond the bounds of politeness.

"You do not admit at all the possibility of its being true?" he asked. "Why not? We willingly admit the existence of electricity, which we do not understand. Why should there not exist a new force, as yet unknown, which" —

"When electricity was discovered," interruped Levin eagerly, "only its phenomena had been seen, and it was not known what produced them, nor whence they arose; and centuries passed before people dreamed of making application of it. Spiritualists, on the other hand, have begun by making tables write, and calling spirits out of them, and it is only afterwards that it was proposed to explain it by an unknown force."

Vronsky listened attentively, as was his custom, and seemed interested in Levin's words.

"Yes; but the spiritualists say, 'We do not yet know what this force is, and at the same time it is a force, and acts under certain conditions.' Let the scientists find out what it is. Why should it not be a new force if it" —

"Because," interrupted Levin again, "every time you rub wood with resin, you produce a certain and invariable electrical action; while spiritism brings no invariable result, and consequently its effects cannot be regarded as natural phenomena."

Vronsky, perceiving that the conversation was growing too serious for a reception, made no reply; and, in order to make a diversion, said, smiling gayly, and turning to the ladies, —

"Countess, why don't you make the experiment right now?" But Levin wanted to finish saying what was in his mind.

"I think," he continued, "that the attempts made by spiritual mediums to explain their miracles by a new force, cannot succeed. They claim that it is a supernatural force, and yet they want to submit it to a material test." All were waiting for him to come to an end, and he felt it.

"And I think that you would be a capital medium," said the Countess Marya Nordstone. "There is something so enthusiastic about you!"

Levin opened his mouth to speak, but he said nothing, and blushed.

"Come, ladies, let us arrange the tables, and give them a trial," said Vronsky: "with your permission, princess." And Vronsky rose, and looked for a table.

Kitty was standing by a table, and her eyes met Levin's. Her whole soul pitied him, because she felt that she was the cause of his pain. Her look said, "Forgive me if you can. I am so happy." And his look replied, "I hate the whole world, — you and myself." He went to get his hat.

But fate once more was unpropitious. Hardly had the guests taken their places around the table, and he was about to go out, when the old prince entered, and, after bowing to the ladies, went straight to Levin.

"Ah!" he cried joyfully. "What a stranger! I did not know that you were here. Very glad to see you!"

In speaking to Levin the prince sometimes used *tui* (thou), and sometimes *vui* (you). He took him by the arm, and

while conversing with him, gave no notice to Vronsky, who was standing behind Levin, waiting patiently to bow as soon as the prince should see him.

Kitty felt that her father's friendliness must seem hard to Levin after what had happened. She also noticed how coldly her father at last acknowledged Vronsky's bow, and how Vronsky seemed to ask himself, with good-humored surprise, what this icy reception meant, and she blushed.

"Prince, let us have Konstantin Dmitritch," said the Countess Nordstone. "We want to try an experiment."

"What sort of an experiment? table-tipping? *Nu!* excuse me, ladies and gentlemen; but, in my opinion, *kaletchki* [grace-hoops] would be more amusing," said the prince, looking at Vronsky, whom he took to be the originator of this sport. "At least there's some sense in grace-hoops."

Vronsky, astonished, turned his steady eyes upon the old prince, and, gently smiling, began to speak with the Countess Nordstone about the arrangements for a ball to be given the following week.

"I hope that you will be there," said he, turning to Kitty.

As soon as the old prince had gone, Levin made his escape; and the last impression which he bore away from this reception was Kitty's happy, smiling face, answering Vronsky in regard to the ball.

XV.

After the reception, Kitty told her mother of her conversation with Levin; and, in spite of all the pain that she had caused him, the thought that he had asked her to marry him flattered her. But while she felt the conviction that she had acted properly, it was long before she could go to sleep. One memory constantly arose in her mind: it was Levin as he stood near her father, looking at her and Vronsky with gloomy, melancholy eyes. She could not keep back the tears. But, as she thought of him who had replaced Levin in her regards, she saw vividly his handsome, strong, and manly face, his self-possession, so dignified, his air of benevolence: she recalled his love for her, and how she loved him; and joy came back to her heart. She laid her head on the pillow, and smiled with happiness. "It is too bad, too bad; but I can't help it, it is not my fault," she said to herself, although an inward voice whis-

pered the contrary. Ought she to reproach herself for having been attracted to Levin, or for having refused him? She did not know, but her happiness was not unalloyed. "Lord, have pity upon me! Lord, have pity upon me! Lord, have pity upon me!" she repeated until she went to sleep.

Meantime there was going on in the prince's little library one of those scenes which frequently occurred between the parents in regard to their favorite daughter.

"What? This is what!" cried the prince, raising his arms in spite of the awkwardness of his fur-lined dressing-gown. "You have neither pride nor dignity: you are ruining your daughter with this low and ridiculous manner of hunting a husband for her."

"But, in the name of Heaven, prince, what have I done?" said the princess in tears.

She had come, as usual, to say good-night to her husband; and feeling very happy over her conversation with her daughter, and though she had not ventured to breathe a word of Kitty's rejection of Levin, she allowed herself to allude to the project of her marriage with Vronsky, which she looked upon as settled, as soon as the countess should arrive. At these words the prince had fallen into a passion, and had addressed her with unpleasant reproaches.

"What have you done? In the first place, you have decoyed a husband for her; and all Moscow will say so, and with justice. If you want to give receptions, give them, by all means, but invite everybody, and not suitors of your own choice. Invite all these *tiutkof*" [*dudes*],—thus the prince called the young fellows of Moscow,—"have somebody to play, and let 'em dance; but don't arrange such interviews as you had to-night. It seems to me abominable, abominable; and you will get the worst of it. You have turned the girl's head. Levin is worth a thousand men. And as to this Petersburg idiot, who goes as if he were worked by machinery, he and all his kind are alike,—all trash! My daughter has no need of going out of her way, even for a prince of the blood."

"But what have I done?"

"Why, this"—cried the prince angrily.

"I know well enough, that, if I listen to you," interrupted the princess, "we shall never see our daughter married; and, in that case, we might just as well go into the country."

"That certainly would be better."

"But listen! Have I made any advances? No, I have not. But a young man, and a very handsome young man, is in love with her; and she, it seems," —

"Yes, so it seems to you. But suppose she should be in love with him, and he have as much intention of getting married as I myself? *Och!* Haven't I eyes to see? *Ach*, spiritism! *ach*, Nice! *ach*, the ball!" Here the prince, attempting to imitate his wife, made a courtesy at every word. "We shall be very proud when we have made our *Kationka* unhappy, and when, on account of this very thing, her head" —

"But what makes you think so?"

"I don't think so, I know so; and that's why we have eyes, and you mothers haven't. I see a man who has serious intentions, — Levin; and I see a fine bird, like this good-for-nothing, who is merely amusing himself."

"*Nu!* you, too, have fine ideas in your head."

"You will remember what I have said, but too late, as you did with *Dáshenka*."

"*Nu!* very well, very well, we will not say any thing more about it," said the princess, who was cut short by the remembrance of Dolly.

"So much the better, and good-night."

The husband and wife, as they separated, kissed each other good-night, making the sign of the cross as usual; but each remained unchanged in opinion.

The princess had been firmly convinced that Kitty's fate was decided by the events of the evening, and she felt that Vronsky's designs were evident; but her husband's words troubled her. On her return to her room, as she thought in terror of the unknown future, she followed Kitty's example, and prayed from the bottom of her heart, "Lord, have pity! Lord, have pity! Lord, have pity!"

XVI.

Vronsky had never experienced the enjoyment of family life: his mother, a woman of fashion, who had been very brilliant in her youth, had taken part in romantic adventures during her husband's lifetime, and after his death. Vronsky had never known his father, and his education had been given him in the School of Pages.

As soon as the brilliant young officer had graduated, he began to move in the highest military circles of Petersburg. Though he occasionally went into general society, he found nothing as yet to stir the interests of his heart.

It was at Moscow that for the first time he felt the charm of familiar intercourse with a young girl of good family, lovely, *naïve*, and evidently not averse to his attentions. The contrast with his luxurious but dissipated life in Petersburg enchanted him, and it never occurred to him that complications might arise from his relations with Kitty. At receptions he preferred to dance with her, he called upon her, talked with her in the light way common in society; all that he said to her might have been heard by others, and yet he felt that these trifles had a different significance when spoken to her, that they established between them a bond which every day grew closer and closer. It was farthest from his thoughts that his conduct might be regarded as dishonorable, since he did not dream of marriage. He simply imagined that he had discovered a new pleasure, and he enjoyed his discovery.

What would have been his surprise could he have heard the conversation between Kitty's parents, could he have realized that Kitty would be made unhappy if he did not propose to her. He would not have believed that this frank and charming relationship could be dangerous, or that it brought any obligation to marry. He had never considered the possibility of his getting married. Not only was family life distasteful to him, but from his view as a bachelor, the family, and especially the husband, belonged to a strange, hostile, and, worst of all, ridiculous world. But though Vronsky had not the slightest suspicion of the conversation of which he had been the subject, he left the Shcherbatskys with the feeling that the mysterious bond which attached him to Kitty was closer than ever, so close, indeed, that he felt that he must make some resolution. But what resolution he ought to make, he could not tell for the life of him.

"How charming!" he thought, as he went to his rooms, feeling as he always felt when he left the Shcherbatskys, a deep impression of purity and freshness, arising from the fact that he had not smoked all the evening, and a new sensation of tenderness caused by her love for him. "How charming that, without either of us saying any thing, we understand each other so perfectly through this mute lan-

guage of glances and tones, so that to-day more than ever before she told me that she loves me! And how lovely, natural, and, above all, confidential she was! I feel that I myself am better, purer. I feel that I have a heart, and that there is something good in me. Those gentle, lovely eyes! When she said — *Nu!* what did she say? Nothing much, but it was pleasant for me, and pleasant for her." And he reflected how he could best finish up the evening. "Shall it be the 'club,' a hand of bezique, and some champagne with Ignatof? No, not there. The *Chateau des Fleurs*, to find Oblonsky, songs, and the *cancan?* No, it's a bore. And this is just why I like the Shcherbatskys, — because I feel better for having been there. I'll go home!" He went to his room at Dusseaux's, ordered supper, and scarcely touched his head to the pillow before he was sound asleep.

XVII.

The next day, about eleven o'clock, Vronsky went to the station to meet his mother on the Petersburg train; and the first person whom he saw on the grand staircase was Oblonsky, who had come to welcome his sister.

"Ah! your excellency," cried Oblonsky. "Whom are you expecting?"

"My *matushka*," replied Vronsky, with the smile with which people always met Oblonsky. And, after shaking hands, they mounted the staircase side by side. "She was to come from Petersburg to-day."

"I waited for you till two o'clock this morning. Where did you go after leaving the Shcherbatskys?"

"Home," replied Vronsky. "To tell the truth, I did not feel like going anywhere after such a pleasant evening at the Shcherbatskys'."

"I know fiery horses by their brand, and young people who are in love by their eyes," said Stepan Arkadyevitch in the same dramatic tone in which he had spoken to Levin the evening before.

Vronsky smiled, as much as to say that he did not deny it; but he hastened to change the conversation.

"And whom have you come to meet?" he asked.

"I? a very pretty woman," said Oblonsky.

"Ah! indeed!"

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense!* My sister Anna!"

"*Ach!* Madame Karénina?" asked Vronsky.

"Do you know her, then?"

"It seems to me that I do. Or — no — truth is, I don't think I do," replied Vronsky somewhat confused. The name Karénina brought to his mind a tiresome and affected person.

"But Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, my celebrated brother-in-law, you must know him! Everybody in creation knows him."

"That is, I know him by reputation, but not by sight. I know that he is talented, learned, and something divine; but you know that he is not — *not in my line*," said Vronsky in English.

"Yes: he is a remarkable man, somewhat conservative, but a famous man," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "A famous man."

"*Nu!* so much the better for him," said Vronsky, smiling. "Ah! here you are," he cried, seeing his mother's old lackey. "This way," he added, stationing him at the door.

Vronsky, besides experiencing the pleasure that everybody felt in seeing Stepan Arkadyevitch, had for some time especially liked being in his society, because, in a certain way, it brought him closer to Kitty. Therefore he took him by the arm, and said gayly, "*Nu!* what do you say to giving the *diva* a supper Sunday?"

"Certainly: I will pay my share. *Ach!* tell me, did you meet my friend Levin last evening?"

"Yes; but he went away very early."

"He is a famous fellow," said Oblonsky, "isn't he?"

"I don't know why it is," replied Vronsky, "but all the Muscovites, present company excepted," he added jestingly, "have something sharp about them. They all seem to be high-strung, fiery-tempered, as though they all wanted to make you understand" —

"That is true enough: it is" — replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling pleasantly.

"Is the train on time?" demanded Vronsky of an *employé*.

"It will be here directly," replied the *employé*.

The increasing bustle in the station, the coming and going of the *artelshchiks*, the appearance of policemen and officials, the arrival of expectant friends, all indicated the approach

of the train. The morning was frosty; and through the steam, workmen could be seen, dressed in their winter costumes, silently passing in their felt boots amid the network of rails. The whistle of the coming engine was already heard, and a monstrous object seemed to be advancing with a heavy rumble.

"No," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was anxious to inform Vronsky of Levin's intentions in regard to Kitty. "No, you are unjust towards my friend Levin. He is a very nervous man, and sometimes he can be disagreeable; but, on the other hand, he can be very charming. He is such an upright, genuine nature, true gold! Last evening there were special reasons why he should have been either very happy or very unhappy," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch with a significant smile, and entirely forgetting in his present sympathy for Vronsky, his sympathy of the evening before for his old friend.

Vronsky stopped short, and asked point blank, —

"Do you mean that he proposed yesterday evening to your *belle-sœur?*" [sister-in-law].

"Possibly," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch: "this disturbed me last evening. Yes, he went off so early, and was in such bad spirits, that it seemed to me as if — He has been in love with her for so long, and I am very angry with him."

"Ah, indeed! I thought that she might, however, have aspirations for a better match," said Vronsky, turning around, and beginning to walk up and down. "However, I don't know him, but this promises to be a painful situation. That is why so many men prefer to be faithful to their Claras; at least with these ladies, there is no suspicion of any mercenary considerations — you stand on your own merits. But here is the train."

The train was just rumbling into the station. The platform shook; and the locomotive, driving before it the steam condensed by the cold air, became visible. Slowly and rhythmically the connecting rod of the great wheels rose and fell: the engineer, well muffled, and covered with frost, leaped to the platform. Next the tender came the baggage-car, still more violently shaking the platform; a dog in its cage was yelping piteously; finally appeared the passenger-cars, which jolted together as the train came to a stop.

A youthful-looking and somewhat pretentiously elegant conductor slowly stepped down from the car, and whistled,

and behind him came the more impatient of the travellers, — an officer of the guard, with martial bearing; a small, smiling merchant, with his grip-sack; and a *muzhik*, with his bundle slung over his shoulder.

Vronsky, standing near Oblonsky, watched the sight, and completely forgot his mother. What he had just heard about Kitty caused him emotion and joy: he involuntarily straightened himself; his eyes glistened; he felt that he had won a victory.

"The Countess Vronskaïa is in that coach," said the youthful-looking conductor, approaching him. These words awoke him from his revery, and brought his thoughts back to his mother and their approaching interview. Without ever having confessed as much to himself, he had no great respect for his mother, and he did not love her. But his education and the usages of the society in which he lived did not allow him to admit that there could be in his relations with her the slightest want of consideration. But the more he exaggerated the bare outside forms, the more he felt in his heart that he did not respect or love her.

XVIII.

Vronsky followed the conductor; and as he was about to enter the coach, he stood aside to allow a lady to pass him. With the instant intuition of a man of the world he saw that she belonged to the very best society. Begging her pardon, he was about to enter the door, but involuntarily he turned to give another look at the lady, not on account of her beauty, her grace, or her elegance, but because the expression of her lovely face, as she passed, seemed to him so gentle and sweet.

She also turned her head as he looked back at her. With her gray eyes shining through the long lashes, she gave him a friendly, benevolent look as though she had seen in him a friend, and instantly she turned to seek some one in the throng. Quick as this glance was, Vronsky had time to perceive in her face a dignified vivacity which was visible in the half smile that parted her rosy lips, and in the brightness of her eyes. Her whole person was radiant with the overflowing spirits of youth, which she tried to hide; but in spite of her, the veiled lightning of her eyes gleamed in her smile.

Vronsky went into the coach. His mother, an old lady with little curls and black eyes, received him with a slight smile on her thin lips. She got up from her chair, handed her bag to her maid, and extended her little thin hand to her son, who bent over it; then she kissed him on the brow.

"You received my telegram? You are well? Thank the Lord!"

"Did you have a comfortable journey?" said the son, sitting down near her, and at the same time listening to a woman's voice just outside the door. He knew that it was the voice of the lady whom he had met.

"However, I don't agree with you," said the voice.

"It is a St. Petersburg way of looking at it, madame."

"Not at all, but simply a woman's," was her reply.

"*Nu-s!* allow me to kiss your hand."

"Good-by, Ivan Petrovitch. Now look and see if my brother is here, and send him to me," said the lady at the very door, and re-entering the coach.

"Have you found your brother?" asked Madame Vronskaïa.

Vronsky now knew that it was Madame Karénina.

"Your brother is here," he said, rising. "Excuse me: I did not recognize you; but our acquaintance was so short," he added with a bow, "that you were not exactly sure that you remembered me?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "I should have known you even if your *mátushka* and I had not spoken about you all the time that we were on the way." And the gayety which she had endeavored to hide lighted her face with a smile. "But my brother does not come."

"Go and call him, *Alósha*," said the old countess.

Vronsky went out on the platform and shouted, "Oblonsky! here!"

But Madame Karénina did not wait for her brother; as soon as she saw him she ran out of the car, went straight to him, and with a gesture full of grace and energy, threw one arm around his neck and kissed him affectionately.

Vronsky could not keep his eyes from her face, and smiled without knowing why. At last he remembered that his mother was waiting, and he went back into the car.

"Very charming, isn't she?" said the countess, referring to Madame Karénina. "Her husband put her in my charge, and I was delighted. We talked all the way. *Nu!* and you?

They say *vous filez le parfait amour. Tant mieux, mon cher, tant mieux.*" ["You are desperately in love. So much the better, my dear, so much the better."]

"I don't know what you allude to, *maman*," replied the son coldly. "Come, *maman*, let us go."

At this moment Madame Karénina came back to take leave of the countess.

"*Nu vot*, countess! you have found your son, and I my brother," she said gayly; "and I have exhausted my whole fund of stories. I shouldn't have had any thing more to talk about."

"*Nu!* not so," said the countess, taking her hand. "I should not object to travel round the world with you. You are one of those agreeable women with whom either speech or silence is golden. As to your son, I beg of you, don't think about him: we must have separations in this world."

Madame Karénina's eyes smiled while she stood and listened.

"Anna Arkadyevna has a little boy about eight years old," said the countess in explanation to her son: "she has never been separated from him before, and it troubles her."

"Yes, we have talked about our children all the time, — the countess of her son, I of mine," said Madame Karénina turning to Vronsky; and again her face broke out into the caressing smile which fascinated him.

"That must have been very tiresome," tossing lightly back the ball in this little battle of coquetry. She did not continue in the same tone, but turned to the old countess: "Thank you very much. I don't see where the day has gone. *Au revoir*, countess."

"Good-by, my dear," replied the countess. "Let me kiss your pretty face, and tell you frankly, as it is permitted an old lady, that I am enraptured with you."

Hackneyed as this expression was, Madame Karénina appeared touched by it. She blushed, bowed slightly, and bent her face down to the old countess. Then she gave her hand to Vronsky with the smile that seemed to belong as much to her eyes as to her lips. He pressed her little hand, and, as though it were something wonderful, was delighted to feel its answering pressure firm and energetic.

Madame Karénina went out with light and rapid step.

"Very charming," said the old lady again.

Her son was of the same opinion; and again his eyes

followed her graceful round form till she was out of sight, and a smile came over his face. Through the window he saw her join her brother, take his arm, and engage him in lively conversation, evidently about some subject in which Vronsky had no connection, and the young man was vexed.

"*Nu!* has every thing gone well, *maman?*" he asked, turning to his mother.

"Very well, indeed, splendid. *Alexandre* has been charming, and *Marie* has been very good. She is very interesting." And again she began to speak of what lay close to her heart, — the baptism of her grandson, the reasons that brought her to Moscow, and the special favor shown her eldest son by the emperor.

"And there is Lavronty," said Vronsky, looking out the window. "Now let us go, if you are ready."

The old servant came to tell the countess that every thing was ready, and she arose to go.

"Come, there are only a few people about now," said Vronsky.

He offered his mother his arm, while the old servant, the maid, and a porter loaded themselves with the bags and other things. But just as they stepped down from the car, a number of men with frightened faces ran by them. The station-master followed in his curiously colored *furazhka* (uniform-cap). An accident had taken place, and the people who had left the train were coming back again.

"What is it? — What is it? — Where? — He was thrown down! — he is crushed!" were the exclamations made by the crowd.

Stepan Arkadyevitch with his sister on his arm had returned with the others, and were standing with frightened faces near the train to avoid the crush.

The ladies went back into the car, and Vronsky with Stepan Arkadyevitch went with the crowd to see what had happened.

A train-hand, either from drunkenness, or because his ears were too closely muffled from the intense cold to allow him to hear the noise of a train that was backing out, had been crushed.

The ladies had already learned about the accident from the lackey before Vronsky and Oblonsky came back. The latter had seen the disfigured body. Oblonsky was deeply moved, and seemed ready to shed tears.

"*Ach*, how horrible! *Ach*, Anna, if you had only seen it! *Ach*, how horrible!" he repeated.

Vronsky said nothing; his handsome face was serious, but absolutely impassive.

"*Ach*, if you had only seen it, countess!" continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, — "and his wife is there. It was terrible to see her. She threw herself on his body. They say that he was the only support of a large family. How terrible!"

"Could any thing be done for her?" said Madame Karénina in a whisper.

Vronsky looked at her, and saying, "I will be right back, *maman*," he left the car. When he came back at the end of a few minutes, Stepan Arkadyevitch was talking with the countess about a new singer, and she was impatiently watching the door for her son.

"Now let us go," said Vronsky.

They all went out together, Vronsky walking ahead with his mother, Madame Karénina and her brother side by side. At the door the station-master overtook them, and said to Vronsky, —

"You have given my assistant two hundred rubles. Will you kindly indicate the disposition that we shall make of them?"

"For his widow," said Vronsky, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't see why you should have asked me."

"Did you give that?" asked Oblonsky; and pressing his sister's arm, he said, "Very kind, very kind. Glorious fellow, isn't he? I wish you good-morning, countess."

He delayed with his sister looking for her maid. When they left the station, the Vronskys' carriage had already gone. People on all sides were talking about the accident.

"What a horrible way of dying!" said a gentleman, passing near them. "They say he was cut in two."

"It seems to me, on the contrary," replied another, "that it was a delightful way: death was instantaneous."

"Why weren't there any precautions taken?" demanded a third.

Madame Karénina stepped into the carriage; and Stepan Arkadyevitch noticed, with astonishment, that her lips trembled, and that she could hardly keep back the tears.

"What is the matter, Anna?" he asked, when they had gone a little distance.

"It is an evil omen," she answered.

"What nonsense!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "You are here, — that is the main thing. You cannot realize how much I hope from your visit."

"Have you known Vronsky long?" she asked.

"Yes. You know we hope that he will marry Kitty."

"Really," said Anna gently. "*Nu!* now let us talk about yourself," she added, shaking her head as though she wanted to drive away something that troubled and pained her. "Let us speak about your affairs. I received your letter, and here I am."

"Yes: all my hope is in you," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"*Nu!* tell me all."

And Stepan Arkadyevitch began his story. When they reached the house he helped his sister from the carriage, shook hands with her, and hastened back to the council-chamber.

XIX.

When Anna entered, Dolly was sitting in her little reception-room, with a handsome light-haired lad, the image of his father, who was learning a lesson from a French reading-book. The boy was reading aloud, and at the same time twisting and trying to pull from his vest a button that was hanging loose. His mother had many times reproved him, but the plump little hand kept returning to the button. At last she had to take the button off, and put it in her pocket.

"Keep your hands still, Grisha," said she, and again took up the bed-quilt on which she had been long at work, and which always came handy at trying moments. She worked nervously, jerking her fingers and counting the stitches. Though she had said to her husband the day before, that his sister's arrival made no difference, nevertheless, she was ready to receive her, and was waiting for her impatiently.

Dolly was absorbed by her woes, — absolutely swallowed up by them. Nevertheless, she did not forget that her sister-in-law, Anna, was the wife of one of the important personages of St. Petersburg, — a Petersburg *grande dame*. And, grateful for this fact, she did not finish her remark to her husband; that is, she did not forget that her sister was coming. "After all, Anna is not to blame," she said to herself. "I know nothing about her that is not good, and our relations have always been good and friendly." To be sure, she

could not do away with the impression left by her visits with the Karénins, at Petersburg, that their home did not seem to her entirely pleasant: there was something false in the relations of their family life. "But why should I not receive her? Provided, only, that she does not take it into her head to console me," thought Dolly. "I know what these Christian exhortations and consolations mean: I have gone over them a thousand times, and I know that they amount to nothing at all."

Dolly had spent these last days alone with her children. She did not care to speak to any one about her sorrow, and under the load of it she felt that she could not talk about indifferent matters. She knew that now she should have to open her heart to Anna, and now the thought that at last she could tell how she had suffered, delighted her; and now she was pained because she must speak of her humiliations before his sister, and listen to her reasons and advice. She had been expecting every moment to see her sister-in-law appear, and had been watching the clock; but, as often happens in such cases, she became so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not hear the door-bell, and when light steps and the rustling of a dress caused her to raise her head, her jaded face expressed not pleasure, but surprise. She arose, and met her guest.

"What, have you come?" she cried, kissing her.

"Dolly, how glad I am to see you!"

"And I am glad to see you," replied Dolly, with a faint smile, and trying to read, by the expression of Anna's face, how much she knew. "She knows all," was her thought, as she saw the look of compassion on her features. "*Nu!* let us go: I will show you to your room," she went on to say, trying to postpone, as long as possible, the time for explanations.

"Is this Grisha? Heavens! How he has grown!" said Anna, kissing him. Then, not taking her eyes from Dolly, she added, with a blush, "No, please don't go yet."

She took off her *platok* (silk handkerchief), and shaking her head with a graceful gesture, freed her dark curly locks from the band which fastened her hat.

"How brilliantly happy and healthy you look," said Dolly, almost enviously.

"I?" exclaimed Anna. "Ah! — *Bozhe moi!* [Good heavens!] Tania! is that you, the playmate of my little

Serozha?" said she, turning to the little girl who came running in. She took her by the hand, and kissed her. "What a charming little girl! Charming! But you must show them all to me."

She recalled, not only the name and age of each, but their characteristics and their little ailments, and Dolly could not help feeling touched.

"*Nu!* let us go and see them: but Vasia is asleep; it's too bad."

After they had seen the children they came back to the sitting-room alone, for lunch, which was waiting. Anna began to eat her soup, and then pushing it away, said, —

"Dolly, he has told me."

Dolly looked at Anna coldly. She expected some expression of hypocritical sympathy, but Anna said nothing of the kind.

"Dolly, my dear," she said, "I do not intend to speak to you in defence of him, nor to console you: it is impossible. But, *dúshenka* [dear heart], I am sorry, sorry from the bottom of my heart!"

Under her long lashes her brilliant eyes suddenly filled with tears. She drew closer, and with her energetic little hand seized the hand of her sister-in-law. Dolly did not repulse her, though she looked cold and haughty.

"It is impossible to console me. After what has happened, all is over for me, all is lost."

As she said these words, her face suddenly softened a little. Anna lifted to her lips the thin, dry hand that she held, and kissed it.

"But, Dolly, what is to be done? what is to be done? How can we escape from this frightful position? We must think about it."

"All is over! Nothing can be done!" Dolly replied. "And, what is worse than all, you must understand it, is that I cannot leave him! the children! I am chained to him! and I cannot live with him! It is torture to see him!"

"Dolly, *galubchik* [darling], he has told me; but I should like to hear your side of the story. Tell me all."

Dolly looked at her with a questioning expression. She could read sympathy and the sincerest affection in Anna's face.

"I should like to," she suddenly said. "But I shall tell you every thing from the very beginning. You know how I

was married. With the education that *maman* gave me, I was not only innocent, I was a goose. I did not know any thing. I know they said husbands told their wives all about their past lives; but *Stiva*," — she corrected herself, —. "Stepan Arkadyevitch never told me any thing. You would not believe it, but, up to the present time, I supposed that I was the only woman with whom he was acquainted. Thus I lived with him eight years. You see, I not only never suspected him of being unfaithful to me, but I believed such a thing to be impossible. And with such ideas, imagine how I suffered when I suddenly learned all this horror — all this dastardliness. Understand me. To believe absolutely in his honor," continued Dolly, struggling to keep back her sobs, "and suddenly to find a letter, — a letter from him to his mistress, to the governess of my children. No: this is too cruel!" She took her handkerchief, and hid her face. "I might have been able to admit a moment of temptation," she continued, after a moment's pause; "but this hypocrisy, this continual attempt to deceive me — And for whom? It is frightful: you cannot comprehend."

"Oh, yes! I comprehend: I comprehend, my poor Dolly," said Anna, squeezing her hand.

"And do you imagine that he appreciates all the horror of my situation?" continued Dolly. "Certainly not: he is happy and contented."

"Oh, no!" interrupted Anna warmly. "He is thoroughly repentant: he is filled with remorse" —

"Is he capable of remorse?" demanded Dolly, scrutinizing her sister-in-law's face.

"Yes: I know him. I could not look at him without feeling sorry for him. We both of us know him. He is kind; but he is proud, and now how humiliated! What touched me most [Anna knew well enough that this would touch Dolly also] are the two things that pained him: In the first place, the children; and secondly, because, loving you, — yes, yes, loving you more than any one else in the world," she added vehemently, to prevent Dolly from interrupting her, — "he has wounded you grievously, has almost killed you. '*No, no, she will never forgive me!*' he repeats all the time."

Dolly looked straight beyond her sister, but listened to what she was saying.

"Yes, I comprehend what he suffers. The guilty suffers

more than the innocent, if he knows that he is the cause of all the trouble. But how can I forgive him? How can I be his wife after — To live with him henceforth would be all the greater torment, because I still love what I used to love in him"— And the sobs prevented her from speaking.

But after she had become a little calmer, the subject which hurt her most cruelly involuntarily recurred to her thoughts.

"She is young, you see, she is pretty," she went on to say. "To whom have I sacrificed my youthfulness, my beauty? For him and his children! I have served my day, I have given him the best that I had; and now, naturally, some one younger and fresher than I am is more pleasing to him. They have, certainly, discussed me between them, — or, worse, have insulted me with their silence."

And again her eyes expressed her jealousy.

"And after this will he tell me? . . . and could I believe it? No, never! it is all over, all that gave me recompense for my sufferings, for my sorrows. . . . Would you believe it? just now I was teaching Grisha. It used to be a pleasure to me; now it is a torment. Why should I take the trouble? Why have I children? It is terrible, because my whole soul is in revolt; instead of love, tenderness, I am filled with nothing but hate, yes, hate! I could kill him and"—

"*Dúshenka!* Dolly! I understand you; but don't torment yourself so! You are too excited, too angry to see things in their right light." Dolly grew calmer, and for a few moments not a word was said.

"What is to be done, Anna? Consider and help me. I have thought of every thing, but I cannot see any help."

Anna herself did not see any, but her heart responded to every word, to every sorrowful gesture of her sister-in-law.

"I will tell you one thing," said she at last. "I am his sister, and I know his character, his peculiarity of forgetting every thing— [she touched her forehead] — this peculiarity of his which is so conducive to sudden temptation, but also to repentance. At the present moment, he does not understand how it was possible for him to have done what he did."

"Not so! He does understand and he did understand," interrupted Dolly. "But I? — you forget me: does that make the pain less for me?"

"Wait! when he made his confession to me, I acknowledge that I did not appreciate the whole extent of your suf-

fering. I only saw one thing, — the disruption of the family. I was grieved; but after talking with you, I, as a woman, look upon it in a very different light. I see your grief, and I cannot tell you how sorry I am. But, Dolly, *dúshenka*, while I appreciate your misfortune there is one thing which I do not know: I do not know — I do not know to what degree you still love him. You alone can tell whether you love him enough to forgive him. If you do, then forgive him."

"No," began Dolly; but Anna interrupted her again.

"I know the world better than you do," she said. "I know how such men as Stiva look on these things. You say that *they* have discussed you between them. Don't you believe it. These men can be unfaithful to their marriage vows, but their homes and their wives remain no less sacred in their eyes. They draw between these women whom at heart they despise and their families, a line of demarcation, which is never crossed. I cannot understand how it can be, but so it is."

"Yes, but he has kissed her" —

"Listen, Dolly, *dúshenka!* I saw Stiva when he was in love with thee. I remember the time when he used to come to me and talk about thee with tears in his eyes. I know to what a poetic height he raised thee, and I know that the longer he lived with thee the more he admired thee. We always have smiled at his habit of saying at every opportunity, '*Dolly is an extraordinary woman.*' You have been, and you always will be, an object of adoration in his eyes, and this passion is not a defection of his heart" —

"But supposing it should begin again?"

"It is impossible, as I think" —

"Yes, but would you have forgiven him?"

"I don't know: I can't say. Yes, I could," said Anna after a moment's thought and weighing the gravity of the situation. "I could, I could, I could! Yes, I could forgive him, but I should not be the same; but I should forgive him, and I should forgive him in such a way as to show that the past was forgotten, absolutely forgotten."

"*Nu!* of course," interrupted Dolly impetuously, as though Anna had spoken her own thought — "otherwise it would not be forgiveness. If you forgive, it must be absolutely, absolutely. — *Nu!* let me show you to your room," said she, rising, and throwing her arm around her sister-in-law.

"My dear, how glad I am that you came. My heart is already lighter, much lighter."

XX.

Anna spent the whole day at home, that is to say, with the Oblonskys, and excused herself to all visitors, who, having learned of her arrival, came to see her. The whole morning was given to Dolly and the children. She sent word to her brother that he must dine at home. "Come, God is merciful," was her message.

Oblonsky accordingly dined at home. The conversation was general; and his wife, when she spoke to him, called him *tui* (thou), which had not been the case before. The relations between husband and wife remained cool, but nothing more was said about a separation, and Stepan Arkadyevitch saw the possibility of a reconciliation.

Kitty came in soon after dinner. Her acquaintance with Anna Arkadyevna was very slight, and she was not without solicitude as to the welcome which she would receive from this great Petersburg lady whose praise was in everybody's mouth. But she soon felt that she had made a pleasing impression on Anna Arkadyevna, who was impressed with her youth and beauty, and she, on her part, immediately fell under the charm of Anna's gracious manner, as young girls do when brought into relations with women older than themselves. Besides, there was nothing about Anna which suggested a society woman or the mother of an eight-year-old son; but to see her graceful form, her fresh and animated face, one would have guessed that she was a young lady of twenty, had not a serious and sometimes almost melancholy expression, which struck and attracted Kitty, come into her eyes.

Kitty felt that she was perfectly natural and sincere, but she did not deny that there was something about her that suggested a whole world of complicated and poetic interest far beyond her comprehension.

After dinner Dolly went back to her room, and Anna arose and went eagerly to her brother who was smoking a cigar.

"Stiva," said she, glancing towards the door, and making the sign of the cross, "go, and God help you."

He understood her, and, throwing away his cigar, disappeared behind the door.

As soon as he had gone, Anna sat down upon a sofa surrounded by the children.

Either because they saw that their mamma loved this new aunt, or because they themselves felt a drawing to her, the two eldest, and therefore the younger, in the imitative manner of children, had taken possession of her even before dinner, and now they were enjoying the rivalry of getting next to her, of holding her hand, of kissing her, of playing with her rings, or of hanging to her dress.

"*Nu! Nu!* let us sit as we were before," said Anna, taking her place.

And Grisha, proud and delighted, thrust his head under his aunt's hand, and laid it on her knees.

"And when is the ball?" she asked of Kitty.

"To-night! it will be a lovely ball, — one of those balls where one always has a good time."

"Then there are places where one always has a good time?" asked Anna in a tone of gentle irony.

"Strange, but it is so. We always enjoy ourselves at the Bobrishchefs and at the Nikitins, but at the Mezhkofs it is always dull. Haven't you ever noticed that?"

"No, *dusha* [my soul], no ball could be amusing to me;" and again Kitty saw in her eyes that unknown world, which had not yet been revealed to her. "For me they are all more or less tiresome."

"How could *you* find a ball tiresome?"

"And why should not *I* find a ball tiresome?"

Kitty perceived that Anna foresaw what her answer would be, —

"Because you are always the loveliest of all!"

Anna blushed easily: she blushed now, and said, —

"In the first place, that is not true; and in the second, if it were, it would not make any difference."

"Won't you go to this ball?" asked Kitty.

"I think that I would rather not go. Here! take this," said she to Tania, who was amusing herself by drawing off her rings from her delicate white fingers.

"I should be delighted if you would go: I should like to see you at a ball."

"Well, if I have to go, I shall console myself with the thought that I am making you happy. — Grisha, don't pull my hair down! it is disorderly enough now," said she, adjusting the net with which the lad was playing.

"I should imagine you at a ball dressed in violet."

"Why in violet?" asked Anna, smiling. "*Nu!* children, run away, run away. Don't you hear? Miss Hull is calling you to tea," said she, sending the children out to the dining-room.

"I know why you want me to go to the ball. You expect something wonderful to happen at this ball, and you are anxious for us all to be there."

"How did you know? You are right!"

"Oh, what a lovely age is ours!" continued Anna. "I remember well that purple haze which resembles that which you see hanging over the mountains in Switzerland. This haze covers every thing in that delicious time when childhood ends, and through it every thing looks beautiful and joyous. And then, by and by appears a footpath which leads up to those heights, where every thing is bright and beautiful. — Who has not passed through it?"

Kitty listened and smiled. "How did she pass through it? How I should like to know the whole romance of her life!" thought Kitty, remembering the unpoetic appearance of her husband, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"I know a thing or two," continued Anna. "Stiva told me, and I congratulate you: *he* pleased me very much. I met Vronsky this morning, at the station."

"*Ach!* was he there?" asked Kitty, blushing. "What did Stiva tell you?"

"Stiva told me the whole story; and I should be delighted! I came from Petersburg with Vronsky's mother," she continued; "and his mother never ceased to speak of him. He is her favorite. I know how partial mothers are, but" —

"What did his mother tell you?"

"*Ach!* many things; and I know that he is her favorite. But still, he has a chivalrous nature. — *Nu!* for example, she told me how he wanted to give up his whole fortune to his brother; how he did something still more wonderful when he was a boy — saved a woman from drowning. In a word, he is a hero!" said Anna, smiling, and remembering the two hundred rubles which he had given at the station.

But she did not tell about the two hundred rubles. The memory of it was not entirely satisfactory, for she felt that his action concerned herself too closely.

"The countess urged me to come to see her," continued

Anna, "and I should be very happy to meet her again and I will go to-morrow.— Thank the Lord, Stiva remains a long time with Dolly in the library," she added, changing the subject, and, as Kitty perceived, looking a little vexed.

"I'll be the first. No, I," cried the children, who had just finished their supper, and came running to their aunt Anna.

"All together," she said, laughing, and running to meet them. She seized them and piled them in a heap, struggling and screaming with delight.

XXI.

At tea-time Dolly came out of her room. Stepan Arkadyevitch was not with her: he had left his wife's chamber by the rear door.

"I am afraid you will be cold up-stairs," said Dolly, addressing Anna. "I should like to have you come down and be near me."

"*Ach!* don't worry about me, I beg of you," replied Anna, trying to divine by Dolly's face if there had been a reconciliation.

"Perhaps it would be too light for you here," said her sister-in-law.

"I assure you, I sleep anywhere and everywhere as sound as a woodchuck."

"What is it?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, coming in, and addressing his wife.

By the tone of his voice, both Kitty and Anna knew that the reconciliation had taken place.

"I wanted to install Anna here, but we should have to put up some curtains. No one knows how to do it, and so I must," said Dolly, in reply to her husband's question.

"God knows if they have made up," thought Anna, as she noticed Dolly's cold and even tone.

"*Ach!* don't, Dolly, don't make mountains out of molehills! *Nu!* if you like, I will fix every thing"—

"Yes," thought Anna, "it must have been settled."

"I know how you fix things," said Dolly, with a mocking smile: "you give Matvé an order which he does not understand, and then you go out, and he gets every thing into a tangle."

"Complete, complete reconciliation, complete," thought Anna. "Thank God!" and, rejoicing that she had accomplished her purpose, she went up to Dolly and kissed her.

"Not by any means. Why have you such scorn for Matvé and me?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch to his wife with an almost imperceptible smile.

Throughout the evening Dolly, as usual, was lightly ironical towards her husband, and he was happy and gay, but within bounds, and as though he wanted to make it evident that even if he had obtained pardon he had not forgotten his sins.

About half-past nine a particularly animated and pleasant conversation was going on at the tea-table, when an incident occurred that, apparently of the slightest importance, seemed to each member of the family to be very strange.

They were talking about some one of their acquaintances in St. Petersburg, when Anna suddenly arose.

"I have her picture in my album," she said; "and at the same time I will show you my little Serozha," she added, with a smile of maternal pride.

It was usually about ten o'clock when she bade her son good-night. Oftentimes she herself put him to bed before she went out to parties, and now she felt a sensation of sadness to be so far from him. No matter what she was speaking about, her thoughts reverted always to her little curly-haired Serozha, and the desire seized her to go and look at his picture, and to talk about him. She immediately left the room with her light, decided step. The stairs to her room started from the landing-place in the large staircase, which led from the heated hall. Just as she went after the album the front door-bell rang.

"Who can that be?" said Dolly.

"It is too early to come after me, and too late for a call," remarked Kitty.

"Doubtless somebody with papers for me," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

As Anna came down towards the staircase she saw the servant going to announce a visitor, while the latter stood in the light of the hall-lamp, and was waiting. Anna leaned over the railing, and saw that it was Vronsky. A strange sensation of joy, mixed with terror, suddenly seized her heart. He was standing with his coat on, and was searching his pockets for something. At the moment that Anna

reached the central staircase, he lifted his eyes, perceived her, and his face assumed an expression of humility and confusion. She bowed her head slightly in salutation; and as she descended, she heard Stepan Arkadyevitch's loud voice calling him to come in, and then Vronsky's low, soft, and tranquil voice excusing himself.

When Anna reached the room with the album, he had gone, and Stepan Arkadyevitch was telling how he came to see about a dinner which they were going to give the next day in honor of some celebrity who was in town.

"And nothing would induce him to come in. What a queer fellow!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Kitty blushed. She thought that she alone understood what he had come for, and why he would not come in. "He must have been at our house," she thought, "and not finding any one, have supposed that I was here; but he did not come in because it was late and Anna here."

Everybody exchanged glances, but nothing was said, and they began to examine Anna's album.

There was nothing extraordinary in a man coming about half-past nine o'clock in the evening to ask information of a friend, and not coming in; yet to everybody it seemed strange, and it seemed more strange and unpleasant to Anna than to anybody else.

XXII.

The ball was just beginning when Kitty and her mother mounted the grand staircase brilliantly lighted and adorned with flowers, on which stood powdered lackeys in red livery. From the ante-room, as they were giving the last touches to their toilets before a mirror, they could hear a noise like the humming of a bee-hive and the scraping of violins as the orchestra was tuning up for the first waltz.

A little old man who was laboriously arranging his thin white locks at another mirror, and who exhaled a penetrating odor of perfumes, looked at Kitty with admiration. He had climbed the staircase with them, and allowed them to pass before him. A beardless young man, such as the old Prince Shcherbatsky would have reckoned among the simpletons, wearing a very low-cut vest and a white necktie which he adjusted as he walked, bowed to them, and then came to ask Kitty for a quadrille. The first dance was

already promised to Vronsky, and so she was obliged to content the young man with the second. An officer buttoning his gloves was standing near the door of the ball-room: he cast a glance of admiration at Kitty, and caressed his mustache.

Kitty had been greatly exercised by her toilet, her dress, and all the preparations for this ball; but no one would have imagined such a thing to see her enter the ball-room in her complicated robe of tulle with its rose-colored overdress. She wore her ruches and her laces so easily and naturally that one might almost believe that she had been born in this lace-trimmed ball-dress, and with a rose placed on the top of her graceful head. Kitty was looking her prettiest. Her dress was not too tight; her rosettes were just as she liked to have them, and did not pull off; her rose-colored slippers with their high heels did not pinch her, but were agreeable to her feet. All the buttons on her long gloves which enveloped and enhanced the beauty of her hands fastened easily, and did not tear. The black velvet ribbon, attached to a medallion, was thrown daintily about her neck. This ribbon was charming; and at home, as she saw it in her mirror adorning her neck, Kitty felt that this ribbon spoke. Every thing else might be dubious, but this ribbon was charming. Kitty smiled, even there at the ball, as she saw it in the mirror. As she saw her shoulders and her arms, Kitty felt a sensation of marble coolness which pleased her. Her eyes shone and her rosy lips could not refrain from smiling with the consciousness of how charming she was.

She had scarcely entered the ball-room and joined a group of ladies covered with tulle, ribbons, lace, and flowers, who were waiting for partners, — Kitty did not belong to the number, — when she was invited to waltz with the best dancer, the principal cavalier in the whole hierarchy of the ball-room, the celebrated leader of the mazurka, the master of ceremonies, the handsome, elegant Yegorushka Korsunsky, a married man. He had just left the Countess Bonina, with whom he opened the ball, and as soon as he perceived Kitty, he made his way to her in that easy manner peculiar to leaders of the mazurka, and without even asking her permission put his arm around the young girl's slender waist. She looked for some one to whom to confide her fan; and the mistress of the mansion, smiling upon her, took charge of it.

"How good of you to come early," said Korsunsky. "I don't like the fashion of being late."

Kitty placed her left hand on her partner's shoulder, and her little feet, shod in rose-colored *bashmaks*, glided lightly and rhythmically over the polished floor.

"It is restful to dance with you," said he as he fell into the slow measures of the waltz: "charming! such lightness! such *précision!*" This is what he said to almost all his dancing acquaintances.

Kitty smiled at this eulogium, and continued to study the ball-room across her partner's shoulder. This was not her first appearance in society, and she did not confound all faces in one magic sensation, nor was she so surfeited with balls as to know every one present, and be tired of seeing them. She noticed a group that had gathered in the left-hand corner of the ball-room, composed of the very flowers of society. There was Korsunsky's wife, Lidi, a beauty in outrageously low-cut corsage; there was the mistress of the mansion; there was Krivin with shiny bald head, who was always to be seen where the cream of society was gathered. There also were gathered the young men looking on, and not venturing upon the floor. Her eyes fell upon Stiva, and then she saw Anna's elegant figure dressed in black velvet. And *he* was there. Kitty had not seen him since the evening when she refused Levin. Kitty discovered him from afar, and saw that he was looking at her.

"Shall we have one more turn? You are not fatigued?" asked Korsunsky, slightly out of breath.

"No, thank you."

"Where shall I leave you?"

"I think Madame Karénina is here; — take me to her."

"Anywhere that you please."

And Korsunsky, still waltzing with Kitty but with a slower step, made his way toward the group on the left, saying as he went, "*Pardon, mesdames; pardon, pardon, mesdames;*" and steering skilfully through the sea of laces, tulle, and ribbons, placed her in a chair after a final turn, which gave a glimpse of dainty blue stockings, and threw her train over Krivin's knees, half burying him under a cloud of tulle.

Korsunsky bowed, then straightened himself up, and offered Kitty his arm to conduct her to Anna Arkadyevna. Kitty, blushing a little, freed Krivin from the folds of her train, and, just a trifle dizzy, went in search of Madame Karénina.

Anna was not dressed in violet, as Kitty had hoped, but in a low-cut black velvet gown, which showed her ivory shoulders, her beautiful round arms, and her dainty wrists. Her robe was adorned with Venetian guipure; on her head, gracefully set on her dark locks, was a wreath of mignonette; and a similar bouquet was fastened in her breast with a black ribbon. Her hair was dressed very simply: there was nothing remarkable about it except the abundance of little natural curls, which strayed in fascinating disorder about her neck and temples. She wore a string of pearls about her firm round throat. Kitty had seen Anna every day, and was delighted with her; but now that she saw her dressed in black, instead of the violet which she had expected, she thought that she never before had appreciated her full beauty. She saw her in a new and unexpected light. She confessed that violet would not have been becoming to her, but that her charm consisted entirely in her independence of toilet; that her toilet was only an accessory, and her black robe showing her splendid shoulders was only the frame in which she appeared simple, natural, elegant, and at the same time full of gayety and animation. When Kitty joined her, she was standing in her usual erect attitude, talking with the master of the house, her head lightly bent towards him.

"No: I would not cast the first stone," she was saying to him, and then, perceiving Kitty, she received her with an affectionate and re-assuring smile. With a quick, comprehensive glance, she approved of the young girl's toilet, and gave her an appreciative nod, which Kitty understood.

"You even dance into the ball-room," she said.

"She is the most indefatigable of my aids," said Korsunsky, addressing Anna Arkadyevna. "The princess makes any ball-room gay and delightful. Anna Arkadyevna, will you take a turn?" he asked, with a bow.

"Ah! you are acquainted?" said the host.

"Who is it we don't know, my wife and I? We are like white wolves, — everybody knows us," replied Korsunsky. "A little waltz, Anna Arkadyevna?"

"I don't dance when I can help it," she replied.

"But you can't help it to-night," said Korsunsky.

At this moment Vronsky joined them.

"*Nu!* if I can't help dancing, let us dance," said she, placing her hand on Korsunsky's shoulder, and not replying to Vronsky's salutation.

"Why is she vexed with him?" thought Kitty, noticing that Anna purposely paid no attention to Vronsky's bow. Vronsky joined Kitty, reminded her that she was engaged to him for the first quadrille, and expressed regret that he had not seen her for so long. Kitty, while she was looking with admiration at Anna in the mazes of the waltz, listened to Vronsky. She expected that he would invite her; but he did nothing of the sort, and she looked at him with astonishment. He blushed, and with some precipitation suggested that they should waltz; but they had scarcely taken the first step, when suddenly the music stopped. Kitty looked into his face, which was close to her own, and for many a long day, even after years had passed, the loving look which she gave him and which he did not return tore her heart with cruel shame.

"*Pardon! Pardon!* A waltz! a waltz!" cried Korsunsky at the other end of the ball-room, and, seizing the first young lady at hand, he began once more to dance.

XXIII.

Vronsky took a few turns with Kitty, then she joined her mother; and after a word or two with the Countess Nordstone, Vronsky came back to get her for the first quadrille. In the intervals of the dance they talked of unimportant trifles, now of Korsunsky and his wife whom Vronsky described as amiable children of forty years, now of some private theatricals; and only once did his words give her a keen pang, — when he asked if Levin were there, and added that he liked him very much. But Kitty counted little on the quadrille: it was the *mazurka* which she waited for, with a violent beating of the heart. She had been told that the *mazurka* generally settled all such questions. Though Vronsky did not ask her during the quadrille, she felt sure that she would be selected as his partner for the *mazurka* as in all preceding balls. She was so sure of it that she refused five invitations, saying that she was engaged. This whole ball, even to the last quadrille, seemed to Kitty like a magical dream, full of flowers, of joyous sounds, of movement: she did not cease to dance until her strength began to fail, and then she begged to rest a moment. But in dancing the last quadrille with one of those tiresome men whom she found it impossible

to refuse, she found herself *vis-à-vis* to Vronsky and Anna. Kitty had not fallen in with Anna since the beginning of the ball, and now she suddenly seemed to her in another new and unexpected light. She seemed laboring under an excitement such as Kitty herself had experienced, — that of success, which seemed to intoxicate her as though she had partaken too freely of wine. Kitty understood the sensation, and recognized the symptoms in Anna's brilliant and animated eyes, her joyous and triumphant smile, her parted lips, and her harmonious and graceful movements.

"Who has caused it?" she asked herself. "All, or one?" She would not come to the aid of her unhappy partner, who was struggling to renew the broken thread of conversation; and though she submitted with apparent good grace to the loud orders of Korsunsky, shouting "Ladies' chain" and "All hands around," she watched her closely, and her heart oppressed her more and more. "No, it is not the approval of the crowd which has so intoxicated her, but the admiration of the *one*. Who is it? — Can it be *he?*" Every time that Vronsky spoke to Anna, her eyes sparkled, and a smile of happiness parted her ruby lips. She seemed anxious to hide this joy, but nevertheless happiness was painted on her face. "Can it be *he?*" thought Kitty. She looked at him, and was horror-struck. The sentiments that were reflected on Anna's face as in a mirror, were also visible on his. Where were his coolness, his calm dignity, the repose which always marked his face? Now, as he addressed his partner, his head bent as though he were ready to worship her, and his look expressed at once humility and passion, as though it said, "*I would not offend you. I would save my heart, and how can I?*" Such was the expression of his face, and she had never before seen it in him.

Their conversation was made up of trifles, and yet Kitty felt that every trifling word decided her fate. Strange as it might seem, they, too, in jesting about Ivan Ivanitch's droll French and of Miss Eletska's marriage, found in every word a peculiar meaning which they understood as well as Kitty.

In the poor girl's mind, the ball, the whole evening, every thing, seemed enveloped in mist. Only the force of her education sustained her, and enabled her to do her duty, that is to say, to dance, to answer questions, even to smile. But as soon as the *mazurka* began, and the chairs had been arranged, and the smaller rooms were all deserted in favor of

the great ball-room, a sudden attack of despair and terror seized her. She had refused five invitations, she had no partner; and the last chance was gone, for the very reason that her social success would make it unlikely to occur to any one that she would be without a partner. She would have to tell her mother that she was not feeling well, and go home, but it seemed impossible. She felt as though she would sink through the floor.

She took refuge in a corner of a *boudoir*, and threw herself into an arm-chair. The airy skirts of her robe enveloped her delicate figure as in a cloud. One bare arm, as yet a little thin, but dainty, fell without energy, and lay in the folds of her rose-colored skirt: with the other she fanned herself nervously. But while she looked like a lovely butterfly caught amid grasses, and ready to spread its trembling wings, a horrible despair oppressed her heart.

"But perhaps I am mistaken: perhaps it is not so." And again she recalled what she had seen.

"Kitty, what does this mean?" said the Countess Nordstone, coming to her with noiseless steps.

Kitty's lips quivered: she hastily arose.

"Kitty, aren't you dancing the *mazurka?*"

"No, — no," she replied, with trembling voice.

"I heard him invite her for the *mazurka*," said the countess, knowing that Kitty would know whom she meant. "She said, '*What! aren't you going to dance with the Princess Shcherbatskaia?*'"

"*Ach!* it's all one to me," said Kitty.

No one besides herself should learn of her trouble. No one should know that she had refused a man whom perhaps she loved, — refused him because she preferred some one else.

The countess went in search of Korsunsky, who was her partner for the *mazurka*, and sent him to invite Kitty.

Fortunately, Kitty, who danced in the first figure, was not obliged to talk: Korsunsky, in his quality of leader, was obliged to be ubiquitous. Vronsky and Anna were nearly opposite to her: she saw them sometimes near, sometimes at a distance, as their turn brought them into the figures; and as she watched them, she felt more and more certain that her cup of sorrow was full. She saw that they felt themselves alone even in the midst of the crowded room; and on Vronsky's face, usually so impassive and calm, she remarked that mingled expression of humility and fear, such as strikes

one in an intelligent dog, conscious of having done wrong. If Anna smiled, his smile replied: if she became thoughtful, he looked serious. An almost supernatural power seemed to attract Kitty's gaze to Anna's face. She was charming in her simple black velvet; charming were her round arms, clasped by bracelets; charming her exquisite neck, encircled with pearls; charming her dark, curly locks breaking from restraint; charming the slow and graceful movements of her feet and hands; charming her lovely face, full of animation; but in all this charm there was something terrible and cruel.

Kitty admired her more than ever, even while her pain increased. She felt crushed, and her face told the story. When Vronsky passed her, in some figure of the *mazurka*, he hardly knew her, so much had she changed.

"Lovely ball," he said, so as to say something.

"Yes," was her reply.

Towards the middle of the *mazurka*, in a complicated figure recently invented by Korsunsky, Anna was obliged to leave the circle, and call out two gentlemen and two ladies: Kitty was one. She looked at Anna, and approached her with dismay. Anna, half shutting her eyes, looked at her with a smile, and pressed her hand; then noticing the expression of melancholy surprise on Kitty's face, she turned to the other lady, and began to talk to her in animated tones.

"Yes, there is some terrible, almost infernal attraction about her," said Kitty to herself.

Anna did not wish to remain to supper, but the host insisted.

"Do stay, Anna Arkadyevna," said Korsunsky, touching her on the arm. "Such a *cotillion* I have in mind! *Un bijou!*" [A jewel].

And the master of the house, looking on with a smile, encouraged his efforts to detain her.

"No, I cannot stay," said Anna, also smiling; but in spite of her smile the two men understood by the determination in her voice that she would not stay.

"No, for I have danced here in Moscow at this single ball more than all winter in Petersburg;" and she turned towards Vronsky, who was standing near her: — "one must rest after a journey."

"And so you must go back to-morrow?" he said.

"Yes: I think so," replied Anna, as though surprised at the boldness of his question. But while she was speaking

to him, the brilliancy of her eyes and her smile set his heart on fire.

Anna Arkadyevna did not stay for supper, but took her departure.

XXIV.

"YES, there must be something repulsive about me," thought Levin, as he left the Shcherbatskys, and went in search of his brother. "I am not popular with men. They say it is pride. No, I am not proud: if I had been proud, I should not have put myself in my present situation." And he imagined himself to be a happy, popular, calm, witty Vronsky, with strength enough to avoid such a terrible position as he had put himself into on that evening. "Yes, she naturally chose him, and I have no right to complain about any one or any thing. I am the only person to blame. What right had I to think that she would unite her life with mine? Who am I? and what am I? A man useful to no one, — a good-for-nothing."

Then the memory of his brother Nikolaï came back to him. "Was he not right in saying that every thing in this world was miserable and wretched? Have we been just in our judgment of brother Nikolaï? Of course, in the eyes of Prokofi, who saw him drunk and in ragged clothes, he is a miserable creature; but I judge him differently. I know his heart, and I know that we are alike. And I, instead of going to find him, have been out dining, and to this party!" Levin read his brother's address in the light of a street-lamp, and called an *izvoshchik* (hack-driver). While on the way, he recalled one by one the incidents of Nikolaï's life. He remembered how at the university, and for a year after his graduation, he had lived like a monk notwithstanding the ridicule of his comrades, strictly devoted to all the forms of religion, services, fasts, turning his back on all pleasures, and especially women, and then how he had suddenly turned around, and fallen into the company of people of the lowest lives, and entered upon a course of dissipation and debauchery. He remembered his conduct towards a lad whom he had taken from the country to bring up, and whom he whipped so severely in a fit of anger that he narrowly escaped being transported for mayhem. He remembered his conduct towards a swindler whom he had given a bill of

exchange in payment of a gambling debt, and whom he had caused to be arrested: this was, in fact, the bill of exchange which Sergéi Ivanuitch had just paid. He remembered the night spent by Nikolaï at the station-house on account of a spree; the scandalous lawsuit against his brother Sergéi Ivanuitch, because the latter had refused to pay his share of their maternal inheritance; and finally he recalled his last adventure, when, having taken a position in one of the Western governments, he was dismissed for assaulting a superior. All this was detestable, but the impression on Levin was less odious than it would be on those who did not know Nikolaï, did not know his history, did not know his heart.

Levin did not forget how at the time that Nikolaï was seeking to curb the evil passions of his nature by devotions, fasting, prayers, and other religious observances, no one had approved of it, or aided him, but how, on the contrary, every one, even himself, had turned it into ridicule: they had mocked him, nicknamed him Noah, the monk! Then when he had fallen, no one had helped him, but all had fled from him with horror and disgust. Levin felt that his brother Nikolaï at the bottom of his heart, in spite of all the deformity of his life, could not be so very much worse than those who despised him. "I will go and find him, and tell him every thing, and show him that I love him, and think about him," said Levin to himself, and about eleven o'clock in the evening he bade the driver take him to the hotel indicated on the address.

"Up-stairs, No. 12 and 13," said the Swiss, in reply to Levin's question.

"Is he at home?"

"Probably."

The door of No. 12 was ajar, and from the room came the dense fumes of inferior tobacco. Levin heard an unknown voice speaking; then he recognized his brother's presence by his cough.

When he entered the door, he heard the unknown voice saying, "All depends upon whether the affair is conducted in a proper and rational manner."

Konstantin Levin glanced through the doorway, and saw that the speaker was a young man, clad like a peasant, and with an enormous *shapka* on his head. On the sofa was sitting a young woman, with pock-marked face, and dressed in a woollen gown without collar or cuffs. Konstantin's heart

sank to think of the strange people with whom his brother associated. No one heard him; and while he was removing his goloshes, he listened to what the man in the doublet said. He was speaking of some enterprise under consideration.

"*Nu!* the Devil take the privileged classes!" said his brother's voice, after a fit of coughing.

"Masha, see if you can't get us something to eat, and bring some wine if there's any left: if not, go for some."

The woman arose, and as she came out of the inner room, she saw Konstantin.

"A gentleman here, Nikolaï Dmitritch," she cried.

"What is wanted?" said the voice of Nikolaï Levin angrily.

"It's I," replied Konstantin, appearing at the door.

"Who's *I?*" repeated Nikolaï's voice, still more angrily.

A sound of some one quickly rising and stumbling against something, and then Konstantin saw his brother standing before him at the door, infirm, tall, thin, and bent, with great startled eyes. He was still thinner than when Konstantin last saw him, three years before. He wore a short overcoat. His hands and his bony frame seemed to him more colossal than ever. His hair was cut close, his mustaches stood out straight from his lips, and his eyes glared at his visitor with a strange, uncanny light.

"Ah, Kostia!" he cried, suddenly recognizing his brother, and his eyes shone with joy. But in an instant he turned towards his brother, and only made a quick, convulsive motion of his head and neck, as though his cravat choked him, a gesture well known to Konstantin, and at the same time an entirely different expression, savage and cruel, swept over his pinched features.

"I wrote both to you and to Sergéi Ivanuitch that I do not know you, nor wish to know you. What *dost thou*, what *do you*, want?"

He was not at all such as Konstantin had imagined him. The hard and wild elements of his character, which made family relationship difficult, had faded from Konstantin Levin's memory whenever he thought about him; and now when he saw his face and the characteristic convulsive motions of his head, he remembered it.

"But I wanted nothing of you except to see you," he replied, a little timidly. "I only came to see you."

His brother's diffidence apparently disarmed Nikolaï.

"Ah! did you?" said he. "*Nu!* come in, sit down. Do you want some supper? Masha, bring enough for three. No, hold on! Do you know who this is?" he asked, pointing to the young man in the doublet. "This gentleman is Mr. Kritsky, a friend of mine from Kief, a very remarkable man. It seems the police are after him, because he is not a coward." And he looked, as he always did after speaking, at all who were in the room. Then seeing that the woman, who stood at the door, was about to leave, he shouted, —

"Wait, I tell you."

Then with his blundering, ignorant mode of speech, which Konstantin knew so well, he began to narrate the whole story of Kritsky's life; how he had been driven from the university, because he had tried to found an aid society and Sunday schools among the students; how afterwards he had been appointed teacher in the primary school, only to be dismissed; and how finally they had tried him for something or other.

"Were you at the University of Kief?" asked Konstantin of Kritsky, in order to break the awkward silence.

"Yes, at Kief," replied Kritsky curtly, with a frown.

"And this woman," cried Nikolaï Levin, with a gesture, "is the companion of my life, Marya Nikolayevna. I found her," he said, shrugging his shoulders, — "but I love her, and I esteem her; and all who want to know me, must love her and esteem her. She is just the same as my wife, just the same. Thus you know with whom you have to do. And if you think that you lower yourself, there's the door!" And again his questioning eyes looked about the room.

"I do not understand how I should lower myself."

"All right, Masha, bring us up enough for three, — some *vodka* and wine. No, wait; no matter, though; go!

XXV.

"As you see," continued Nikolaï Levin, frowning, and speaking with effort. So great was his agitation that he did not know what to do or to say. "But do you see?" and he pointed to the corner of the room where lay some iron bars attached to straps. "Do you see that? That is the beginning of a new work which we are undertaking. This work belongs to a productive labor association."

Konstantin scarcely listened: he was looking at his brother's sick, consumptive face, and his pity grew upon him, and he could not heed what his brother was saying about the labor association. He saw that the work was only an anchor of safety to keep him from absolute self-abasement. Nikolaï went on to say, —

"You know that capital is crushing the laborer: the laboring classes with us are the *muzhiks*, and they bear the whole weight of toil; and no matter how they exert themselves, they can never get above their condition of laboring cattle. All the advantages that their productive labor creates, all that could better their lot, give them leisure, and therefore instruction, all their superfluous profits, are swallowed up by the capitalists. And society is so constituted that the harder they work, the more the proprietors and the merchants fatten at their expense, while they remain beasts of burden still. And this must be changed." He finished speaking, and looked at his brother.

"Yes, of course," replied Konstantin, looking at the pink spots which burned in his brother's hollow cheeks.

"And we are organizing an *artel* of locksmiths where all will be in common, — work, profits, and even the tools."

"Where will this *artel* be situated?" asked Konstantin.

"In the village of Vozdrem, government of Kazan."

"Yes, but why in a village? In the villages, it seems to me, there is plenty of work: why associated locksmiths in a village?"

"Because the *muzhiks* are serfs, just as much as they ever were, and you and Sergéi Ivanuitch don't like it because we want to free them from this slavery," replied Nikolaï, vexed by his brother's question. While he spoke, Konstantin was looking about the melancholy, dirty room: he sighed, and his sigh made Nikolaï still more angry.

"I know the aristocratic prejudices of such men as you and Sergéi Ivanuitch. I know that he is spending all the strength of his mind in defence of the evils which crush us."

"No! but why do you speak of Sergéi Ivanuitch?" asked Levin, smiling.

"Sergéi Ivanuitch? This is why!" cried Nikolaï at the mention of Sergéi Ivanuitch — "this is why! . . . yet what is the good? tell me this — what did you come here for? You despise all this; very good! Go away, for God's sake," he cried, rising from his chair, — "go away! go away!"

"I don't despise any thing," said Konstantin gently: "I only refrain from discussing."

At this moment Marya Nikolayevna came in. Nikolaï turned towards her angrily, but she quickly stepped up to him, and whispered a few words in his ear.

"I am not well, I easily become irritable," he explained, calmer, and breathing with difficulty, "and you just spoke to me about Sergéi Ivanuitch and his article. It is so utterly insane, so false, so full of error. How can a man, who knows nothing about justice, write on the subject? Have you read his article?" said he, turning to Kritsky, and then, going to the table, he brushed off the half-rolled cigarettes.

"I have not read it," replied Kritsky with a gloomy face, evidently not wishing to take part in the conversation.

"Why?" demanded Nikolaï irritably.

"Because I don't care to waste my time."

"That is, excuse me — how do you know that it would be a waste of time? For many people this article is *un-get-at-able*, because it is above them. But I find it different: I see the thoughts through and through, and know wherein it is weak."

No one replied. Kritsky immediately arose, and took his *shapka*.

"Won't you take some lunch? *Nu!* good-by! Come to-morrow with the locksmith."

Kritsky had hardly left the room, when Nikolaï smiled and winked.

"He is to be pitied; but I see" —

Kritsky, calling at the door, interrupted him.

"What do you want?" he asked, joining him in the corridor. Left alone with Marya Nikolayevna, Levin said to her, —

"Have you been long with my brother?"

"This is the second year. His health has become very feeble: he drinks a great deal," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"He drinks *vodka*, and it is bad for him."

"Does he drink too much?"

"Yes," said she, looking timidly towards the door where Nikolaï Levin was just entering.

"What were you talking about?" he demanded with a scowl, and looking from one to the other with angry eyes. "Tell me."

"Oh! nothing," replied Konstantin in confusion.

"You don't want to answer: all right! don't. But you have no business to be talking with her: she is a girl, you a gentleman," he shouted with the twitching of his neck. "I see that you have understood every thing, and judged every thing, and that you look with scorn on the errors of my ways."

He went on speaking, raising his voice.

"Nikolaï Dmitritch! Nikolaï Dmitritch!" murmured Marya Nikolayevna, coming close to him.

"*Nu!* very good, very good. . . . Supper, then? ah! here it is," he said, seeing a servant entering with a platter.

"Here! put it here!" he said crossly, then, taking the *vodka*, he poured out a glass, and drank it eagerly.

"Will you have a drink?" he asked his brother. The sudden cloud had passed.

"*Nu!* no more about Sergéi Ivanuitch! I am very glad to see you. Henceforth people can't say that we are not friends. *Nu!* drink! Tell me what you are doing," he said, taking a piece of bread, and pouring out a second glass. "How do you live?"

"I live alone in the country as I always have, and busy myself with farming," replied Konstantin, looking with terror at the eagerness with which his brother ate and drank, and trying to hide his impressions.

"Why don't you get married?"

"I have not come to that yet," replied Konstantin, blushing.

"Why so? For me — it's all over! I have wasted my life! This I have said, and always shall say, that, if they had given me my share of the estate when I needed it, my whole life would have been different."

Konstantin hastened to change the conversation. "Did you know that your *Vaniushka* [Jack] is with me at Pokrovsky as book-keeper?" he said. Nikolaï's neck twitched, and he sank into thought.

"*Da!* (Yes). Tell me what is doing at Pokrovsky. Is the house just the same? and the birches and our study-room? Is Filipp, the gardener, still alive? How I remember the summer-house and the sofa! — *Da!* don't let any thing in the house be changed, but get a wife right away, and begin to live as you used to. I will come to visit you if you will get a good wife."

"Then come now with me," said Konstantin. "How well we would get along together!"

"I would come if I weren't afraid of meeting Sergéi Ivanuitch."

"You would not meet him: I live absolutely independent of him."

"Yes; but whatever you say, you would have to choose between him and me," said Nikolaï, looking timorously in his brother's eyes. This timidity touched Konstantin.

"If you want to hear my whole confession as to this matter, I will tell you that I take sides neither with you nor with him in your quarrel. You are both in the wrong; but in your case the wrong is external, while in his the wrong is inward."

"Ha, ha! Do you understand it? do you understand it?" cried Nikolaï with an expression of joy.

"But I, for my part, if you would like to know, value your friendship higher because" —

"Why? why?"

Konstantin could not say that it was because Nikolaï was sick, and needed his friendship; but Nikolaï understood that that was what he meant, and, frowning darkly, he betook himself to the *vodka*.

"Enough, Nikolaï Dmitritch!" cried Marya Nikolayevna, laying her great pudgy hand on the decanter.

"Let me alone! don't bother me, or I'll strike you," he cried.

Marya Nikolayevna smiled with her gentle and good-natured smile, which pacified Nikolaï, and she took the *vodka*.

"There! Do you think that she does not understand things?" said Nikolaï. "She understands this thing better than all of you. Isn't there something about her good and gentle?"

"Haven't you ever been in Moscow before?" said Konstantin, in order to say something to her.

"*Da!* don't say *vui* [you] to her. It frightens her. No one said *vui* to her except the justice of the peace, when they had her up because she wanted to escape from the house of ill fame where she was. My God! how senseless every thing is in this world!" he suddenly exclaimed. "These new institutions, these justices of the peace, the *zemstvo*, what abominations!"

And he began to relate his experiences with the new institutions.

Konstantin listened to him; and the criticisms on the absurdity of the new institutions, which he had himself often expressed, now that he heard them from his brother's lips, seemed disagreeable to him.

"We shall find out all about it in the next world," he said jestingly.

"In the next world? *Och!* I don't like your next world, I don't like it," he repeated, fixing his timid, haggard eyes on his brother's face. "And yet it would seem good to go from these abominations, this chaos, from this unnatural state of things, from one's self; but I am afraid of death, horribly afraid of death!" He shuddered. "*Da!* drink something! Would you like some champagne? or would you rather go out somewhere? Let's go and see the gypsies. You know I am very fond of gypsies and Russian folk-songs."

His speech grew thick, and he hurried from one subject to another. Konstantin, with Masha's aid, persuaded him to stay at home; and they put him on his bed completely drunk.

Masha promised to write Konstantin in case of need, and to persuade Nikolaï Levin to come and live with his brother.

XXVI.

The next forenoon Levin left Moscow, and towards evening was at home. On the journey he talked with the people in the car about politics, about the new railroads, and, just as in Moscow, he felt oppressed by the chaos of conflicting opinions, weary of himself, and ashamed without knowing why. But when he reached his station, and perceived his one-eyed coachman, Ignat, in his *kaftan*, with his collar above his ears; when he saw, in the flickering light cast by the dim station-lamps, his covered sledge and his horses with their neatly cropped tails and their jingling bells; when Ignat, as he tucked the robes comfortably around him, told him all the news of the village, about the coming of the contractor, and how Pava the cow had calved, — then it seemed to him that the chaos resolved itself a little, and his shame and dissatisfaction passed away. The very sight of Ignat and his horses was a consolation; but as soon as he had put on his *tulup* (sheep-skin coat), which he found in the sleigh, and

ensconced himself in his seat, and began to think what orders he should have to give as soon he reached home, and at the same time examined the off-horse, which used to be his saddle-horse, a swift though broken-down steed, then, indeed, what he had experienced came to him in an absolutely different light. He felt himself again, and no longer wished to be a different person. He only wished to be better than he had ever been before. In the first place, he resolved from that day forth that he would never look forward to extraordinary joys, such as had led him to make his offer of marriage; and, in the second place, he would never allow himself to be led away by low passion, the remembrances of which so shamed him when he had made his proposal. And lastly he promised not to forget his brother Nikolaï again, or let him out of sight, and to go to his aid as soon as it seemed needful, and that seemed likely to be very soon. Then the conversation about communism, which he had so lightly treated with his brother, came back to him, and made him reflect. A reform of economic conditions seemed to him doubtful, but he was none the less impressed by the unfair difference between the misery of the people and his own superfluity of blessings, and he promised himself that, though hitherto he had worked hard, and lived economically, he would in the future work still harder, and live with even less luxury than ever. And the effect upon himself of all these reflections was that throughout the long ride from the station he was the subject of the pleasantest illusions. With the full enjoyment of his hopes for a new and better life, he reached his house. The clock was just striking ten.

From the windows of the room occupied by his old nurse, Agafya Mikhailovna, who fulfilled the functions of housekeeper, the light fell upon the snow-covered steps before his house. She was not yet asleep. Kuzma, wakened by her, barefooted, and with sleepy eyes, hurried down to open the door. Laska, the setter, almost knocking Kuzma down in her desire to get ahead of him, ran to meet her master, and jumped upon him, trying to place her fore-paws on his breast.

"You are back very soon, *bátiushka*" [little father], said Agafya Mikhailovna.

"I was bored, Agafya Mikhailovna: 'tis good to go visiting, but it's better at home," said he, as he went into his library.

The library was soon lighted with wax candles brought in

haste. The familiar details little by little came home to him, — the great antlers, the shelves lined with books, the mirror, the stove with holes burned through and long ago beyond repair, the ancestral sofa, the great table, and on the table an open book, a broken ash-tray, a note-book filled with his writing. As he saw all these things, for the moment he began to doubt the possibility of any such change in his manner of life as he had dreamed of during his journey. All these signs of his past seemed to say to him, "No, thou shalt not leave us! thou shalt not become another; but thou shalt still be as thou hast always been, — with thy doubts, thy everlasting self-dissatisfaction, thy idle efforts at reform, thy failures, and thy perpetual striving for a happiness which will never be thine."

But while these external objects spoke to him thus, a different voice whispered to his soul, bidding him cease to be a slave to his past, and declaring that a man has every possibility within him. And listening to this voice, he went to one side of the room, where he found two dumb-bells, each weighing forty pounds. And he began to practise his gymnastic exercises with them, endeavoring to fill himself with strength and courage. At the door, a noise of steps was heard. He instantly put down the dumb-bells.

It was the *prikashchik* (intendant), who came to say that, thanks to God, every thing was well, but that the wheat in the new drying-room had got burnt. This provoked Levin. This new drying-room he had himself built, and partially invented. But the *prikashchik* was entirely opposed to it, and now he announced with a modest but triumphant expression that the wheat was burnt. Levin was sure that it was because he had neglected the precautions a hundred times suggested. He grew angry, and reprimanded the *prikashchik*. But there was one fortunate and important event: Pava, his best, his most beautiful cow, which he had bought at the cattle-show, had calved.

"Kuzma, give me my *tulup*. And you," said he to the *prikashchik*, "get a lantern. I will go and see her."

The stable for the cattle was not far from the house. Crossing the court-yard, where the snow was heaped under the lilac-bushes, he stepped up to the stable. As he opened the door, which creaked on its frosty hinges, he was met by the warm, penetrating breath from the stalls, and the kine, astonished at the unwonted light of the lantern, turned

around from their beds of fresh straw. The shiny black and white back of his Holland cow gleamed in the obscurity. Berkut, the bull, with a ring in his nose, tried to get to his feet, but changed his mind, and only snorted when they approached his stanchion.

The beautiful Pava, huge as a hippopotamus, was lying near her calf, snuffing at it, and protecting it by her back, as with a rampart, from those who would come too close.

Levin entered the stall, examined Pava, and lifted the calf, spotted with red and white, on its long, awkward legs. Pava bellowed with anxiety, but was re-assured when the calf was restored to her, and began to lick it with her rough tongue. The calf hid its nose under its mother's side, and frisked its tail. "Bring the light this way, Fyodor, this way," said Levin, examining the calf. "Like its mother, but its hair is like the sire, long and prettily spotted. Vasili Fyodorovitch, isn't it a beauty?" turning towards his *prikashchik*, forgetting, in his joy over the new-born calf, the grief caused by the burning of his wheat.

"Why should it be homely? But Simon the contractor was here the day after you left. It will be necessary to come to terms with him, Konstantin Dmitritch," replied the *prikashchik*. "I have already spoken to you about the machine." This single phrase brought Levin back to all the details of his enterprise, which was great and complicated; and from the stable he went directly to the office, and after a long conversation with the *prikashchik* and Simon the contractor, he went back to the house, and marched straight into the parlor.

XXVII.

Levin's house was large and old, but, though he lived there alone, he occupied and warmed the whole of it. He knew that this was ridiculous; he knew that it was bad, and contrary to his new plans; but this house was a world of itself to him. It was a world where his father and mother had lived and died, and had lived a life, which, for Levin, seemed the ideal of all perfection, and which he dreamed of renewing with his own wife, with his own family.

Levin scarcely remembered his mother, but this remembrance was sacred; and his future wife, as he imagined her,

was to be the counterpart of the ideally charming and adorable woman, his mother. For him, love for a woman could not exist outside of marriage; but he imagined the family relationship first, and only afterwards the woman who would be the centre of the family. His ideas about marriage were therefore essentially different from those held by the majority of his friends, for whom it was only one of the innumerable actions of the social life; for Levin it was the most important act of his life, whereon all his happiness depended, and now he must renounce it.

When he entered his little parlor where he generally took tea, and threw himself into his arm-chair with a book, while Agafya Mikhailovna brought him his cup, and sat down near the window, saying as usual, "But I'll sit down, *bátiushka*,"—then he felt, strangely enough, that he had not renounced his day-dreams, and that he could not live without them. Were it Kitty or another, still it would be. He read his book, had his mind on what he read, and at the same time listened to the unceasing prattle of Agafya Mikhailovna, but his imagination was nevertheless filled with these pictures of family happiness which hovered before him. He felt that in the depths of his soul some change was going on, some modification arising, some crystallization taking place.

He listened while Agafya Mikhailovna told how Prokhor had forgotten God, and, instead of buying a horse with the money which Levin had given him, had taken it and gone on a spree, and beaten his wife almost to death: and while he listened he read his book, and again caught the thread of his thoughts, awakened by his reading. It was a book of Tyndall, on heat. He remembered his criticisms on Tyndall's satisfaction in speaking of the results of his experiences, and his lack of philosophical views, and suddenly a happy thought crossed his mind: "In two years I shall have two Holland cows, and perhaps Pava herself will still be alive, and possibly a dozen of Berkut's daughters will have been added to the herd! Splendid!" And again he picked up his book. "*Nu!* very good: let us grant that electricity and heat are only one and the same thing, but could this one quantity stand in the equations used to settle this question? No. What then? The bond between all the forces of nature is felt, like instinct. . . . When *Pavina's* daughter grows into a cow with red and white spots, what a herd I

shall have with those three! Admirable! And my wife and I will go out with our guests to see the herd come in; . . . and my wife will say, 'Kostia and I have brought this calf up just like a child.' — 'How can this interest you so?' the guest will say. 'All that interests him interests me also.' . . . But who will *she* be?" and he began to think of what had happened in Moscow. — "*Nu!* What is to be done about it? I am not to blame. But now every thing will be different. It is foolishness to let one's past life dominate the present. One must struggle to live better — much better." . . . He raised his head, and sank into thought. Old Laska, who had not yet got over her delight at seeing her master, was barking up and down the court. She came into the room, wagging her tail, and bringing the freshness of the open air, and thrust her head under his hand, and begged for a caress, whining plaintively.

"He almost talks," said Agafya Mikhaïlovna: "he is only a dog, but he knows just as well that his master has come home, and is sad."

"Why sad?"

"*Da!* don't I see it, *bátiushka?* It's time I knew how to read my masters. Grew up with my masters since they were children! No matter, *bátiushka:* with good health and a pure conscience" —

Levin looked at her earnestly, in astonishment that she so divined his thoughts.

"And shall I give you some more tea?" said she; and she went out with the cup.

Laska continued to nestle her head in her master's hand. He caressed her, and then she curled herself up around his feet, laying her head on one of her hind-paws; and as a proof that all was arranged to suit her, she opened her mouth a little, let her tongue slip out between her aged teeth, and, with a gentle puffing of her lips, gave herself up to beatific repose. Levin followed all of her movements.

"So will I!" he said to himself; "so will I! all will be well!"

XXVIII.

On the morning after the ball, Anna Arkadyevna sent her husband a telegram, announcing that she was going to leave Moscow that day.

"No, I must, I must go," she said to her sister-in-law, in explanation of her change of plan, and her tone signified that she had just remembered something that demanded her instant attention. "No, it would be much better to-day."

Stepan Arkadyevitch dined out, but he agreed to get back at seven o'clock to escort his sister to the train.

Kitty did not put in an appearance, but sent word that she had a headache. Dolly and Anna dined alone with the children and the English maid. It was either because the children were fickle or very quick-witted, and felt instinctively that Anna was not at all as she had been on the day of her arrival when they had taken so kindly to her, that they suddenly ceased playing with their aunt, seemed to lose their affection for her, and cared very little that she was going away. Anna spent the whole morning in making the preparations for her departure. She wrote a few notes to her Moscow acquaintances, settled her accounts, and packed her trunks. It seemed to Dolly that she was now at rest in her mind, and that this mental agitation, which Dolly knew from experience, arose, not without excellent reason, from dissatisfaction with herself. After dinner Anna went to her room to dress, and Dolly followed her.

"How strange you are to-day!" said Dolly.

"I? You think so? I am not strange, but I am cross. This is common with me. I should like to have a good cry. It is very silly, but it will pass away," said Anna, speaking quickly, and hiding her blushing face in a little bag where she was packing her toilet articles and her handkerchiefs. Her eyes shone with tears which she could hardly keep back. "I was so loath to come away from Petersburg, and now I don't want to go back!"

"You came here and you did a lovely thing," said Dolly, attentively observing her.

Anna looked at her with eyes wet with tears.

"Don't say that, Dolly. I have done nothing, and could do nothing. I often ask myself why people say things to spoil me. What have I done? What could I do? You found that your heart had enough love left to forgive."

"Without you, God knows what would have been! How fortunate you are, Anna!" said Dolly. "All is serene and pure in your soul."

"Every one has a *skeleton* in his closet, as the English say."

"What *skeletons* have you, pray? In you every thing is serene."

"I have mine!" cried Anna suddenly; and an unexpected, crafty, mocking smile hovered over her lips in spite of her tears.

"*Nu!* in your case the *skeletons* must be droll ones, and not grievous," replied Dolly with a smile.

"No: they are grievous! Do you know why I go to-day, and not to-morrow? This is a confession which weighs me down, but I wish to make it," said Anna decidedly, sitting down in an arm-chair, and looking Dolly straight in the eyes.

And to her astonishment she saw that Anna was blushing, even to her ears, even to the dark curls that played about the back of her neck.

"*Da!*" Anna proceeded. "Do you know why Kitty did not come to dinner? She is jealous of me. I spoiled — it was through me that the ball last night was a torment and not a joy to her. But truly, truly, I was not to blame, — or not much to blame," said she, with a special accent on the word *nemnózhko* [not much].

"Oh, how exactly you said that like Stiva!" remarked Dolly, laughing.

Anna was vexed. "Oh, no! Oh, no! I am not like Stiva," said she, frowning. "I have told you this, simply because I do not allow myself, for an instant, to doubt myself."

But the very moment that she said these words, she perceived how untrue they were: she not only doubted herself, but she felt such emotion at the thought of Vronsky that she took her departure sooner than she otherwise would, so that she might not meet him again.

"Yes, Stiva told me that you danced the *mazurka* with him, and he" —

"You cannot imagine how singularly it turned out. I thought only to help along the match, and suddenly it went exactly opposite. Perhaps against my will, I" —

She blushed, and did not finish her sentence.

"Oh! these things are felt instantly," said Dolly.

"But I should be in despair if I felt that there could be any thing serious on his part," interrupted Anna; "but I am convinced that all will be quickly forgotten, and that Kitty will not long be angry with me."

"In the first place, Anna, to tell the truth, I should not be

very sorry if this marriage fell through. It would be vastly better for it to stop right here if Vronsky can fall in love with you in a single day."

"*Ach! Bozhe moi!* that would be so idiotic!" said Anna, and again an intense blush of satisfaction overspread her face at hearing the thought that occupied her expressed in words. "And that is why I go away, though I have made an enemy of Kitty whom I loved so dearly. But you will arrange that, Dolly? *Da?*"

Dolly could hardly refrain from smiling. She loved Anna, but it was not unpleasant to discover that she also had her weaknesses.

"An enemy? That cannot be!"

"And I should have been so glad to have you all love me as I love you; but now I love you all more than ever," said Anna with tears in her eyes. "*Ach!* how absurd I am to-day!"

She passed her handkerchief over her eyes, and began to get ready.

At the very moment of departure came Stepan Arkadyevitch with rosy, happy face, and smelling of wine and cigars.

Anna's tender-heartedness had communicated itself to Dolly, who, as she kissed her for the last time, whispered, "Think, Anna! what you have done for me, I shall never forget. And think that I love you, and always shall love you as my best friend!"

"I don't understand why," replied Anna, kissing her, and struggling with her tears. "You have understood me, and you do understand me. *Proshchaï* [good-by], my dearest."

XXIX.

"*Nu!* all is over. Thank the Lord!" was Anna's first thought after she had said good-by to her brother, who had blocked up the entrance to the coach, even after the third bell had rung. She sat down on the little sofa next Annushka, her maid, and began to examine the feebly lighted compartment. "Thank the Lord! to-morrow I shall see Serozha and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, and my good and commonplace life will begin again as of old."

With the same agitation of mind that had possessed her all day, Anna attended most minutely to the preparations for

the journey. With her skilful little hands she opened her red bag, and took out a pillow, placed it on her knees, wrapped her feet warmly, and composed herself comfortably. A lady, who seemed to be an invalid, had already gone to sleep. Two other ladies entered into conversation; and a fat, elderly dame, well wrapped up, began to criticise the temperature. Anna exchanged a few words with the ladies, but, not taking any interest in their conversation, asked Annushka for her travelling-lamp, placed it on the back of her seat, and took from her bag a paper-cutter and an English novel. At first she could not read; the going and coming disturbed her; when once the train had started, she could not help listening to the noises: the snow striking against the window, and sticking to the glass; the conductor, as he passed with the snowflakes melting on his coat; the conversation carried on by her travelling companions, who were talking about the storm, — all distracted her attention. Afterwards it became more monotonous: always the same jolting and jarring, the same snow on the window, the same sudden changes from warmth to cold, and back to warmth again, the same faces in the dim light, and the same voices. And Anna began to read, and to follow what she was reading. Annushka was already asleep, holding her little red bag on her knees with great, clumsy hands, clad in gloves, one of which was torn. Anna read, and understood what she read; but the reading, that is, the necessity of entering into the lives of other people, became intolerable to her. She had too keen a desire to live herself. She read how the heroine of her story took care of the sick: she would have liked to go with noiseless steps into the sick-room. She read how an M. P. made a speech: she would have liked to make that speech. She read how Lady Mary rode horseback, and astonished every one by her boldness: she would have liked to do the same. But she could do nothing; and with her little hands she clutched the paper-cutter, and forced herself to read calmly.

The hero of her novel had reached the summit of his English ambition, — a baronetcy and an estate; and Anna felt a desire to go and visit this estate, when suddenly it seemed to her that he ought to feel a sense of shame, and that she ought to share it. But why should he feel ashamed? "Why should I feel ashamed?" she demanded of herself with astonishment and discontent. She closed the book, and, leaning back against the chair, held the paper-cutter tightly in both

hands. There was nothing to be ashamed of: she reviewed all her memories of her visit to Moscow; they were all pleasant and good. She remembered the ball, she remembered Vronsky and his humble and passionate face, she recalled her relations with him: there was nothing to warrant a blush. And yet in these reminiscences the sentiment of shame was a growing factor; and it seemed to her that inward voice, whenever she thought of Vronsky, seemed to say, "Warmly, very warmly, passionately." . . . "*Nu!* what is this?" she asked herself resolutely, as she changed her position in the chair. "What does this mean? Am I afraid to face these memories? *Nu!* what is it? Is there, can there be, any relationship between that boy-officer and me beyond what exists between all the members of society?" She smiled disdainfully, and betook herself to her book again; but it was evident that she did not any longer comprehend what she was reading. She rubbed her paper-cutter over the frost-covered pane, and then pressed her cheek against its cool, smooth surface, and then she almost laughed out loud with the joy that suddenly took possession of her. She felt her nerves grow more and more excited, her eyes open wider and wider, her fingers clasped convulsively, something seemed to choke her, and objects and sounds assumed an exaggerated importance in the semi-obscurity of the car. She kept asking herself at every instant, if they were going backwards or forwards, or if the train had come to a stop. Was Annushka there, just in front of her, or was it a stranger? "What is that on the hook? — fur, or an animal? And what am I? Am I myself, or some one else?" She was frightened at her own state; she felt that her will-power was leaving her; and, in order to regain possession of her faculties, Anna arose, took her plaid and her fur collar, and thought that she had conquered herself, for at this moment a tall, thin *muzhik*, dressed in a long nankeen overcoat, which lacked a button, came in, and she recognized in him the *istopnik* (stove-tender). She saw him look at the thermometer, and noticed how the wind and the snow came blowing in as he opened the door; and then every thing became confused. The tall peasant began to draw fantastic figures on the wall; the old lady seemed to stretch out her legs, and fill the whole car as with a black cloud; then she thought she heard a strange thumping and rapping, a noise like something tearing; then a red and blinding fire flashed in her eyes, and then all vanished in

darkness. Anna felt as if she had fallen from a height. But these sensations were not at all alarming, but rather pleasant. The voice of a man all wrapped up, and covered with snow, shouted something in her ear. She started up, recovered her wits, and perceived that they were approaching a station, and the man was the conductor. She bade Annushka bring her shawl and fur collar, and, having put them on, she went to the door.

"Do you wish to go out?" asked Annushka.

"Yes: I want to get a breath of fresh air. Very hot here."

And she opened the door. The snow-laden wind opposed her passage; and she had to exert herself to open the door, which seemed amusing to her. The storm seemed to be waiting for her, eager to carry her away, as it gayly whistled by; but she clung to the cold railing with one hand, and, holding her dress, she stepped upon the platform, and left the car. The wind was not so fierce under the shelter of the station, and she found a genuine pleasure in filling her lungs with the frosty air of the tempest. Standing near the car she watched the platform and the station gleaming with lights.

XXX.

A furious storm was raging, and drifting the snow between the wheels of the cars, and into the corners of the station. The cars, the pillars, the people, every thing visible, were covered on one side with snow. A few people were running hither and thither, opening and shutting the great doors of the station, talking gayly, and making the planks of the walk creak under their feet. The shadow of a man passed rapidly by her, and she heard the blows of a hammer falling on the iron.

"Let her go," cried an angry voice on the other side of the track.

"This way, please, No. 28," cried other voices, and several people covered with snow hurried by. Two gentlemen, with lighted cigarettes in their mouths, passed near Anna. She was just about to re-enter the car, after getting one more breath of fresh air, and had already taken her hand from her muff, to lay hold of the railing, when the flickering light from the reflector was cut off by a man in a military

coat, who came close to her. She looked up, and in an instant recognized Vronsky's face.

He saluted her, carrying his hand to the visor, and then asked respectfully if there was not some way in which he might be of service to her.

Anna looked at him for some moments without ability to speak: although they were in the shadow, she saw, or thought that she saw, in his eyes the expression of enthusiastic ecstasy which had struck her on the evening of the ball. How many times had she said to herself that Vronsky, for her, was only one of the young people whom one meets by the hundred in society, and who would never cause her to give him a second thought! and now, on the first instant of seeing him again, a sensation of triumphant joy seized her. It was impossible to ask why he was there. She knew, as truly as though he had told her, that it was because she was there.

"I did not know that you were coming. Why did you come?" said she, letting her hand fall from the railing. A joy that she could not restrain shone in her face.

"Why did I come?" he repeated, looking straight into her eyes. "You know that I came simply for this, — to be where you are," he said. "I could not do otherwise."

And at this instant the wind, as though it had conquered every obstacle, drove the snow from the roof of the car, and tossed in triumph a birch-leaf which it had torn off, and at the same time the whistle of the locomotive gave a melancholy, mournful cry. Never had the horror of a tempest appeared to her more beautiful than now. She had just heard what her reason feared, but which her heart longed to hear. She made no reply, but he perceived by her face how she fought against herself.

"Forgive me if what I said displeases you," he murmured humbly.

He spoke respectfully, but in such a resolute, decided tone, that for some time she was unable to reply.

"What you said was wrong; and I beg of you, if you are a gentleman, to forget it, as I shall forget it."

"I shall never forget, and I shall never be able to forget any of your words, any of your gestures"—

"Enough, enough!" she cried, vainly endeavoring to give an expression of severity to her face, at which he was passionately gazing. And helping herself by the cold railing,

she quickly mounted the steps, and entered the car. But she stopped in the little entry, and tried to recall to her imagination what had taken place. She found it impossible to bring back the words that had passed between them; but she felt that that brief conversation had brought them closer together, and she was at once startled and delighted. At the end of a few seconds, she went back to her place in the car.

The nervous strain which tormented her became more intense, until she began to fear that every moment something would snap within her brain. She did not sleep all night: but in this nervous tension, and in the fantasies which filled her imagination, there was nothing disagreeable or painful; on the contrary, it was joyous, burning excitement.

Toward morning, Anna dozed as she sat in her arm-chair; and when she awoke it was bright daylight, and the train was approaching Petersburg. The thought of her home, her husband, her son, and all the little labors of the day and the coming days, filled her mind.

The train had hardly reached the station at Petersburg, when Anna stepped upon the platform; and the first person that she saw was her husband waiting for her.

"*Ach! Bozhe moi!* Why are his ears so long?" she thought, as she looked at his reserved but distinguished face, and was struck by the lobes of his ears protruding from under the lappets of his round cap. When he saw her, he came to meet her at the car, with his habitual smile of irony, looking straight at her with his great, weary eyes. A disagreeable thought oppressed her heart when she saw his stubborn, weary look. She felt that she had expected to find him different. Not only was she dissatisfied with herself, but she confessed to a certain sense of hypocrisy in her relations with her husband. This feeling was not novel: she had felt it before without heeding it, but now she recognized it clearly and with distress.

"*Da!* you see, I'm a tender husband, tender as the first year of our marriage: I was burning with desire to see you," said he, in his slow, deliberate voice, and with the light tone of raillery that he generally used in speaking to her, a tone of ridicule, as if any one could speak as he had done.

"Is Serozha well?" she demanded.

"And is this all the reward," he said, "for my ardor? He is well, very well."

XXXI.

Vronsky had not even attempted to sleep all that night. He sat in his arm-chair, with eyes wide open, looking with perfect indifference at those who came in and went out; for him, men were of no more account than things. People who were ordinarily struck by his imperturbable dignity, would have found him now tenfold more haughty and unapproachable. A nervous young man, an *employé* of the district court, sitting near him in the car, detested him on account of this aspect. The young man did his best to make him appreciate that he was an animated object; he asked for a light, he spoke to him, he even touched him: but Vronsky looked at him as though he had been the reflector. And the young man, with a grimace, thought that he should lose command of himself to be so ignored by Vronsky.

Vronsky saw nothing, heard nothing. He felt as though he were a *tsar*, not because he saw that he had made an impression upon Anna, — he did not fully realize that, as yet, — but because of the power of the impression which she had made on him, and which filled him with happiness and pride.

What would be the result of this, he did not know, and did not even consider; but he felt that all his powers, which had been dissipated and scattered hitherto, were now tending with frightful rapidity towards one beatific focus. As he left his compartment at Bologoï, to get a glass of seltzer, he saw Anna, and almost from the first word had told her what he thought. And he was glad that he had spoken as he did; glad that she knew all now, and was thinking about it. Returning to his car, he recalled, one by one, all his memories of her, the words that she had spoken, and his imagination painted the possibility of a future which overwhelmed his heart.

On reaching Petersburg, he dismounted from the car, and in spite of a sleepless night felt as fresh and vigorous as though he had just enjoyed a cold bath. He stood near his car, waiting to see her pass. "I will see her once more," he said to himself with a smile. "I will see her graceful bearing; perhaps she will speak a word to me, will look at me, smile upon me." But it was her husband whom first he saw, politely escorted through the crowd by the station-master. "*Ach! da!* the husband!" And then Vronsky for the

first time got a realizing sense that he was an important factor in Anna's life. He knew that she had a husband, but had never realized the fact until now, when he saw his head, his shoulders, and his legs clothed in black pantaloons, and especially when he saw him unconcernedly go up to Anna, and take her hand as though he had the right of possession.

The sight of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch with his Petersburg-ish-fresh face, and his solid, self-confident figure, his round cap, and his slightly stooping shoulders, confirmed the fact, and filled him with the same sensation that a man dying of thirst experiences, who discovers a fountain, but finds that a dog, a sheep, or a pig has been roiling the water. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's stiff and heavy gait was exceedingly distasteful to Vronsky. He did not acknowledge that any one besides himself had the right to love Anna. When she appeared, the sight of her filled him with physical exultation. She had not changed, and his soul was touched and moved. He ordered his German body-servant, who came hurrying up to him from the second-class car, to see to the baggage; and while he was on his way towards her, he witnessed the meeting between husband and wife, and, with a lover's intuition, perceived the shade of constraint with which Anna greeted her husband. "No, she does not love him, and she cannot love him," was his mental judgment.

As he joined them, he noticed with joy that she felt his approach, and was glad, and that she recognized him, though she went on talking with her husband.

"Did you have a good night?" said he, when he was near enough, and bowing to her, but in such a manner as to include the husband, and allow Alekséi Aleksandrovitch the opportunity to acknowledge the salute, and recognize him, if it seemed good to him so to do.

"Thank you, very good," she replied.

Her face expressed weariness, and her eyes and smile lacked their habitual animation; but the moment she saw Vronsky, something flashed into her eyes, and, notwithstanding the fact that the fire instantly died away, he was overjoyed even at this. She raised her eyes to her husband, to see whether he knew Vronsky. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch looked at him with displeasure, vaguely remembering who he was. Vronsky's calm self-assurance struck upon Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's cool superciliousness as a feather on a rock.

"Count Vronsky," said Anna.

"Ah! We have met before, it seems to me," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch with indifference, extending his hand. "Went with the mother, and came home with the son," said he, speaking with precision, as though his words were worth a ruble apiece. "Back from a furlough, probably?" And without waiting for an answer, he turned to his wife, in his ironical tone, "Did they shed many tears in Moscow to have you leave them?"

His manner toward his wife told Vronsky that he wanted to be left alone, and the impression was confirmed when he touched his hat, and turned from him; but Vronsky still remained with Anna.

"I hope to have the honor of calling upon you," said he.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, with weary eyes, looked at Vronsky. "Very happy," he said coldly: "we receive on Mondays." Then, leaving Vronsky entirely, he said to his wife, still in a jesting tone, "And how fortunate that I happened to have a spare half-hour to come to meet you, and show you my tenderness."

"You emphasize your affection too much for me to appreciate it," replied Anna, in the same spirit of raillery, although she was listening involuntarily to Vronsky's steps behind them. "But what is that to me?" she asked herself in thought. Then she began to ask her husband how Serozha had got along during her absence.

"Oh! excellently. Mariette says that he has been very good, and — I am sorry to have to tell you — that he did not seem to miss you — not so much as your husband. But again, *merci*, my dear, that you came a day earlier. Our dear *Samovar* will be delighted." He called the celebrated Countess Lidia Ivanovna by the nickname of the *Samovar* (tea-urn), because she was always and everywhere bubbling and boiling. "She has kept asking after you; and do you know, if I make bold to advise you, you would do well to go to see her to-day. You see, her heart is always sore on your account. At present, besides her usual cares, she is greatly concerned about the reconciliation of the Oblonskys."

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna was a friend of Anna's husband, and the centre of a certain circle in Petersburg society, to which Anna, on her husband's account, more than for any other reason, belonged.

"*Da!* But didn't I write her?"

"She expects to have all the details. Go to her, my

dear, if you are not too tired. *Nu!* Kondrato will call your carriage, and I am going to a committee-meeting. I shall not have to dine alone this time," continued Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, not in jest this time. "You cannot imagine how used I am to . . ."

And with a peculiar smile, giving her a long pressure of the hand, he led her to the carriage.

XXXII.

The first face that Anna saw when she reached home was her son's. Rushing down the stairs, in spite of his nurse's reproof, he hastened to meet her with a cry of joy. "Mamma! mamma!" and sprang into her arms.

"I told you it was mamma!" he shouted to the governess. "I knew it was!"

But the son, no less than the husband, awakened in Anna a feeling like disillusion. She imagined him better than he was in reality. She was obliged to descend to the reality in order to look upon him as he was. But in fact, he was lovely, with his curly head, his blue eyes, and his pretty plump legs in their neatly fitting stockings. She felt an almost physical satisfaction in feeling him near her, and in his caresses, and a moral calm in looking into his tender, confiding, loving eyes, and in hearing his childish questions. She unpacked the gifts sent him by Dolly's children, and told him how there was a little girl in Moscow, named Tania, and how this Tania knew how to read, and was teaching the other children to read.

"Am I not as good as she?"

"For me, you are worth all the rest of the world."

"I know it," said Serozha, smiling.

Anna had hardly finished her coffee, when the Countess Lidia Ivanovna was announced. The countess was a robust, stout woman, with an unhealthy, sallow complexion, and handsome, dreamy black eyes. Anna liked her, but to-day, as for the first time, she seemed to see her with all her faults.

"*Nu!* my dear, did you carry the olive-branch?" demanded the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, as she entered the room.

"Yes: it is all made up," replied Anna; "but it was not so bad as we thought. As a general thing, my *belle-sœur* is too hasty."

But the Countess Lidia, who was interested in all that did not specially concern herself, had the habit of sometimes not heeding what did interest her. She interrupted Anna.

"*Da!* This world is full of woes and tribulations, and I am all worn out to-day."

"What is it?" asked Anna, striving to repress a smile.

"I am beginning to weary of the useless strife for the right, and sometimes I am utterly discouraged. The work of the Little Sisters [this was a philanthropical and religiously patriotic institution] is getting along splendidly, but there is nothing to be done with these men," added the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, with an air of ironical resignation to fate. "They get hold of an idea, they mutilate it, and then they judge it so meanly, so wretchedly. Two or three men, your husband among them, understand all the meaning of this work; but the others only discredit it. Yesterday Pravdin wrote me"—

Pravdin was a famous *Panslavist*, who lived abroad, and the Countess Lidia Ivanovna related what he had said in his letter. Then she went on to describe the troubles and snares which blocked the work of uniting the churches, and finally departed in haste, because it was the day for her to be present at the meeting of some society or other, and at the sitting of the Slavonic Committee.

"All this used to exist, but why did I never notice it before?" said Anna to herself. "Was she very irritable to-day? But at any rate, it is ridiculous: her aims are charitable, she is a Christian, and yet she is angry with everybody, and everybody is her enemy; and yet all her enemies are working for Christianity and charity."

After the departure of the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, came a friend, the wife of a *direktor*, who told her all the news of the city. At three o'clock she went out, promising to be back in time for dinner. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was at the meeting of the ministry. The hour before dinner, which Anna spent alone, she employed sitting with her son, — who ate apart from the others, — in arranging her things, and in catching up in her correspondence, which was in arrears.

The sensation of causeless shame, and the trouble from which she had suffered so strangely during her journey, now completely disappeared. Under the conditions of her ordinary every-day life, she felt calm, and free from reproach, and she was surprised as she recalled her condition of the

night before. "What was it? Nothing. Vronsky said a foolish thing, to which it is idle to give any further thought. To speak of it to my husband is worse than useless. To speak about it would seem to attach too much importance to it." And she recalled a trifling episode which had occurred between her and a young subordinate of her husband's in Petersburg, and how she had felt called upon to tell him about it, and how Alekséi Aleksandrovitch told her that as she went into society, she, like all society women, might expect such experiences, but that he had too much confidence in her tact to allow his jealousy to humiliate her or himself. "Why tell, then? Besides, I have nothing to tell."

XXXIII.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch returned from the ministry about four o'clock, but, as often happened, he found no time to speak to Anna. He went directly to his library to give audience to some petitioners who were waiting for him, and to sign some papers brought him by his chief secretary.

The Karénins always had at least three visitors to dine with them; and to-day there came an old lady, a cousin of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's, a department *direktor* with his wife, and a young man recommended to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch for employment. Anna came to the drawing-room to receive them. The great bronze clock, of the time of Peter the Great, had just finished striking five, when Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, in white cravat, and with two decorations on his dress-coat, left his dressing-room: he had an engagement immediately after dinner. Every moment of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's life was counted and occupied, and, in order to accomplish what he had to do every day, he was forced to use the strictest regularity and punctuality. "Without haste, and without rest," was his motto. He entered the *salon*, bowed to his guests, and, giving his wife a smile, led the way to the table.

"*Da!* my solitude is over. You don't realize how irksome [he laid a special stress on the word *nelovko*, irksome] it is to dine alone!"

During the dinner he talked with his wife about matters in Moscow, and, with his mocking smile, inquired especially about Stepan Arkadyevitch; but the conversation remained

for the most on common subjects, about Petersburg society, and matters connected with the government. After dinner he spent a half-hour with his guests, and then giving his wife another smile, and pressing her hand, he left the room, and went to the council. Anna did not go this evening to the Princess Betsy Tverskaïa's, who, having heard of her arrival, had sent her an invitation; and she did not go to the theatre, where she just now had a box. She did not go out, principally because a dress, which she had expected, was not done. After the departure of her guests, Anna investigated her wardrobe, and was much disturbed to find that of the three dresses, which in a spirit of economy she had given to the dressmaker to make over, and which ought to have been done three days ago, two were absolutely unfinished, and one was done in a way that Anna did not like. The dressmaker came with her excuses, declaring that it would be better so, and Anna reprimanded her so severely that afterwards she felt ashamed of herself. To calm her agitation, she went to the nursery, and spent the evening with her son, put him to bed herself, made the sign of the cross over him, and tucked the quilt about him. She was glad that she had not gone out, and that she had spent such a happy evening. It was so quiet and restful, and now she saw clearly that all that had seemed so important during her railway journey was only one of the ordinary insignificant events of social life, — that she had nothing in the world of which to be ashamed. She sat down in front of the fireplace with her English novel, and waited for her husband. At half-past nine exactly his ring was heard at the door, and he came into the room.

"Here you are, at last," she said, giving him her hand. He kissed her hand, and sat down near her.

"Your journey, I see, was on the whole very successful," said he.

"Yes, very," she replied; and she began to relate all the details — her journey with the old countess, her arrival, the accident at the station, the pity which she had felt, first for her brother, and afterwards for Dolly.

"I do not see how it is possible to pardon such a man, even though he is your brother," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch severely.

Anna smiled. She appreciated that he said this to show that not even kinship could bend him from the strictness

of his honest judgment. She knew this trait in her husband's character, and liked it.

"I am glad," he continued, "that all ended so satisfactorily, and that you have come home again. *Nu!* what do they say there about the new measures that I introduced in the council?"

Anna had heard nothing said about this new measure, and she was confused because she had so easily forgotten something which to him was so important.

"Here, on the contrary, it has made a great sensation," said he, with a self-satisfied smile.

She saw that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch wanted to tell her something very flattering to himself about this affair, and, by means of questions, she led him up to the story. And he, with the same self-satisfied smile, began to tell her of the congratulations which he had received on account of this measure, which had been passed.

"I was very, very glad. This proves that at last, reasonable and serious views about this question are beginning to be formed among us." After he had taken his second cup of tea, with cream and bread, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch arose to go to his library.

"But you did not go out: was it very tiresome for you?" he said.

"Oh, no!" she replied, rising with her husband, and going with him through the hall to the library.

"What are you reading now?" she asked.

"Just now I am reading the Duc de Lille — *Poésie des enfers*," he replied, — "a very remarkable book."

Anna smiled, as one smiles at the weaknesses of those we love, and, passing her arm through her husband's, accompanied him to the library-door. She knew that his habit of reading in the evening had become inexorable, and that notwithstanding his absorbing duties, which took so much of his time at the council, he felt it his duty to follow all that seemed remarkable in the sphere of literature. She also knew, that while he felt a special interest in works on political economy, philosophy, and religion, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch allowed no book on art which seemed to him to possess any value, to escape his notice, and for the very reason that art was contrary to his nature. She knew that in the province of political economy, philosophy, religion, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had doubts, and tried to solve them; but in

questions of art or poetry, particularly in music, the comprehension of which was utterly beyond him, he had the most precise and definite opinions. He loved to speak of Shakspeare, Raphael, and Beethoven; of the importance of the new school of musicians and poets, — all of whom were classed by him according to the most rigorous logic.

"*Nu!* God be with you," she said, as they reached the door of the library, where were standing, as usual, near her husband's arm-chair, the shade-lamp already lighted, and a *carafe* with water. "And I am going to write to Moscow."

Again he pressed her hand, and kissed it.

"Taken all in all, he is a good man; upright, excellent, remarkable in his sphere," said Anna to herself, on her way to her room, as though she felt it necessary to defend him from some one who accused him of not being lovable.

"But why do his ears stick out so? Or does he cut his hair too short?"

It was just midnight, and Anna was still sitting at her writing-table finishing a letter to Dolly, when Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's steps were heard: he wore his slippers and dressing-gown; he had had his bath, and his hair was brushed. His book was under his arm: he stopped at his wife's room.

"Late, late," said he, with his usual smile, and passed on to their sleeping-room.

"And what right had he to look at him so?" thought Anna, recalling Vronsky's expression when he saw Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. Having undressed, she went to her room; but in her face there was none of that animation which shone in her eyes and in her smile at Moscow. On the contrary, the fire had either died away, or was somewhere far away and out of sight.

XXXIV.

On leaving Petersburg, Vronsky had installed his beloved friend and comrade, Petritsky, in his ample quarters on the Morskaïa. Petritsky was a young lieutenant, not particularly distinguished, and not only not rich, but over ears in debt. Every evening he came home tipsy, and he spent much of his time at the police courts, in search of strange or amusing or scandalous stories; but in spite of all he was a favorite with his comrades and his chiefs. About eleven o'clock in the morning, when Vronsky reached home after his jour-

ney, he saw at the entrance an *izvoshchik's* carriage, which he knew very well. From the door, when he rang, he heard men's laughter and the lisping of a woman's voice, and Petritsky shouting, "If it's any of those villains, don't let 'em in." Vronsky, not allowing his *denshchik* to announce his presence, quietly entered the ante-room. The Baroness Shilton, a friend of Petritsky's, shining in a lilac satin robe, and with her little pink face, was making coffee before a round table, and, like a canary-bird, was filling the room with her Parisian slang. Petritsky in his overcoat, and Captain Kamerovsky in full uniform, apparently to help her, were sitting near her.

"Bravo, Vronsky!" cried Petritsky, leaping up, and overturning the chair. "The master himself. *Baronessa*, coffee for him from the new biggin! We did not expect you. I hope that you are pleased with the new ornament in your library," he said, pointing to the baroness. "You are acquainted?"

"I should think so!" said Vronsky, smiling gayly, and squeezing the baroness's dainty little hand. "We're old friends."

"Are you back from a journey?" asked the baroness. "Then I'm off. *Ach!* I am going this minute if I am in the way."

"You are at home wherever you are, *baronessa*," said Vronsky. "How are you, Kamerovsky?" coolly shaking hands with the captain.

"*Vot!* you would never be able to say such lovely things as that," said the baroness to Petritsky.

"No? Why not? After dinner I could say better things!"

"After dinner there's no more merit in them. *Nu!* I will make your coffee while you go and wash your hands and brush off the dust," said the baroness, again sitting down, and turning industriously the handle of the new coffee-mill. "Pierre, bring some more coffee," said she to Petritsky, whom she called Pierre, after his family name, to show her intimacy with him. "I will add it."

"You will spoil it."

"No! I won't spoil it. *Nu!* and your wife?" said the baroness, suddenly interrupting Vronsky's remarks to his companions. "We have been marrying you off. Did you bring your wife?"

"No, *baronessa*. I was born a Bohemian, and I shall die a Bohemian."

"So much the better, so much the better: give us your hand!"

And the baroness, without letting him go, began to talk with him, developing her various plans of life, and asking his advice with many jests.

"He will never be willing to let me have a divorce. *Nu!* What am I to do? [*He* was her husband.] I now mean to institute a law-suit. What should you think of it? Kamerovsky, just watch the coffee! It's boiling over. You see how well I understand business! I mean to begin a law-suit to get control of my fortune. Do you understand this nonsense? Under the pretext that I have been unfaithful, he means to get possession of my estate."

Vronsky listened with amusement to this gay prattle of the pretty woman, approved of what she said, gave his advice, and assumed the tone he usually affected with women of her character. In his Petersburg world, humanity was divided into two absolutely distinct categories, — the one of a low order, trivial, stupid, and above all ridiculous, people, declaring that one husband ought to live with one wedded wife, that girls should be virtuous, women chaste, men brave, temperate, and unshaken, occupied in bringing up their children decently, in earning their bread, and paying their debts, and other such absurdities. This kind of people were old-fashioned and dull. But the other and vastly superior class, to which he and his friends belonged, required that its members should be, above all, elegant, generous, bold, gay, shamelessly unrestrained in the pursuit of pleasure, and scornful of all the rest.

Vronsky, still under the influence of his totally different life in Moscow, was at first almost stunned at the change; but soon, and as naturally as one puts on old slippers, he got into the spirit of his former gay and jovial life.

The coffee was never served; it boiled over, and wet a costly table-cloth and the baroness's dress; but it served the end that was desired, for it gave rise to many jests and merry peals of laughter.

"*Nu!* now I am going, for you will never get dressed, and I shall have on my conscience the worst crime that a decent man can commit, — that of not taking a bath. So you advise me to put the knife to his throat?"

"By all means, and in such a way that your little hand will come near his lips. He will kiss your little hand, and all will end to everybody's satisfaction," said Vronsky.

"This evening at the *Théâtre Français*," and she took her departure with her rustling train.

Kamerovsky likewise arose, but Vronsky, without waiting for him to go, shook hands with him, and went to his dressing-room. While he was taking his bath, Petritsky sketched for him in a few lines how his situation had changed during Vronsky's absence, — no money at all; his father declaring that he would not give him any more, or pay a single debt. One tailor determined to have him arrested, and a second no less determined. His colonel insisted that if these scandals continued, he should leave the regiment. A duel was on with Berkoshef, and he wanted to send him his seconds, but he guessed nothing would come of it. As for the rest, every thing was getting along particularly jolly. And then, without leaving Vronsky time to realize the situation, Petritsky began to retail the news of the day. Petritsky's well-known gossip, his familiar room, and where he had lived for three years, all his surroundings, contributed to bring Vronsky back into the current of his gay and idle Petersburg life, and he felt a certain pleasure in renewing the sensation.

"It cannot be!" he cried, as he turned on the faucet of his wash-basin, in which he was washing his handsome, healthy neck: "it cannot be!" he cried. He had just learned that Laura was now under Fertinghof's protection. "And is he as stupid and as conceited as ever? *Nu!* and Buzulukof?"

"*Ach!* Buzulukof! that's a whole history," said Petritsky. "You know his passion, — balls; and he never misses one at court. At the last one he went in a new helmet. Have you seen the new helmets? Very handsome, very light. Well, he was standing — No; but listen."

"Yes, I am listening," replied Vronsky, rubbing his face with a towel.

"The Grand Duchess was just going by on the arm of some foreign ambassador or other, and unfortunately for him conversation turned on the new helmets. The Grand Duchess wanted to point out one of the new helmets, and, seeing our *galubchik* standing there [here Petritsky showed how he stood in his helmet], she begged him to show her his helmet. He did not budge. What does it mean? The fellows

wink at him, make signs, scowl at him. 'Give it to her.' He does not stir. He is like a dead man. You can imagine the scene! Now — as he — then they attempt to take it off. He does not stir. At last he himself takes it off, and hands it to the Grand Duchess.

"'This is the new kind,' said the Grand Duchess. But, as she turned it over, — you can imagine it, — out came, *bukh!* pears, *bon-bons*, — two pounds of *bon-bons!* He had been to market, *galubchik!*"

Vronsky broke into a hearty laugh; and long afterwards, even when speaking of other things, the memory of the unfortunate helmet caused him to break out into his good-natured laugh which showed his handsome, regular teeth.

Having learned all the news, Vronsky donned his uniform with the aid of his *valet*, and went out to report himself. Then he determined to call on his brother, on the Princess Betsy, and to make a series of calls, so as to secure an entry into the society where he should be likely to see the Karénins; and in accordance with the usual custom at Petersburg, he left his rooms, expecting to return only when it was very late at night.

PART II.

I.

Towards the close of the winter the Shcherbatskys held a consultation of physicians in regard to Kitty's health: she was ill, and the approach of spring only increased her ailment. The family doctor had ordered cod-liver oil, then iron, and last of all, nitrate of silver; but as none of these remedies did any good, he advised them to take her abroad.

It was then resolved to consult a celebrated specialist. This celebrity, still a young man, and very neat in his personal appearance, insisted on a careful investigation of the trouble; and as all the other doctors who belonged to the same school, studied the same books, and consequently held the same ideas, had decided that this specialist possessed the necessary skill to save Kitty, his request was granted. After a careful examination and a prolonged use of the stethoscope on the lungs of the poor, trembling girl, the celebrated physician carefully washed his hands, and returned to the drawing-room. The prince, with a little cough, listened to what he had to say, and frowned. He himself had never been sick, and he had no faith in doctors. Moreover he was a man of common sense, and was all the more angry at this comedy, because possibly he alone understood what ailed his daughter. "A regular humbug," thought the old prince, and mentally applied to the celebrated doctor a hunting expression, which signifies a man who has not had any luck, but comes home with large stories. The latter, on his side, with difficulty stooping to the low level of this old gentleman's intelligence, barely disguised his disdain. It scarcely seemed to him necessary to speak to the poor old man, since, in his eyes, the head of the house was the princess. He was ready to pour out before her all the floods of his eloquence; and, as she came in at this moment with the

family doctor, the old prince left the room, so as not to show too clearly what he thought about it all. The princess was troubled, and did not know what course to take. She felt a little guilty in regard to Kitty.

"*Nu!* Doctor, decide upon our fate: tell me all." She wanted to say, "Is there any hope?" but her lips trembled, and she hesitated. "*Nu!* tell us."

"I shall be at your service, princess, after I have conferred with my colleague. We shall then have the honor of giving you our opinion."

"Do you wish to be alone?"

"Just as you please."

The princess sighed, and left the room.

The family doctor timidly expressed his opinion about her condition, and gave his reasons for thinking that it was the beginning of tubercular disease because — and because — and *et cœtera*. The celebrated physician listened, and in the midst of his diagnosis took out his great gold watch.

"Yes," said he, "but" —

His colleague stopped respectfully.

"You know that it is hardly possible to decide when tubercular disease first begins. In the present case, one can only suspect this trouble from the presence of such symptoms as indigestion, nervousness, and others. The question, therefore, stands thus: what is to be done, granting that a tubercular development is to be feared, in order to superinduce improved alimentation?"

"But you know well, that there is back of all some mental reason," said the family doctor, with a cunning smile.

"Of course," replied the celebrated doctor, looking at his watch again. "Excuse me, but do you know whether the bridge over the Yausa is finished yet, or whether one has to go around?"

"It is finished."

"*Da!* Then I have only twenty minutes left. — We were just saying that the question remains thus: to improve the digestion, and strengthen the nerves; the one cannot go without the other, and it is necessary to act on the two halves of the circle."

"But the journey abroad?"

"I am opposed to these journeys abroad. — I beg you to follow my reasoning. If tubercular development has already set in, which we are not yet in a condition to prove, what

good would travel do? The main thing is to discover a means of promoting good digestion." And the celebrated doctor began to develop his plan for a cure by means of Soden water, the principal merits of which were, in his eyes, their absolutely inoffensive character.

The family doctor listened with attention and respect.

"But I should urge in favor of a journey abroad the change of her habits and the dissociations from the conditions that serve to recall unhappy thoughts. And, finally, her mother wants her to go."

"Ah! *nu!* in that case let them go, provided always that those German quacks do not aggravate her disease. They must follow my prescriptions with the most absolute strictness. *Nu!* let them travel."

And again he looked at his watch.

"It is time for me to go;" and he started for the door.

The celebrated doctor assured the princess that he wished to see the invalid once more — it was probably through a sentiment of social propriety.

"What! have another examination?" cried the princess, with horror.

"Oh, no! only a few minor points, princess."

"Then come in, I beg of you."

And the mother ushered the doctor into Kitty's little *boudoir*. The poor, emaciated girl was standing in the middle of the room, with flushed cheeks, and eyes brilliant with the excitement caused by the doctor's visit. When she saw them coming back, her eyes filled with tears, and she blushed still more crimson. Her illness and the remedies which she was obliged to endure seemed to her such ridiculous nonsense. What did these remedies mean? It was like gathering up the fragments of a broken vase in order to make it whole again. Her heart was broken, and could it be restored to health by pills and powders? But she did not dare to go against her mother's judgment, the more because she felt that she herself had been to blame.

"Will you sit down, princess?" said the celebrated doctor.

He sat down in front of her, felt her pulse, and with a smile began a series of wearisome questions. At first she replied to them, then suddenly arose impatiently.

"Excuse me, doctor, but, indeed, this all leads to nothing.

This is the third time that you have asked me the same question."

The celebrated doctor took no offence.

"It is her nervous irritability," he remarked to the princess when Kitty had gone from the room. "However, I was through."

And the celebrated doctor explained the young girl's condition to her mother, treating her as a person of remarkable intelligence, and giving her, finally, the most precise directions as to the method of drinking those mineral waters, whose virtue, in his eyes, consisted in their uselessness. As to the question, "Is it best to take her abroad?" the celebrated doctor pondered deeply, and the result of his reflections was that they might travel on condition that they would not trust any quacks, and would follow his prescriptions.

After the doctor's departure, everybody felt as if some great good fortune had happened. The mother, in much better spirits, rejoined her daughter, and Kitty declared that she was better already. It often seemed necessary of late for her to hide what she really felt.

"Truly, I feel better, *maman*, but if you desire it, let us go," said she; and in her endeavor to show what interest she took in the journey, she began to speak of their preparations.

II.

Dolly knew that the consultation was to take place that day; and though she was scarcely yet able to go out, having had a little daughter towards the end of the winter, and although one of the other children was sick, she left them both in order to learn what Kitty's fate should be.

"*Nu!* how is it?" she said, as she came in with her bonnet on. "You are all happy! Then all is well."

They endeavored to tell her what the doctor had said; but though it had been a long discourse, couched in very beautiful language, no one was able to give the gist of it. The interesting point was the decision in regard to the journey.

Dolly sighed involuntarily. She was going to lose her sister, her best friend; and life for her was not joyous. Her relations with her husband seemed to her more and more humiliating: the reconciliation brought about by Anna had not been of long duration, and the family discords had

become as unpleasant as ever. Stepan Arkadyevitch was scarcely ever at home, and there was scarcely ever any money in the house. The suspicion that he was still unfaithful to her ever tormented her; but as she remembered with horror the sufferings caused by her jealousy, and desired above all things not to break up the family, she preferred to shut her eyes to his deception. But she despised her husband, and despised herself because of her feebleness. And, moreover, the cares of a numerous family were a heavy load.

"And how are the children?" asked the princess.

"*Ach, maman!* we have so many tribulations. Lili is sick a-bed, and I am afraid that she is going to have the scarletina. I came out to-day to see how you were, for I was afraid that after this I should not have a chance."

The old prince came in at this moment, bent down his cheek for Dolly to kiss, said a few words to her, and then turned to his wife.

"What decision have you come to? Shall you go? *Nu!* and what are you going to do with me?"

"I think, Aleksandr, that you had better stay at home."

"Just as you please."

"*Maman*, why doesn't papa come with us?" said Kitty. "It would be gayer for him and for us."

The old prince smoothed Kitty's hair with his hand: she raised her head, and with an effort smiled as she looked at him; she felt that her father alone, though he did not say much, understood her. She was the youngest, and therefore her father's favorite daughter, and his love made him clairvoyant, as she imagined. When her eyes met his, it seemed to her that he read her very soul, and saw all the evil that was working there. She blushed, and bent towards him, expecting a kiss; but he contented himself with pulling her hair, and saying, —

"These abominable *chignons!* one never gets down to the real daughter. It is always the hair of some departed saint. *Nu!* Dólinka," turning to his eldest daughter, "what is that trump of yours doing?"

"Nothing, papa," said Dolly, perceiving that her father referred to her husband: — "he is always away from home, and I scarcely ever see him," she could not refrain from adding with an ironical smile.

"He has not gone yet to the country to sell his wood?"

"No: he is always putting it off."

"Truly," said the old prince, "is he taking after me? — I should think so," he added turning to his wife, and sitting down. "And as for you, Katya," addressing his youngest daughter, "do you know what you ought to do? Some fine morning when you wake up, you ought to say, '*Da!* how happy and gay I feel! Why not resume my morning walks with papa, now that the cold is not so bitter?' ha?"

At these simple words of her father's, Kitty felt as though she had been convicted of a crime. "Yes, he knows all, he understands all, and these words mean that I ought to overcome my humiliation, however great it has been." She had not the courage to reply, but burst into tears, and left the room.

"Just like your tricks!" said the princess to her husband angrily. "You always" — And she began one of her tirades.

The prince received her reproaches at first good-humoredly but at last his face changed color.

"She is so sensitive, poor little thing, so sensitive! and you don't understand how she suffers at the slightest allusion to the cause of her suffering. *Ach!* how mistaken we are in people!" said the princess. And by the change in the inflection of her voice, Dolly and the prince perceived that she had reference to Vronsky.

"I don't understand why there are not any laws to punish such vile, such ignoble actions."

"*Ach!* do hear her," said the prince, with a frown, getting up and going to the door as though he wanted to escape; but he halted on the threshold and said, —

"There are laws, *mátushka;* and if you force me to explain myself, I will tell you that in all this trouble, you, you alone, are the true culprit. There are laws against these young fops, and there always will be; and, old man that I am, I should have been able to punish this *barber*, this villain, if you had not been the first to invite him here. *Da-s!* and now to cure her, show her to these mountebanks!"

The prince would have made a long speech if the princess had not immediately taken a humble and submissive tone, as she always did when important matters came up.

"Alexandre! Alexandre!" she murmured, weeping, and going up to him. The prince held his peace when he saw her tears. "*Nu!* let it go, let it go. I know that it is hard for you also. Don't weep any more. — The harm is not

great. God is merciful. — Thank you!" said he, not knowing what he said in his emotion; and feeling on his hand the princess's kiss bedewed with tears, he left the room.

Dolly with her maternal instinct would have liked to follow Kitty to her chamber, feeling sure that a woman's hand would be a relief; but as she listened to her mother's reproaches, and her father's bitter words, she had felt the desire to interfere in so far as her filial respect allowed. When the prince went out, she said, —

"I have always wanted to tell you, *maman;* did you know that when Levin was here the last time, he intended to offer himself to Kitty? He told Stiva."

"*Nu!* what? I do not understand" —

"Perhaps Kitty refused him. Didn't she tell you?"

"No, she did not say any thing to me about either of them: she is too proud. But I know that all this comes from"—

"Yes; but think; perhaps she refused Levin. I know that she would not have done so if it had not been for the other — and then she was so abominably deceived."

The princess felt too guilty not to affect indignation.

"*Ach!* I don't know any thing about it. Nowadays every girl wants to live as she pleases, and not to say any thing to her mother, and so it comes that"—

"*Maman*, I am going to see her."

"Go! I will not prevent you," said her mother.

III.

As she entered Kitty's little *boudoir*, all furnished in pink with *vieux saxe* ware, Dolly remembered with what pleasure the two had decorated it the year before: how happy and gay they were then! She felt a chill at her heart as she saw her sister sitting motionless on a low chair near the door, her eyes fixed on a corner of the carpet. Kitty's cold and stern expression vanished the moment she saw her sister come in.

"I am very much afraid that when I once get home, I shall not be able to leave the house for some time," said Dolly, sitting down near her sister. "And that's why I wanted to have a little talk with you."

"What about?" asked Kitty, quickly raising her head.

"What else than about your disappointment?"

"I am not disappointed about any thing."

"That'll do, Kitty. Do you really imagine that I don't know any thing at all? I know every thing; and if you will believe me, it's all about nothing at all. Who of us has not been through such experiences?"

Kitty said nothing, and her face resumed its severe expression.

"He is not worth the trouble that you have given yourself for him," continued Darya Aleksandrovna, coming right to the point.

"*Da!* because he jilted me!" murmured Kitty, with trembling voice. "Don't speak of it, I beg of you!"

"But what did he say to you? I am sure that he was in love with you, — that he is still; but"—

"*Ach!* nothing exasperates me so as condolences," cried Kitty, in a sudden rage. Blushing, she turned around in her chair, and with nervous fingers twisted the buckle on her belt.

Dolly well knew this habit of her sister when she was provoked. She knew that she was capable of saying harsh and cruel things in moments of petulance, and she tried to calm her; but it was too late.

"What do you wish me to understand? what is it?" cried Kitty, with quick words: — "that I am in love with a man who does not care for me, and that I am dying of love for him? And it is my sister who says this to me! — my sister who thinks that — that — that — she shows me her sympathy! I hate such hypocrisy and such sympathy!"

"Kitty, you are unjust."

"Why do you torment me?"

"I did not mean — I saw that you were sad"—

Kitty in her anger did not heed her.

"I have nothing to break my heart over, and don't need consolation. I am too proud to love a man who does not love me."

"*Da!* I do not say — I say only one thing — Tell me the truth," added Darya Aleksandrovna, taking her hand. "Tell me, did Levin speak to you?"

At the name of Levin, Kitty lost all control of herself: she jumped up from her chair, threw on the floor the buckle which she had torn from her belt, and with quick, indignant gestures, cried, —

"Why do you speak to me of Levin? I really don't see why it is necessary for you to torment me. I have already said, and I repeat it, that I am proud, and never, *never* would I do what you have done, — go back to a man who had been false to me, who had made love to another woman. I do not understand this: you can, but I cannot!"

As she said these words, she looked at her sister. Dolly bent her head sadly without answering; but Kitty, instead of leaving the room as she had intended to do, sat down near the door again, and hid her face in her handkerchief.

The silence lasted several minutes. Dolly was thinking of her tribulations. Her humiliation, which she felt only too deeply, appeared to her more cruel than ever, thus recalled by her sister. Never would she have believed her capable of being so severe. But suddenly she heard the rustling of a dress, a broken sob, and then two arms were thrown around her neck. Kitty was on her knees before her.

"Dólinka, I am so unhappy! forgive me," she murmured; and her pretty face, wet with tears, was hid in Dolly's skirt.

Possibly these tears were needed to bring the two sisters into complete harmony: however, after a good cry, they did not return to the subject which interested them both. Kitty knew that she was forgiven, but she also knew that the cruel words that had escaped her in regard to Dolly's humiliation, remained heavy on her poor sister's heart. Dolly, on her side, knew that she had guessed correctly, and that the pain Kitty felt lay in the fact that she had refused Levin, only to see herself deceived in Vronsky, and that her sister was on the point of loving the first, and hating the other. Kitty spoke only of the general state of her soul.

"I am not disappointed," she said, regaining her calmness a little; "but you cannot imagine how wretched, disgusting, and vulgar every thing seems to me — myself worse than all. You cannot imagine what evil thoughts come into my mind."

"*Da!* but what evil thoughts can you have?" asked Dolly, with a smile.

"The most abominable, the most repulsive. I cannot describe them to you. It is not melancholy, and it is not weariness. It is much worse. One might say that all the good that was in me had disappeared, and only the evil was left. *Nu!* how can that be explained?" she asked, looking at her sister. "Papa spoke to me a few minutes ago. It seems to me that he thinks of nothing else than the need of

getting me a husband. Mamma takes me to the ball. It seems to me that it is for the sole purpose of getting rid of me, of getting me married as soon as possible. I know that it is not true, and yet I cannot drive away these ideas. So-called marriageable young men are unendurable to me. I always have the impression that they are summing me up. Once I liked to go into society; it amused me; I enjoyed preparing my toilet; now it is a bore to me, and I feel ill at ease. *Nu!* what? The doctor — *nu*"—

Kitty stopped: she wanted to say further, that, since she had felt this great change in herself, she could no longer see Stepan Arkadyevitch without the most extraordinary and unpleasant conjectures arising in her mind.

"*Nu! da!* every thing takes a most repulsive aspect in my sight," she continued. "It is a disease, — perhaps it will pass away. I do not feel at ease except with you and the children."

"What a pity that you can't come home with me now!"

"I will go all the same. I have had scarlatina. I will persuade *maman*."

Kitty insisted so eagerly, that she was allowed to go with her sister. Throughout the course of the disease, — for it proved to be the scarlatina, as Dolly had feared, — she aided her in taking care of the children. They soon entered upon a happy convalescence without relapses; but Kitty's health did not improve, and at Lent the Shcherbatskys went abroad.

IV.

The upper society at Petersburg is remarkably united. Everybody knows everybody else, and everybody exchanges visits. But it has its subdivisions. Anna Arkadyevna Karénina had friendly relations with three different circles of which society was composed. The first was the official circle, to which her husband belonged, composed of his colleagues and subordinates, bound together, or even further subdivided, by the most varied, and often the most capricious, social relations. It was difficult for Anna to comprehend the sentiment of almost religious respect which at first she felt for all these personages. Now she knew them, as one learns to know people in a provincial city, with all their weaknesses and failings. She knew how the shoe pinched, and

what were their relations among themselves, and to the common centre to which they all belonged. But this official clique, in which her husband's interests lay, no longer pleased her; and she did her best to avoid it, in spite of the insinuations of the Countess Lidia Ivanovna.

The second circle in which Anna moved was that which had helped Alekséi Aleksandrovitch in his career. The pivot of this wheel was the Countess Lidia Ivanovna: it was composed of aged, ugly, charitable, and zealous women, and intelligent, learned, and ambitious men. Some one had given it the *sobriquet* of the "conscience of Petersburg society." Karénin was very much devoted to this *coterie;* and Anna, whose flexible character easily accommodated itself to her surroundings, had made friends in its number. After her return from Moscow, this set of people seemed to her insupportable; it seemed as if she herself, as well as the others, were unnatural: and she saw the Countess Lidia as infrequently as she possibly could.

And finally, Anna had friendly relations with the society — properly speaking, fashionable society, that world of balls, dinner-parties, brilliant toilets — which with one hand lays fast hold of the Court lest it fall absolutely into the *demi-monde*, which its members affect to despise, but whose tastes are precisely similar. The bond that attracted her to this sort of society was the Princess Betsy Tverskaia, the wife of one of her cousins, who enjoyed an income of a hundred and twenty thousand rubles, and who had taken Anna under her protection as soon as she came to Petersburg. She had a great attraction for her, and rallied her on the society that gathered around the Countess Lidia.

"When I am old and ugly, I will do the same," said Betsy; "but a young and pretty woman like yourself has as yet no place in such an asylum."

Anna at first had avoided as far as possible the society of the Princess Betsy Tverskaïa, the manner of life in these lofty spheres calling for expenses beyond her means; but after her return from Moscow all this was changed. She neglected her worthy old friends, and cared to go only into grand society. It was there that she experienced the troublesome pleasure of meeting Vronsky: they met oftener than elsewhere at the house of Betsy, who was a Vronsky before her marriage, and was an own cousin of the count. He, moreover, went everywhere that he was likely to meet Anna,

and, if possible, spoke to her of his love. She made no advances: but her heart, as soon as she saw him, instantly felt the sensation of fulness which had seized her the moment that they met, for the first time, near the train at Moscow; this joy, she knew, betrayed itself in her eyes, in her smile, but she had not the power to hide it.

Anna at first sincerely tried to persuade herself that she was angry because he persisted in forcing himself upon her; but one evening when she was present at a house where she expected to meet him, and he failed to come, she perceived clearly, by the pang that went through her heart, how vain were her illusions, and how her infatuation, instead of displeasing her, formed the ruling passion of her life.

A famous *diva* was singing for the second time, and all the society of Petersburg was at the theatre. Vronsky saw his cousin there, and, without waiting for the *entr'acte*, left his seat in the first row, to visit her box.

"Why didn't you come to dinner?" she demanded of him; and then she added in a whisper, and with a smile, so as to be heard only by him, "I admire this second sight of lovers: *she was not there.* But come to my house after the opera."

Vronsky looked at her as though he would ask what she meant, and Betsy replied with a nod. He thanked her with a smile, and sat down.

"But how I miss all your pleasantries: what have become of them?" continued the princess, who followed with keen pleasure the progress of this passion. "You are in love, my dear!"

"That is all that I ask for," he replied, with a smile of good-humor, — "to be in love. If I complain, it is not because I am not sufficiently in love; for, to tell the truth, I am beginning to lose hope."

"What hope could you have?" asked Betsy, taking the part of her friend: "*entendons nous*" [let us have a clear understanding]: but the fire in her eyes told with sufficient clearness that she understood as well as he did what his hope meant.

"None," replied Vronsky, laughing, and showing his regular white teeth. "Excuse me," he added, taking the opera-glasses from his cousin's hand, in order to direct it across her shoulder at one of the opposite boxes. "I fear I am becoming ridiculous."

He knew very well that in Betsy's eyes, and in those of her world, he ran no such risk: he knew perfectly well that though a man might seem ridiculous by being hopelessly in love with a young girl, or an unmarried woman, he ran no such risk if he made love to a married woman. Such sport was grand and exciting; and thus Vronsky, as he handed back the opera-glasses, looked at his cousin with a smile lurking under his mustache.

"Why didn't you come to dinner?" she asked again, unable to refrain from admiration of him.

"I suppose I must tell you: I was busy — and what about? I will give you one guess out of a hundred — out of a thousand: you would never hit it. I have been reconciling a husband with his wife's persecutor. Yes, fact!"

"What! and you succeeded?"

"Pretty nearly."

"You must tell me all about it between the acts," said Betsy, rising.

"Impossible: I am going to the French Theatre."

"From Nilsson?" said Betsy incredulously, though she could not have distinguished Nilsson from the poorest chorus-singer.

"But what can I do? I have made an appointment in order to finish my act of peacemaking."

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be saved," said Betsy, remembering that she had heard somewhere some such quotation.

V.

"It's a little improper, but so amusing, that I wanted to tell you about it," said Vronsky, looking at his cousin's sparkling eyes. "However, I will not mention any names."

"But I can guess? so much the better!"

"Listen, then. Two young men, just a little" —

"Officers of your regiment, of course" —

"I did not say that they were officers, but simply young men, who had dined well" —

"Translated, tipsy!"

"Possibly — go to dine with a comrade: they are in very excellent spirits. They see a young woman passing them in a hired carriage: she turns around, and, as it seems to them, looks at them and laughs. They follow her on the double-

quick. To their great surprise their beauty stops before the very house where they were going: she mounts to the upper floor, and they see nothing but a pair of rosy lips under a veil, and a pair of pretty little feet."

"But you describe the scene so vividly as to make me believe that you were in the party."

"Why do you accuse me so soon? *Nu!* my two young men climb up to their comrade's room, who was going to give a farewell dinner, and these parting ceremonies compel them to drink, perhaps, more than was good for them. They question their host about the inmates of the house; he knows nothing at all about it: their friend's *valet*, to their questions, 'Are there any *mamselles* here?' replies that there are a good many. — After dinner the two young men go into their friend's library and write a fiery letter to their unknown, full of passionate protestations: they themselves carry up the letter, in order to explain whatever might not be understood."

"But why do you tell me such horrible things? *Nu!*"

"They ring. A girl comes to the door: they give her the letter, telling her they are so smitten that they are ready to die, then and there, where they are. The girl parleys with them. Suddenly a gentleman appears, red as a lobster, and with side-whiskers like sausages, and he unceremoniously puts them out of the door, declaring that there is no one there except his wife."

"How did you know that his side-whiskers were like sausages?" demanded Betsy.

"But you shall see. I have just made peace between them."

"*Nu!* what came of it?"

"This is the most interesting part of the affair. The happy couple prove to be a titular counsellor and his wife. The titular counsellor brings a complaint, and I am obliged to serve as peacemaker. What a diplomatist! Talleyrand compared to me was nobody."

"What! did you have difficulties?"

"*Da vot!* Listen! We began by making the very best excuse that we could, as was proper enough: 'We are desperately sorry,' we said, 'for this unfortunate occurrence.' The titular counsellor seemed to be calming down a little; but he felt it necessary to express his feelings, and as soon as he began to express his feelings he began to get wrathy,

and he said very impudent things, and I was obliged to bring my diplomatic talents into requisition: 'I agree that their conduct was most reprehensible, but please remember that there was a misunderstanding: they were young, and had just come from a good dinner. You understand? Now they are sorry from the bottom of their hearts, and beg you to forgive them their fault.' The titular counsellor softened still more: 'I agree with you, count, and I am ready to pardon them; but you perceive that my wife, a virtuous woman, has been exposed to insult, to persecution, to the impudence of good-for-nothing young' — And the impudent, good-for-nothing young fellows being present, I have to exert myself to calm them down, and so to resume my diplomatic efforts over and over again. Every time I seem on the point of success, my titular counsellor gets wrathy again, and his face gets red, and his sausages begin to wag up and down, and I find myself drowned in the waves of diplomatic subtleties."

"*Ach!* we must tell you all about this," said Betsy to a lady who at this moment came into her box. "It has amused me much!"

"*Nu, bonne chance!*" said she, giving Vronsky the ends of her fingers, as she held her fan; and then shrugging her shoulders, so as to keep the waist of her dress from coming up, she went to the front of the box, where she sat down in the full blaze of gas, and in the eyes of all.

Vronsky went to the French Theatre to meet the colonel of his regiment, who never failed to be present at a single representation. It was with him that he wished to speak in regard to his business of patching up the peace, which had occupied and amused him for three days. The heroes of this affair were his comrade Petritsky and a charming young fellow, Prince Kerdrof, who had lately joined their regiment. The principal point was, that the affair concerned the interests of his regiment, for both the young men belonged to Vronsky's company.

Venden, the titular counsellor, had lodged with the colonel a complaint that the officers had insulted his wife. His young wife, Venden told the colonel, to whom he had been married scarcely five months, had been to church with her mother, and feeling indisposed, had engaged the first *izvoshchik* at hand, in order to reach home quickly. The officers had chased her: she had come home feeling still

more ill, in consequence of her emotion, and of having run up the stairs. Venden himself had just returned from his office, when he heard voices and the sound of a bell. Seeing that he had to do with a pair of drunken officers, he had pitched them out of the door. He demanded that they should be severely punished.

"No, it's all very well to talk," said the colonel to Vronsky, who had come at his summons to talk with him; "but Petritsky is becoming unbearable. Not a week goes by without some scandal. This *Tchinovnik* will not stop here, he will go farther."

Vronsky saw all the unpleasant consequences of this affair, and he felt that a duel must not be, and that it was much better to make the titular counsellor relent, and smooth over the scandal. The colonel had summoned him because he knew that he was a shrewd and gentlemanly man, and zealous for the interests of the regiment. It was after their consultation that Vronsky, accompanied by Petritsky and Kerdrof, had gone to carry their excuses to the titular counsellor, in the hope that his name, and his epaulets of *aide-de-camp*, might succeed in calming the angry titular counsellor. Vronsky had only partially succeeded, as he had just related, and the reconciliation seemed dubious.

At the theatre Vronsky took the colonel into the lobby, and told him of the success, or rather the lack of success, which had attended his mission. After reflection the colonel decided to leave the matter in abeyance; but he could not help laughing as he heard Vronsky's lively description of the wrath of the titular counsellor, and his repeated attempts to bring him into a suitable frame of mind.

"It is a wretched piece of business, but exceedingly amusing. Still, Kerdrof could not fight with this gentleman. And how do you like Claire this evening? — charming!" said he, referring to a French actress. "One can't see her too often: she is always new. Let alone the French for that!"

VI.

The Princess Betsy left the theatre without waiting for the end of the last act. She had scarcely had more than time enough, after reaching home, to go into her dressing-room, and scatter a little rice-powder over her long, pale

face, re-arrange her toilet, and order tea to be served in the large drawing-room, when the carriages began to arrive at her palace on the *Bolshaïa Morskaïa*. The mistress of the mansion, with renewed color, and hair re-arranged, came down to receive her guests. The walls of the great drawing-room were hung with sombre draperies, and the floor was laid with a thick carpet. On the table, which was covered with a cloth of dazzling whiteness, shining in the light of numberless candles, stood a silver *samovar* (tea-urn) and a tea-service of transparent porcelain.

The princess took her place before the *samovar*, and drew off her gloves. Servants, quick to bring chairs, were in attendance, and helped with noiseless assiduity to arrange the guests in two camps, the one around the princess, the other in a corner of the drawing-room around the wife of a foreign ambassador, a handsome lady, with black, well-arched eyebrows, who was dressed in black velvet. The conversation, as usual at the beginning of a reception, was continually interrupted by the arrival of new faces, the offers of tea, and the exchange of salutations, and seemed to be endeavoring to find a common subject of interest.

"She is remarkably handsome for an actress: you can see that she has studied Kaulbach," said a diplomatist in the group around the ambassador's wife. "Did you notice how she fell?"

"*Ach!* I beg of you, don't let us speak of Nilsson. Nothing new can be said about her," said a great fat lady, with light complexion, without either eyebrows or *chignon*, and dressed in an old silk gown. This was the Princess Miagkaia, famous for her simplicity and frightful manners, and surnamed the *Enfant terrible*. Princess Miagkaia was seated between the two groups, listening to what was said on both sides of her, and taking impartial interest in both. "This very day, three people have made that same remark about Kaulbach. It must be fashionable. I don't see why that phrase should be so successful."

The conversation was cut short by this remark, and a new theme had to be started.

"Tell us something amusing, but don't let it be naughty," said the ambassador's wife, who was a mistress of the art of conversation, called, by the English *small talk*. She was addressing the diplomatist.

"They say that there is nothing more difficult, since

naughty things alone are amusing," replied the diplomatist, with a smile. "However, I will do my best. Give me a theme. Every thing depends upon the theme. When you get that for a background, you can easily fill it in with embroidery. I often think that the celebrated talkers of the past would be exceedingly embarrassed if they were alive now: every thing intellectual is considered so dull."

"You are not the first to say that," remarked the ambassador's wife, interrupting him with a smile.

The conversation began sleepily, and therefore it quickly languished again. It was necessary to infuse new life; and to do this, they had recourse to an unfailing subject, — gossip.

"Don't you think that there is something *Louis XV.* about Tushkiévitch?" asked some one, indicating a handsome, light-haired young man, who was standing near the table.

"Oh, yes! he's quite in the style of the drawing-room of which he is such an important ornament."

This subject sustained the conversation, since it consisted wholly of hints. It could not be treated openly, for it would have brought direct reference to Tushkiévitch's love affair with the Princess Betsy.

Around the *samovar*, the conversation hesitated for some time upon three inevitable subjects, — the news of the day, the theatre, and a lawsuit which was to be tried the next day. At last the same subject arose that was occupying the other group, — gossip.

"Have you heard that Maltishchef — that is, the mother, not the daughter — has had a costume in *diable rose?*"

"Is it possible? No! That is delicious."

"I am astonished that with her sense, — for she is sensible, — she does not perceive how ridiculous she is." Everybody found something in which to criticise and tear to pieces the unfortunate Maltishchef; and the conversation grew lively, brilliant, and gay, like a flaming pyre.

The Princess Betsy's husband, a tall, good-natured man, passionately fond of collecting prints, entered gently at this moment. He had heard that his wife had a reception, and desired to show himself in her circle. He approached the Princess Miagkaia, but, owing to his noiseless step on the carpet, she did not perceive him.

"How did you like Nilsson?" he asked.

"*Ach!* Do you steal in upon a body that way? How you

startled me!" she cried. "Don't speak to me about the opera, I beg of you: you don't know any thing about music. I prefer to descend to your level, and talk with you about your engravings and majolicas. *Nu!* What treasures have you discovered lately?"

"If you would like, I will show them to you; but you would not appreciate them."

"Show them to me all the same. I am getting my education among these — bankers, as you call them. They have lovely engravings. They like to show them."

"Have you been at the Schützburgs?" asked the mistress of the house, from her place by the *samovar*.

"Certainly, *ma chère*. They invited my husband and me to dinner, and I have been told that at this dinner, they had a sauce that cost a thousand rubles," replied the Princess Miagkaïa, in a loud voice calculated to be heard by all; "and it was a very poor sauce, too, — something green. I had to return the compliment, and I got them up a sauce that cost eighty-five kopeks.[1] Every one was happy. I can't afford to make thousand-ruble sauces, — not I."

"She is unique," said Betsy.

"Astonishing," said another.

The Princess Miagkaïa never failed of causing a sensation by her speeches, and it arose from the fact that she spoke with great good sense of very ordinary things, but did not introduce them at suitable occasions, as was the case at the present time; but in the society where she moved, this great good sense gave the effect of the most subtile wit; her success astonished even herself, and she enjoyed it none the less on that account.

Taking advantage of the silence that followed, the lady of the house wanted to make the conversation more general; and, turning to the ambassador's wife, she said, —

"Are you sure that you will not have some tea? Then come this way."

"No: we are very well where we are, in this corner," replied the latter with a smile, resuming the thread of a conversation which interested her very deeply. It concerned Karénin and his wife.

"Anna is very much changed since her return from Moscow. There is something strange about her," said one of her friends.

[1] One ruble, or one hundred kopeks, is worth eighty cents.

"The change is due to the fact, that she brought back in her train the shadow of Alekséi Vronsky," said the ambassador's wife.

"What does that prove? There's a story in Grimm's Tales — a man without a shadow — a man loses his shadow in punishment of something or other. I, for my part, cannot see where the punishment lies, but perhaps it's painful for a woman to be deprived of her shadow."

"Yes, but the women who have shadows generally come to some bad end," said Anna's friend.

"Hold your tongues!"[1] cried the Princess Miagkaïa, as she heard these words. "Madame Karénina is a charming woman, but I can't abide her husband."

"Why don't you like him?" demanded the wife of the ambassador. "He is a very remarkable man. My husband insists that there are few statesman in Europe that equal him."

"My husband insists on the same thing, but I don't believe it," replied the princess: "if our husbands had not had this idea, we should have seen Alekséi Aleksandrovitch as he really is; and in my opinion, he is a blockhead. I only whisper it, but that gives me some satisfaction. Once upon a time, I used to think it was my fault because I could not see wherein lay his wit; but as soon as I said to myself, — under my breath, understand you, — he is a blockhead, all was explained. As to Anna, I agree with you entirely. She is lovely and good. Is it her fault, poor woman, if everybody falls in love with her, and pursues her like shadows?"

"*Da!* I do not allow myself to judge her," said Anna's friend, willing to avoid blame.

"Because no one follows us like a shadow, it's no sign that we haven't the right to judge."

Having thus disposed of Anna's friend, the princess and the ambassador's wife drew up to the table, and joined in the general conversation about the King of Prussia.

"Whom have you been gossiping about?" asked Betsy.

"About the Karénins. The princess has been picturing Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," replied the ambassador's wife, sitting down near the table, with a smile.

"Shame that we could not have heard it," said Betsy,

[1] "*Pipun vam na yazuik!*" A slang expression, literally meaning, "May your tongue have the pip!"

looking towards the door. "Ah! here you are at last," said she, turning to Vronsky, who at that moment came in.

Vronsky knew, and met every day, all the people whom he found collected in his cousin's drawing-room; therefore he came in with the calmness of a man who rejoins friends from whom he has only just parted.

"Where have I come from? I must confess," said he, in reply to a question from the ambassador's wife, "from the *Bouffes*. And it seems to me with a new pleasure, although 'tis for the hundredth time. It is charming. It is humiliating to confess, but I get sleepy at the opera; but I enjoy it at *Les Bouffes* up to the very last minute. To-day"—

He mentioned a French actress, but the ambassador's wife stopped him with an expression of mock terror.

"Don't speak to us of this fright!"

"*Nè!* I will hold my peace the more willingly because you all know these frights."

"And you would all go there if it were as fashionable as the opera," added the Princess Miagkaïa.

VII.

Steps were heard near the door, and Betsy, convinced that she should see Anna appear, looked at Vronsky. He also looked in the direction of the door, and his face had a strange expression of joy, expectation, and almost of fear, and he rose slightly from his chair. Anna came into the drawing-room. She crossed the short distance between her and the mistress of the mansion, with that rapid, light, but decided step, which distinguished her from all the other women of this circle. As usual, she stood extremely straight, and, with her eyes fixed on Betsy, went directly up to her, and shook hands with a smile, and with the same smile she looked at Vronsky. He bowed profoundly, and offered her a chair.

Anna bent her head a little, and blushed, and gave a slight frown. Several of the ladies pressed around her; she shook hands with them, and then she turned to Betsy: —

"I have just been at the Countess Lidia's: I wanted to get away earlier, but I was detained. Sir John was there. He is very interesting."

"*Ach!* that missionary?"

"Yes: he related many very curious things about life in the Indies."

The conversation, which Anna's entrance had interrupted, again wavered, like a fire that threatens to go out.

"Sir John! *da*, Sir John! Yes, I have seen him. He speaks well. Vlasief is actually in love with him!"

"Is it true that the youngest of the Vlasiefs is going to marry Tapof?"

"Yes: people say that the affair is fully decided."

"I am astonished that the parents are willing."

"They say that it is a love-match."

"A love-match? What antediluvian ideas you have! Who speaks of love in our days?" said the ambassador's wife.

"What is to be done about it? This foolish old custom is still occasionally met with," said Vronsky.

"So much the worse for those who adhere to it: the only happy marriages that I know about are those of reason."

"Yes; but does it not often happen that these marriages of reason break like ropes of sand, precisely because of this love which you affect to scorn?"

"Let us see: what we call a marriage of reason is where both parties take an equal risk. Love is a disease through which we all must pass, like the measles."

"In that case it would be wise to find an artificial means of inoculation, as in small-pox."

"When I was young I fell in love with a sacristan: I should like to know what good that did me!" said the Princess Miagkaïa.

"No; but, jesting aside, I believe that to know what love really is, one must have been deceived once, and then been set right," said the Princess Betsy.

"Even after marriage?" asked the ambassador's wife, laughing.

"It is never to late to mend," said the diplomatist, quoting the English proverb.

"But really," interrupted Betsy, "you are deceived the first time, so as afterwards to get into the right path. What do you say?" said she, turning to Anna, who was listening to the conversation with a smile.

Vronsky looked at her, and waited for her answer with a violent beating of the heart: after she had spoken, he drew a long breath, as though he had escaped some danger.

"I think," said Anna, playing with her glove, "that if there are as many opinions as there are heads, then there are as many ways of loving as there are hearts."

She turned quickly to Vronsky.

"I have just had a letter from Moscow. They write me that Kitty Shcherbatskaïa is very ill."

"Really," said Vronsky gloomily.

Anna looked at him with a severe expression.

"Doesn't this interest you?"

"On the contrary, I am very sorry. Exactly what did they write you, if I may be permitted to inquire?"

Anna arose and went to Betsy.

"Will you give me a cup of tea?" she said, leaning on the chair. While Betsy was pouring the tea, Vronsky went to Anna.

"What did they write you?"

"I often think that men do not know what nobility means, though they are all the time talking about it," said Anna, not answering his question.

"I have been wanting to tell you for a long time," she added, going towards a table laden with albums.

"I don't know what your words mean," he said, offering her a cup of tea.

She glanced at the sofa near, and then sat down, and he instantly sat beside her.

"Yes, I have been wanting to tell you," she continued, without looking at him. "You have acted badly, — very badly."

"Do you believe that I don't feel that I have? But whose fault was it?"

"Why do you say that to me?" said she, with a severe look.

"You know it yourself," he replied, without dropping his eyes.

She, not he, felt the burden of the guilt.

"This simply proves that you have no heart," said she. But her eyes told the story, that she knew that he had a heart, and that therefore she feared him.

"What you were talking about just now was error, not love."

"Remember that I have forbidden you to speak that word, that hateful word," said Anna, trembling; and instantly she felt that by the use of the word "forbidden," she recog-

nized a certain jurisdiction over him, and thus encouraged him to speak. "For a long time I have been wanting to have a talk with you," she continued, in a firm tone, looking him full in the face, though her cheeks were aflame. "I have come to-night on purpose, knowing that I should find you here: this must come to an end. I have never had to blush before any one before, and you cause me to feel guilty in my own eyes."

He looked at her, and was struck with the new expression of her beauty.

"What do you want me to do?" said he.

"I want you to go to Moscow, and beg Kitty's pardon."

"You do not want that," said he.

He felt that she was compelling herself to say one thing, while she really desired something else.

"If you love me, as you say you do," she murmured, — "then do what will give me peace!"

Vronsky's face lighted up.

"Don't you know that you are my life? But I don't know what peace means, and I can't give it to you. Myself, my love I can give — yes, I cannot think of our being apart from each other. For me, you and I are one. I see no hope of peace for you or for me in the future. As I look ahead, I see nothing but despair and misfortune, — unless I see the possibility of happiness, and what happiness! Is it really impossible?" he murmured, scarcely daring to pronounce the words; but she understood him.

All the forces of her mind pointed to what she ought to say; but instead of speaking, she looked at him with love in her eyes, and said nothing.

"Ah!" he said to himself, in his transport, "at the very moment when I was in despair, when I thought I should never succeed, it has come! This is love! She loves me! It is a confession."

"Do this for me: let us be good friends, and never speak to me in this way again," said her words: her eyes told a totally different story.

"We can never be mere friends: you yourself know it. Shall we be the most miserable, or the happiest, of human beings? It is for you to decide."

She began to speak, but he interrupted her.

"All that I ask is the right of hoping and suffering, as I do now; if it is impossible, order me to disappear, and I

will disappear: if my presence is painful to you, you shall be relieved of the sight of me."

"I do not wish to drive you from me."

"Then change nothing; let things go as they are," said he, with trembling voice. "Here is your husband!"

Indeed, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch at that instant was entering the drawing-room, with his calm face and ungraceful walk.

He went first to the mistress of the mansion, as he passed casting a glance at Anna and Vronsky, and then he sat down by the tea-table, and in his slow and well-modulated voice, and in the tone of persiflage, which seemed always to deride some one or some thing, he said, as he took in the assembly, "Your Rambouillet is complete, — the Graces and the Muses!"

But the Princess Betsy, who could not endure this tone of derision, — "*sneering*" she called it, — with the tact of a consummate hostess, quickly brought him round to a question of serious interest. The forced conscription was under discussion, and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch defended it with vivacity against Betsy's attacks.

Vronsky and Anna still sat near their little table. "That is getting rather pronounced," said a lady in a whisper, referring to Karénin, Anna, and Vronsky.

"What did I tell you?" said Anna's friend.

These were not the only ladies who were making the same remarks: the Princess Miagkaia and Betsy themselves glanced more than once to the side of the room where they sat alone. Only Alekséi Aleksandrovitch paid no attention to them, and did not allow his thoughts to wander from the interesting conversation on which he had started.

Betsy, perceiving the unfortunate effect caused by her friends, executed a skilful manœuvre so that some one else could reply in her stead to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, and crossed over to Anna.

"I always admire your husband's clear and explicit language," she said. "The most transcendental questions seem within my reach when he speaks."

"Oh, yes!" said Anna, radiant with joy, though she did not understand a word that Betsy had said. Then she arose and went over to the large table, and joined in the general conversation.

At the end of half an hour Alekséi Aleksandrovitch pro-

posed to her to go home; but she answered, without looking at him, that she wished to remain to supper. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch took leave of the company and departed.

The Karénins' coachman, an old Tartar, dressed in his waterproof, was having some difficulty in restraining his horses, excited with the cold. A lackey stood with his hand on the door of the *coupé*. The Swiss was standing near the outer door; and Anna listened with ecstasy to what Vronsky whispered, while she was freeing, with nervous fingers, the lace of her sleeve which had caught on the hook of her fur cloak.

"You made no agreement, I confess," Vronsky was saying, as he accompanied her to the carriage, "but you know that it is not friendship that I ask for: for me, the whole happiness of my life is contained in that one word that you despise, — love."

"Love," she repeated slowly, as though she had spoken to herself: then, as she disentangled her lace, she suddenly said, "I do not like this word, because it has for me a sense more profound, and vastly more serious, than you can imagine. But till next time," she said, looking him in the face.

She reached him her hand, and, with a rapid step, passed the Swiss, and disappeared in her carriage.

Her look, her pressure of his hand, overwhelmed Vronsky. He kissed the palm where her fingers had touched it, and went back to his quarters with the conviction that this evening had brought him nearer to the goal of which he dreamed, than all the two months past.

VIII.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch found nothing out of the way in the fact that his wife and Vronsky had held a rather pronounced *tête-à-tête*, but it seemed to him that others showed some astonishment, and he resolved to keep Anna under his observation. According to his usual custom, when he reached home, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went to his library, threw himself into his arm-chair, and opened his book at the place marked by a paper-cutter, and read an article on Papistry till the clock struck one. From time to time he passed his hand across his forehead, and shook his head, as

though to drive away an importunate thought. At his usual hour he prepared for rest, but Anna had not yet returned. With his book under his arm, he went to her room; but instead of being pre-occupied, as usual, with considerations appertaining to his governmental duties, he was thinking of his wife, and of the disagreeable impression which the state of things caused him. Unwilling to go to bed, he walked up and down with arms behind his back, feeling the necessity upon him of some reflection on the events of the evening.

At first thought, it seemed to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch very simple and natural to speak with his wife on the subject; but as he reflected, it came over him that the matter was complicated in a most vexatious fashion. Karénin was not jealous. A husband, in his eyes, offered his wife an insult in showing jealousy, but he saw no special reason for reposing implicit confidence in his young wife, and for believing that she would always love him. It was not this, however, that he asked himself. Having hitherto been free from suspicions and doubts, he assured himself that he would have absolute trust in her. Yet, as he dwelt upon these details, he felt that he was placed in an illogical and absurd situation where he was powerless to act. Till now, he had never come in contact with the trials of life, except as they met him in the sphere of his official functions. The impression which the present crisis made upon him, was such as a man feels, who, passing calmly over a bridge above a precipice, suddenly discovers that the arch is broken, and that the abyss yawns beneath his feet.

The abyss in his case was actual life; and the bridge, the artificial existence, which, till the present time, had alone been open to him. The idea that his wife could love another man occurred to him for the first time, and filled him with terror.

Without stopping to undress, he kept walking up and down with regular steps over the echoing floors. First he went through the dining-room, lighted with a single burner; then the dark drawing-room, where a feeble ray of light from the door fell on his full-length portrait, which had been recently painted; and then his wife's *boudoir*, where two candles shed their radiance on the costly *bric-à-brac* of her writing-table, and on the portraits of parents and friends. When he reached the door of her bedroom, he turned on his heel.

From time to time he stopped, and said to himself, "Yes, this must be cut short; I must be decided; I must tell her my way of looking at it! But what can I say? what decision can I make? After all, what has been done? She had a long talk with him — But whom does not a society woman talk with? To show jealousy for such a trifle would be humiliating for us both."

But this reasoning, which at first sight appeared to him conclusive, suddenly lost its cogency. From the door of her sleeping-room he returned again to the dining-room, then, as he crossed the drawing-room, he thought he heard a voice saying to him, "The rest seemed surprised, therefore there must be something in it. — Yes, the thing must be broken short off; you must be decided: but how?"

His thoughts, like his steps, followed the same circle, and he struck no new idea. He recognized this, passed his hand over his forehead, and sat down in her *boudoir*.

There, as he looked at Anna's writing-table, with its malachite ornaments and a letter unfinished, his thoughts took another direction: he thought of her, and how she would feel. His imagination showed him his wife's life, the needs of her heart and her intellect; her tastes, her desires: and the idea that possibly she could, that absolutely she must, have an individual existence apart from his, came over him so powerfully, that he hastened to put it out of his mind. This was the abyss that he must fathom with his gaze. To penetrate by thought and feeling into the soul of another was to him a thing unknown, and seemed to him dangerous.

"And what is most terrible," he said to himself, "is that this wretched uncertainty comes upon me just as I am about to bring my work to completion," — he referred to a law that he wished to have passed, — "and when I have the greatest need of all my mental powers, of all my equanimity. What is to be done? I am not one of those who cannot face their misfortunes. I must reflect: I must take some stand, and get rid of this annoyance," he added aloud. "I do not admit that I have any right to probe into her feelings, or to scrutinize what is going on in her heart: that belongs to her conscience, and comes into the domain of religion," he said to himself, rejoiced that he had found a law applicable to the circumstances that had arisen.

"Thus," he continued, "the questions relating to her feelings are questions of conscience, in which I have no con-

cern. My duty lies clearly before me. Obliged, as head of my family, to watch over her, to point out the dangers which I see, responsible as I am for her conduct, I must, if needful, make use of my rights."

And Alekséi Aleksandrovitch laid out, in his mind, a plan by which he would speak to his wife, and all the time he regretted the necessity of wasting his time and his intellectual powers in family matters. But, in spite of him, his plan assumed, in his thought, the clear, precise, and logical form of a report: —

"I must make her understand as follows: First, The meaning and importance of public opinion; Secondly, The religious significance of marriage; Thirdly, The misfortunes which might assail her son; Fourthly, The misfortunes which might befall herself." And Alekséi Aleksandrovitch twisted his fingers together, and made the joints crack. This gesture, which was a bad habit of his, calmed him, and helped to bring him back to moral equilibrium, of which he stood in such need.

The rumbling of the carriage was heard in front of the house, and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch stopped in the middle of the dining-room. He heard his wife's steps on the stairway. His sermon was all ready; but still he stood there, twisting his fingers until they cracked again. Though he was satisfied with his little sermon, he trembled when he saw her come, with fear of what the consequences might be.

IX.

Anna entered with bent head, playing with the tassels of her *bashlúk* [Turkish hood]. Her face was radiant, but not with joy: it was rather the terrible glow of a conflagration on a cloudy sky. When she saw her husband she raised her head and smiled, as though she had awakened from a dream.

"You are not a-bed yet? what a miracle!" she said, taking off her *bashlúk;* and, without pausing, she went into her dressing-room, crying, "It is late, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," as she got to the door.

"Anna, I must have a talk with you."

"With me?" she said in astonishment, coming out into the hall, and looking at him. "What is it? What about?"

she demanded, as she sat down. "*Nu!* let us talk, then, since it is so necessary; but I would much rather go to sleep."

Anna said what came to her mind, astonished at her own facility at telling a lie: her words sounded perfectly natural. She seemed really to want to go to sleep: she felt sustained, lifted up, by some invisible power, and clad in an impenetrable armor of falsehood.

"Anna, I must put you on your guard."

"On my guard! why?"

She looked at him so gayly, so innocently, that for any one who did not know her as her husband did, the tone of her voice would have sounded perfectly natural. But for him, who knew that he could not deviate from the least of his habits without her asking the reason, who knew that her first impulse was always to tell him of her pleasures and her sorrows, the fact that Anna took special pains not to observe his agitation, or even to speak, was very significant to him. He felt, by the very tone that she assumed, that she said openly and without dissimulation, "*Da!* thus it must be, and from henceforth." He felt like a man who should come home and find his house barricaded against him.

"Perhaps the key will yet be found," thought Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"I want to put you on your guard," said he, in a calm voice, "against the interpretation which might be put by society on your imprudence and your rashness. Your rather too lively conversation this evening with Count Vronsky" — he pronounced this name slowly and distinctly — "attracted attention."

As he spoke, he looked at Anna's laughing eyes, for him so impenetrable, and saw, with a feeling of terror, all the idleness and uselessness of his words.

"You are always like this," she said, as though she had comprehended absolutely nothing, and attached no importance except to a part of his speech. "Sometimes you don't like it because I am bored, and sometimes because I have a good time. I was not bored this evening: has that disturbed you?"

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch trembled: again he twisted his fingers till the knuckles cracked.

"*Ach!* I beg of you, keep your hands still: I detest that," said she.

"Anna, is this you?" said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, trying to control himself, and stop the movement of his hands.

"*Da!* but what is it?" she asked, with a sincere and almost comic astonishment. "What do you want of me?"

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was silent, and passed his hand across his brow and over his eyes. He felt that instead of having warned his wife of her errors in the sight of the world, he was agitated at what concerned her conscience, and was perhaps striking some imaginary obstacle.

"This is what I wanted to say," he continued, in a cool and tranquil tone, "and I beg you to listen to me until I have done. As you know, I look upon jealousy as a humiliating and wounding sentiment which I would never allow myself to be led away by, but there are certain social barriers which one cannot cross with impunity. This evening, judging by the impression which you made, — I am not the only one, everybody noticed it, — you did not conduct yourself at all in a proper manner."

"Decidedly I did not please anybody," said Anna, shrugging her shoulders. "He does not really care," she thought: "all he fears is the opinion of the world. — You are not well, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," she added, rising, and turning to go to her room.

But he stepped up to her, and held her back. Never had Anna seen his face so displeased and angry: she remained on her feet, tipping her head to one side, while with quick fingers she began to pull out the hair-pins.

"*Nu-s!* I hear you," she said, in a calm tone of banter. "I shall even listen with interest, because I should like to know what it's all about."

She herself was astonished at the assurance and calm naturalness which she put on, as well as at her choice of words.

"I have no right to examine your feelings. I think it is useless and even dangerous," Alekséi Aleksandrovitch began. "If we probe too deeply into our hearts, we run the risk of touching on what we ought not to perceive. Your feelings concern your conscience. But in presence of yourself, of me, and of God, I am in duty bound to remind you of your obligations. Our lives are united, not by men, but by God. Only by crime can this bond be broken, and such a crime brings its own punishment."

"I don't understand at all. *Ach! Bozhe moï*, how sleepy

I am!" said Anna, still undoing her hair, and taking out the last pin.

"Anna! in the name of Heaven, don't speak so," said he gently. "Maybe I am mistaken; but believe me, what I say to you is as much for your advantage as for mine: I am your husband, and I love you."

A slight frown passed over Anna's face, and the mocking fire disappeared from her eyes; but the word "love" irritated her. "Love!" she thought: "does he even know what it means? Is it possible that he loves me? If he had never heard of love, he would always have been ignorant that there was such a word."

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, honestly, I don't know what you mean," she said. "Make clear to me that you find" —

"Allow me to finish. I love you, but I am not speaking for myself: those who are chiefly interested are your son and yourself. It is quite possible, I repeat, that my words may seem idle and ill-judged: possibly they are the result of mistake on my part. In that case, I beg your forgiveness; but you yourself must feel that there is some foundation for my remarks, and I earnestly urge you to reflect, and, if your heart inclines you, to confide in me" —

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, without noticing the fact, had spoken a very different discourse from the one that he had prepared.

"I have nothing to say." And she added in a sprightly tone, scarcely hiding a smile, "*Da!* it is truly time to go to bed."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch sighed, and, without speaking further, went to his room.

When she reached the room, he was already in bed. His lips were sternly set, and he did not look at her. Anna got into bed, expecting that he would speak to her; she both feared it and desired it: but he said nothing.

She waited long without moving, and then forgot all about him. The image of another filled her with emotion and with guilty joy. Suddenly she heard a slow and regular sound of snoring. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch at first was startled himself, and stopped; but at the end of a second the snoring began again with monotonous regularity.

"Too late! too late!" thought she, with a smile. She remained for a long time thus, motionless, with open eyes, the shining of which it seemed to her she herself could see.

X.

From this evening a new life began for Alekséi Aleksandrovitch and his wife. There was no outward sign of it. Anna continued to go into society, and especially affected the Princess Betsy; and everywhere she met Vronsky. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch understood it, but was powerless to prevent it. Whenever he tried to bring about an explanation, she met him with an affectation of humorous surprise which was absolutely beyond his penetration.

No change took place to outward observation, but their relations were extremely variable. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, a remarkably strong man in matters requiring statesmanship, here found himself at his wits' end. He waited for the final blow with head bent, and with the resignation of an ox led to slaughter. When these thoughts came to him, he told himself that once more he must try gentleness, tenderness, reason, to save Anna, and bring her back to him. Every day he made up his mind to speak; but as soon as he made the attempt, the same evil spirit of falsehood which possessed her, seemed to lay hold of him, and he spoke not at all in the tone in which he meant to speak. Involuntarily, what he said was spoken in his tone of raillery, which seemed to cast ridicule on those who would speak as he did. And this tone was not at all suitable for the expression of the thoughts that he wished to express.

XI.

What had been for Vronsky for nearly a year the only and absolute aim of his life, was for Anna a dream of happiness, all the more enchanting because it seemed to her unreal and terrible. It was like a dream. At last the waking came, and a new life began for her with a sentiment of moral decadence. She felt the impossibility of expressing the shame, the horror, the joy, that were now her portion. Rather than put her feelings into idle and fleeting words, she preferred to keep silent. As time went on, words fit to express the complexity of her sensations still failed to come to her, and even her thoughts were incapable of translating the impressions of her heart. She hoped that calmness and peace would come to her, but they held aloof. Whenever she

thought of the past, and thought of the future, and thought of her own fate, she was seized with fear, and tried to drive these thoughts away.

"By and by, by and by," she repeated, "when I am calmer."

On the other hand, when during sleep she lost all control of her imagination, her situation appeared in its frightful reality: almost every night she had the same dream. She dreamed that she was the wife both of Vronsky and of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. And it seemed to her that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch kissed her hands, and said, weeping, "How happy we are now!" And Alekséi Vronsky, he, also, was her husband. She was amazed that she could believe such a thing impossible; and she laughed when she seemed to explain to them that every thing would simplify itself, and that both would henceforth be satisfied and happy. But this dream weighed on her spirits like a nightmare, and she always awoke in fright.

XII.

In the first weeks after Levin returned from Moscow, every time that with blushes and a trembling in his limbs he remembered the shame of his rejection, he would say to himself, "I suffered like this, and I felt that I was ruined, when I was rejected on account of my physical condition, and had to go into the second class; and it was the same when I bungled in my sister's affairs, which were confided to me. And now? Now the years have gone by, and I look back with astonishment on those young tribulations. It will be just the same with my disappointment this time. Time will pass, and I shall grow callous."

But three months passed away, and the callousness did not come, and his pain remained as severe as on the first day. What troubled him the most was, that after dreaming so long of family life, after being, as he thought, so well prepared for it, not only was he not married, but found himself farther than ever from the goal of marriage. Almost painfully he felt, as those around him felt, that it is not good for man to live alone. He remembered that before his departure for Moscow he had said to his *skotnik* [cowherd], Nikolaï, a clever *muzhik* with whom he liked to talk, "Do you know, Nikolaï, I am thinking of getting married?"

whereupon Nikolaï had replied instantly without hesitation, "This ought to have been long ago, Konstantin Dmitritch." And now never had he been so far from marriage. The place was taken: and if he had been able to settle upon some young girl of his acquaintance, he felt the impossibility of putting Kitty out of his heart; the memories of the past still tormented him. It was idle to say that he had committed no sin: he blushed at these memories as deeply as though they had been the most disgraceful of his life. The feeling of his humiliation, slight as it really was, weighed heavier on his conscience than any of the evil deeds of his past. It was a wound that refused to heal.

Time and labor, however, brought their balm: the painful impressions little by little began to fade in presence of the events of the country life, important in reality, in spite of their apparent insignificance. Every week brought something by which to remember Kitty: he even began to await with impatience the news of her marriage, hoping that this event would bring healing in the same way as the pulling of a tooth.

Meantime spring came, beautiful, friendly, without treachery or false promises, — a spring such as fills plants and animals, no less than men, with joy. This splendid season gave Levin new zeal: it confirmed his resolution to tear himself from the past so as to re-organize his life on conditions of permanence and independence. The plans that he had formed on his return to the country had not all been realized, but what was most essential, the purity of his life had not been stained. He could look in the faces of those who surrounded him without any humiliating sense of having fallen, or any loss of self-esteem.

Towards the month of February, Marya Nikolayevna had written him that his brother's health was failing, and that it was impossible to take proper care of him. This letter brought him immediately to Moscow, where he persuaded Nikolaï to consult a physician, and then to take the baths abroad: he even induced him to accept a loan for the journey. Under these circumstances he could, therefore, be satisfied with himself. Besides his farm-labors and his ordinary reading, Levin undertook, during the winter, a study of rural economy, in which he began with this premise, that the laborer's temperament is a more important factor than climate or the nature of the soil: agronomic science, according

to him, must not neglect either of these three equally important elements.

His life, therefore, was very busy and full, in spite of his loneliness: the only thing that he felt the lack of was the possibility of sharing the ideas that came to him with any one besides his old nurse. However, he brought himself to discuss with her about physics, the theories of rural economy, and, above all, philosophy, which was Agafya Mikhaïlovna's favorite subject.

The spring was rather late. During the last weeks of Lent the weather was clear, but cold. Though during the day the snow melted in the sun, at night the mercury went down to seven degrees: the crust on the snow was so thick that wheels did not sink through.

It snowed on Easter Sunday. Then suddenly, on the following day, a south wind blew up, the clouds drifted over, and for three days and three nights a warm and heavy rain fell ceaselessly. On Thursday the wind went down, and then over the earth was spread a thick gray mist, as if to conceal the mysteries that were accomplishing in nature: the ice, in every direction, was melting and disappearing, the rivers overflowed their banks, the brooks came tumbling down, with foamy, muddy waters. Towards evening the Red Hill began to show through the fog, the clouds drifted away, like white sheep, and spring, spring in reality, was there in all her brilliancy. The next morning a bright sun melted away the thin scales of ice which still remained, and the warm atmosphere grew moist with the vapors rising from the earth; the dry grass immediately took a greenish tint, and the young blades began to peep from the sod, like millions of tiny needles; the buds on the birch-trees, the gooseberry bushes, and the snowball-trees, swelled with sap, and around their branches swarms of honey-bees buzzed in the sun. Invisible larks sent forth their songs of joy, to see the prairies freed from snow; the lapwings seemed to mourn for their marshes, submerged by the stormy waters; the wild swans and geese flew high in the air, with their calls of spring. The cows, with rough hair, and places worn bare by the stanchions, lowed as they left their stalls; around the heavy-fleeced sheep gambolled awkwardly the young lambs; children ran barefoot over the wet paths, where their footprints were left like fossils; the peasant-women gossiped gayly around the edge of the pond, where they were bleach-

ing their linen; from all sides resounded the axes of the *muzhiks*, repairing their *sokhí* (Russian ploughs) and their wagons. Spring had really come.

XIII.

For the first time Levin left off his *shuba* [fur cloak], and clad more lightly, and shod in his heavy boots, he went out, tramping through the brooklets, as they glanced in the sun, and stepping, now on a cake of ice, and now in deep mud.

Spring is the epoch of plans and projects. Levin, as he went out, was not decided upon what he would first take in hand, any more than the tree knows how and why the young sprouts push out, and the young branches clothe themselves with buds; but he felt that he was going to originate the most charming projects and the most sensible plans.

He went first to see his cattle. The cows were let out into the yard, and were warming themselves in the sun, lowing as if to beg permission to go out to pasture. Levin knew them all, even to the least. He examined them with satisfaction, and gave orders to the enraptured cowboy to take them to pasture, and to let out the calves. The milkmaids, gathering up their petticoats, and leaping into the mud with bare feet, white as yet, and free from tan, chased the frisky calves about, and with dry sticks kept them from escaping from the yard.

The yearlings were uncommonly beautiful; the oldest had already reached the size of ordinary cows: and Pava's daughter, three months old, was as big as a yearling. Levin admired them, and ordered their troughs to be brought out, and their food to be given them in *reshótki*. He found, however, that these *reshótki*, or portable palisades, which had been made in the autumn, were out of repair because they had not been needed. He had the carpenter sent for, who was supposed to be busy repairing the threshing-machine; but he was not there. He was repairing the ploughs, which should have been done during Lent. Levin was very indignant. Oh this everlasting procrastination, against which he had so long struggled in vain! The *reshótki*, as he soon learned, not having been in use during the winter, had been carried to the stable, where, as they were of light construction, they had been broken.

As to the ploughs and harrows, which should have been put in order during the winter months, — and he had hired three carpenters, — nothing at all was in proper condition. Levin summoned the *prikashchik:* then, angry at the delay, he himself went in search of him. The *prikashchik*, as radiant as the whole universe, came at his master's call, dressed in a light lambskin *tuluptchika*, twisting a straw between his fingers.

"Why isn't the carpenter at work on the threshing-machine?"

"*Da!* that is what I wanted to tell you, Konstantin Dmitritch: the ploughs had to be repaired! We've got to plough."

"*Da!* what have you been doing this winter?"

"*Da!* but why do you have such a carpenter?"

"Where are the *reshótki* for the calves?"

"I ordered them to be put in place. You can't do any thing with such people," replied the *prikashchik*, making with his hands a gesture of despair.

"It is not these people, but this *prikashchik*, with whom nothing can be done," said Levin, getting still more angry. "*Nu!* what do we pay you for?" he shouted; but recollecting that shouts did not do any good, he stopped, and contented himself with a sigh. "*Nu!* can you get the seed in yet?" he demanded, after a moment of silence.

"Back of Turkino we could to-morrow, or the day after."

"And the clover?"

"I sent Vasíli and Mishka to sow it, but I don't know whether they succeeded: the ground isn't thawed out yet."

"On how many *desyatins?*"

"Six" [14⅖ acres].

"Why not the whole?" cried Levin angrily. He was furious to learn, that instead of sowing down twenty-four *desyatins*, they had only planted six: he knew by his own experience, as well as by theory, the need of sowing the clover-seed as early as possible after the snow was gone, and it never was done.

"Not enough people. What can you do with these men? The three hired men did not come; and then Simon" —

"*Nu!* you would better have taken them away from the straw."

"*Da!* I did that very thing."

"Where are all the people?"

"There are five at the *compote* [he meant to say *compost*]: four are moving the oats, so that they should not spoil, Konstantin Dmitritch."

Levin knew very well that these words, "*So that it should not spoil*," meant that his English oats saved for seed were already ruined. Again they had disobeyed his orders.

"*Da!* But did I not tell you during Lent to put in the ventilating-chimneys?" he cried.

"Don't you be troubled: we will do all in good time."

Levin, furious, made a gesture of dissatisfaction, and went to examine his oats in the granary: then he went to the stables. The oats were not yet spoiled, but the workmen were stirring them up with shovels instead of simply letting it down from one story to the other. Levin took away two hands to send to the clover-field. Little by little his spirit calmed down in regard to his *prikashchik*. It was such a lovely day that one could not keep angry. "Ignat," he cried to his coachman, who, with upturned sleeves, was washing the carriage near the pump, "saddle me a horse."

"Which one?"

"*Nu!* Kolpik."

"I will obey."

While the saddle was being adjusted, Levin called the *prikashchik*, who was busying himself in his vicinity, hoping to be restored to favor. He spoke with him about the work that he wanted done during the spring, and about his plans for carrying on the estate; he wanted the compost spread as soon as possible, so as to have this work done before the first mowing; then he wanted the farthest field ploughed, so that it might be left fallow. All the fields — not half of them — should be attended with the laborers.

The *prikashchik* listened attentively, doing his best evidently to approve of his master's plans. But his face was so long and melancholy, that he always seemed to say, "This is all very well and good, but as God shall give."

This tone vexed and almost discouraged Levin, but it was common to all the *prikashchiks* that had ever been in his service. They all received his projects with a dejected air; and so he had made up his mind not to get vexed about it, and he did his best to struggle against this unhappy "As God shall give," which he looked upon as a sort of elementary obstacle fated to oppose him everywhere.

"If we have time, Konstantin Dmitritch."

"Why shall we not have time?"

"We shall have to hire fifteen more workmen, but we can't get them. One came to-day who asked seventy rubles for the summer."

Levin did not speak. Always the same stumbling-block. He knew that however he might exert himself, he never could hire more than thirty-seven or thirty-eight laborers at a reasonable price: once or twice he had succeeded in getting forty, never more; but he wanted to try it again.

"Send to Suri, to Chefirovka: if they don't come, we must go for them."

"I'm going to go," said Vasíli Fedorovitch gloomily. "*Da vot!* The horses are very feeble."

"Buy some more: *da!* but I know," he added with a laugh, "that you will do as little and as badly as you can. However, I warn you that I will not let you do as you please this year. I shall take the reins in my own hands."

"*Da!* but you sleep too much, it seems to me. We are very happy to be under our master's eyes" —

"Now, have the clover put in on the Berezof land, and I shall come myself to inspect it," said he, mounting his little horse, Kolpik, which the coachman brought up.

"Don't go across the brooks, Konstantin Dmitritch," cried the coachman.

"*Nu!* By the woods."

And on his little, easy-going ambler, which whinneyed as it came to the pools, and which pulled on the bridle in the joy of quitting the stable, Levin rode out of the muddy court-yard, and picked his way across the open fields.

The joyous feeling that he had experienced at the house and the barn-yard increased all the time. The loping of his excellent, gentle ambler swung his body gently to and fro. He drank in great draughts of warm air, slightly freshened by the chill snow which still lay on the ground in spots. Every one of his trees, with greening moss, and buds ready to burst, filled his heart with pleasure. As he came out on the enormous stretch of the fields, they seemed like an immense carpet of velvet where there was not a bare spot or a marsh, but here and there patches of snow. The sight of a peasant's mare and colt treading down his fields did not anger him, but he ordered a passing *muzhik* to drive them out. With the same gentleness he received the sarcastic and impudent answer of a peasant. He said, "Ipat, shall we

put in the seed before very long?" And Ipat replied, "We must plough first, Konstantin Dmitritch." The farther he went, the more his good-humor increased, and the more his plans for improving his estate developed, each seeming to surpass the other in wisdom, — to protect the fields on the south by lines of trees which would keep the snow from staying too long; to divide his arable fields into nine parts, six of which should be well dressed, and the other three devoted to fodder; to build a cow-yard in the farthest corner of the estate, and have a pond dug; to have portable enclosures for the cattle, so as to utilize the manure; and thus to cultivate three hundred desyatins of wheat, a hundred desyatins of potatoes, and one hundred and fifty of clover, without exhausting the soil.

Full of these reflections, he picked his way carefully along so as not to harm his fields: he at last reached the place where the laborers were sowing the clover. The *telyéga* loaded with seed, instead of being hauled on the road, had been driven out into the middle of the field, leaving heavy wheel-tracks over his winter wheat, which the horse was trampling down with his feet. The two laborers, sitting by the roadside, were smoking their pipes. The clover-seed, instead of having been sifted, was thrown into the *telyéga* mixed with hard and dry lumps of dirt.

Seeing the master coming, the laborer Vasíli started towards the *telyéga*, and Mishka began to sow. This was all wrong, but Levin rarely got angry with his *muzhiks*. When he reached Vasíli, he ordered him to take the horse out of the *telyéga*, and lead him to the roadside.

"It won't do any harm, sir: it will spring up again."

"Obey me, without discussing," replied Levin.

"I will obey," said Vasíli, taking the horse by the head. "What splendid seed, Konstantin Dimtritch," he added, to regain favor. "I never saw any better. But it is slow work. The soil is so heavy, that you seem to drag a *pud* on each foot."

"Why wasn't the field harrowed?" demanded Levin.

"Oh! it'll come out all right," replied Vasíli, taking up a handful of seed, and rubbing it between his fingers.

It was not Vasíli's fault that the field had not been harrowed, or the seed sifted; but Levin was not less provoked. He dismounted, and, taking the seed-cod from Vasíli, began to sow the clover.

"Where did you stop?"

Vasíli touched the spot with his foot, and Levin went on with the work as best he could; but it was as hard as wading through a marsh, and after a little he stopped all in a sweat, and returned the seed-cod to the *muzhik*.

"*Nu! Barin* [Lord], I don't like to do slack work," said Vasíli in his *muzhik* dialect. "What is good for the master is good for us. And look yonder at that field: the sight of it delights my heart."

"It is a fine spring."

"*Da!* it is such a spring as our forbears never saw. I was at our village, and our *starik* [elder] has already put in his Turkish wheat, as he says he can hardly tell it from rye."

"But how long have you been sowing Turkish wheat?"

"It was you yourself who taught us how to sow it. You gave us two measures last year."

"*Nu!* look here," said Levin, as he started to mount his ambler, "look at Mishka; and if the seed comes up well, you shall have fifty kopeks a *desyatin*" [40 cents for 2.7 acres].

"We thank you humbly: we should be content even without that."

Levin mounted his horse, and rode off to visit his last-year's clover-field, and then to the field which was already ploughed ready for the summer wheat. Levin rode back by way of the brooks, hoping to find the water lower: in fact, he found that he could get across; and, as he waded through, he scared up a couple of wild ducks.

"There ought to be snipe," he thought; and a forester, whom he met on his way to the house, confirmed his supposition.

He immediately spurred up his horse, so as to get back in time for dinner, and to prepare his gun for the evening.

XIV.

Just as Levin reached home, in the best humor in the world, he heard the jingling of bells at the side entrance.

"*Da!* some one from the railroad station," was his first thought: "it's time for the Moscow train. — Who can have come? brother Nikolaï? Did he not say, that instead of going abroad he might perhaps come to see me?"

For a moment it occurred to him that this visit might spoil his plans for the spring; but, disgusted at the selfishness of this thought, his mind instantly received his brother with open arms, so to speak, and he began to hope, with affectionate joy, that it was really he whom the bell announced.

He quickened his horse, and as he came out from behind a hedge of acacias, which hid the house from his sight, he saw a traveller, dressed in a *shuba*, sitting in a hired *troïka* [three-span]. It was not his brother.

"I only hope it is some one whom I can talk with," he thought.

"Ah!" he cried, as he recognized Stepan Arkadyevitch, "here is the most delectable of guests. *Ach!* how glad I am to see you! — I shall certainly learn from him if Kitty is married," he added, to himself.

Not even the memory of Kitty pained him this splendid spring morning.

"You scarcely expected me, I suppose," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, leaping out of the sledge, his face spotted with mud, but radiant with health and pleasure. "I am come, first, to see you; secondly, to fire off a gun or two; and thirdly, to sell my wood at Yergushovo."

"Perfect, isn't it? What do you think of this spring? But how could you have got here in a sledge?"

"Sledge is better than *telyéga*, Konstantin Dmitritch," replied the driver, who was an old acquaintance.

"*Nu!* Indeed, I am delighted to see you again," said Levin, with a smile of boyish joy.

He conducted his guest to the room which was always kept in readiness for visitors, and instantly had the traps brought up, — a gripsack, a gun in its case, and a box of cigars. Levin, leaving him to wash and dress himself, went out to see the *prikashchik*, and deliver his mind about the clover and the ploughing.

Agafya Mikhaïlovna, who had very much at heart the honor of the mansion, stopped him on his way through the entry, and asked him a few questions about dinner. "Do just as you please," replied Levin, as he went out, "only make haste about it."

When he returned, Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling after his toilet, was just coming out of his room, and together they went up-stairs.

"*Nu!* I am very happy to have got out to your house at

last. I shall now learn the mystery of your existence. Truly, I envy you. What a house! How convenient every thing is! how bright and delightful!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, forgetting that bright days and the spring-time were not always there. "And your old nurse, — what a charming old soul! All that's lacking is a pretty little chambermaid, — but that does not fall in with your severe and monastic style; but this is very good."

Among other interesting news, Stepan Arkadyevitch told his host that Sergéi Ivanovitch expected to come into the country this summer; but he did not say a word about the Shcherbatskys, and he simply transmitted his wife's cordial greeting. Levin appreciated this delicacy. As usual, he had stored up during his hours of solitude a throng of ideas and impressions which he could not share with any of his domestics, and which he poured out into Oblonsky's ears: every thing passed under review, — his spring joys, his plans and farming projects, and all the criticisms on the books about agriculture which he had read, and above all the skeleton of a work which he himself proposed to write, on the subject of the rural commune. Stepan Arkadyevitch, amiable, and always ready to grasp a point, showed unusual cordiality; and Levin even thought that he noticed a certain flattering consideration and an undertone of tenderness in his bearing.

The united efforts of Agafya Mikhaïlovna and the cook resulted in the two friends, who were half starved, betaking themselves to the *zakuska* [lunch-table] before the soup was served, and devouring bread and butter, cold chicken and salted mushrooms, and finally in Levin calling for the soup before the little pasties, prepared by the cook in the hope of dazzling the guest, were done. But Stepan Arkadyevitch, though he was used to different kinds of dinners, found every thing exactly to his mind: the home-brewed liquors, the bread, the butter, and especially the cold chicken, the mushrooms, the *shchi* [cabbage-soup], the fowl with white sauce, and the Krimean wine, were delicious.

"Perfect! perfect!" he cried, as he lit a big cigarette after the second course. "I feel as if I had escaped the shocks and noise of a ship, and had landed on a peaceful shore. And so you say that the element represented by the workingman ought to be studied above all others, and be taken as a guide in the choice of economic expedients. I am a *profanus* in these questions, but it seems to me that

this theory and its applications would have an influence on the workingman" —

"Yes; but hold on: I am not speaking of political economy, but of rural economy, considered as a science. You must study the premises, the phenomena, just the same as in the natural sciences; and the workingman, from the economical and ethnographical point of view" —

But here Agafya Mikhaïlovna entered with the dessert of preserves.

"*Nu!* accept my compliments, Agafya Mikhaïlovna," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, kissing the ends of his hairy fingers. "What nice pickles! What delicious beer! Well, Kostia, isn't it time to go?" he added.

Levin looked out of the window towards the sun, which was sinking behind the tree-tops, still bare and leafless.

"It is time. Kuzma, have the horses hitched up," he cried, as he went down-stairs. Stepan Arkadyevitch followed him, and set to work carefully to remove his gun from the case: it was a gun of the newest pattern, and very expensive.

Kuzma, who foresaw a generous fee, gave him assiduous attention, and helped him put on his stockings and his hunting-boots; and Stepan Arkadyevitch accepted his aid complacently.

"If the merchant Rabinin comes while we are gone, Kostia, do me the favor to have him kept till we get back."

"Are you going to sell your wood to Rabinin?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Oh! certainly I know him. I have done business with him, positively and finally."

Stepan Arkadyevitch burst into a laugh. "Positively and finally" were the favorite words of the merchant.

"Yes: he is very droll in his speech! — She knows where her master is going," he added, patting Laska, who was jumping and barking around Levin, licking now his hand, now his boots and gun.

A *dolgusha* (hunting-wagon) was waiting at the steps as they came out.

"I had the horses put in, although we have but a little distance to go," said Levin; "but if you would rather walk, we can."

"No, I would just as lief ride," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, as he mounted the *dolgusha*. He sat down, tucking

round his legs a striped plaid, and lit a cigar. "How can you get along without smoking, Kostia? A cigar — it is not only a pleasure, it is the very crown and sign of delight. This is life indeed. How delicious! *Vot-bui*, I should like to live like this."

"What's to prevent?" asked Levin, with a smile.

"Yes; but you are a happy man, for you have every thing that you like. You like horses, you have them; dogs, you have them; hunting, here it is; an estate, here it is!"

"Perhaps it is because I enjoy what I have, and don't covet what I have not," replied Levin, with Kitty in his mind.

Stepan Arkadyevitch understood, and looked at him without speaking.

Levin was grateful because Oblonsky had not yet mentioned the Sheherbatskys, and had understood, with his usual tact, that it was a subject which he dreaded; but now he felt anxious to find out how matters stood, but he did not like to inquire.

"*Nu!* how go your affairs?" he asked at last, blaming himself for thinking only of his selfish interests.

Oblonsky's eyes glistened with gayety.

"You will not admit that one can want hot rolls when he has his monthly rations; in your eyes, it is a crime: but for me, I cannot admit the possibility of living without love," he replied, construing Levin's question in his own fashion. "What is to be done about it? I am so constituted, and I can't see the harm that it does."

"What! is there somebody else?" Levin demanded.

"There is, brother! You know the type of the women in Ossian? — these women that one sees only in dreams? But they really exist, and are terrible. Woman, you see, is an inexhaustible theme: you can never cease studying it, and it always presents some new phase."

"So much the better not to study it, then."

"Not at all. Some *matimatik* said that happiness consisted in searching for truth, and never finding it."

Levin listened, and said no more; but it was idle for him to enter into his friend's soul, and understand the charm which he took in studies of this sort.

XV.

The place where Levin took Oblonsky was not far away, by a shallow stream, flowing through an aspen-grove: he posted him in a mossy nook, somewhat marshy where the snow had just melted. He himself went to the opposite side, near a double birch, rested his gun on one of the lower branches, took off his *kaftan*, clasped a belt about his waist, and moved his arms to see that nothing bound him.

Old Laska, following him step by step, sat down cautiously in front of him, and pricked up her ears. The sun was setting behind the great forest, and against the eastern sky the young birches and aspens stood out distinctly, with their bending branches and their swelling buds.

In the forest, where the snow still lay, the sound of running waters could be heard: little birds were chirping, and flying from tree to tree. Sometimes the silence seemed broken only by the rustling of the dry leaves, moved by the thawing earth or the pushing herbs.

"Why, one really can hear the grass grow!" said Levin to himself, as he saw a moist and slate-colored aspen-leaf raised by the blade of a young herb starting from the sod. He was on his feet, listening and looking, now at the moss-covered ground, now at the watchful Laska, now at the bare tree-tops of the forest, which swept like a sea to the foot of the hill, and now at the darkening sky, where floated bits of little white clouds. A vulture flew aloft, slowly flapping his broad wings above the forest: another took the same direction and disappeared. In the thicket the birds were chirping louder and gayer than ever. An owl, in the distance, lifted his voice. Laska pricked up her ears again, took two or three cautious steps, and bent her head to listen. On the other side of the stream a cuckoo twice uttered its feeble notes, and then ceased hoarsely and timidly.

"Why! the cuckoo has come!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, leaving his place.

"Yes, I hear," said Levin, disgusted that the silence of the forest was broken, by the sound even of his own voice.

Stepan Arkadyevitch returned to his place behind his thicket, and nothing more was seen of him except the flash of a match and the red glow of his cigarette and a light bluish smoke.

"*Tchik! tchik!*" Stepan Arkadyevitch cocked his gun.

"What was that making that noise?" he demanded of his companion, attracting his attention to a strange sound, like a child imitating the neighing of a horse.

"Don't you know what that is? That is the male rabbit. *Da!* don't speak any more," cried Levin, in turn cocking his gun. A whistle was heard in the distance, with that rhythmic regularity which the huntsman knows so well: then a moment or two later it was repeated nearer, and suddenly changed into a hoarse little cry. Levin turned his eyes to the right, to the left, and finally saw, just above his head, against the fading blue of the sky, above the gently waving aspens, a bird flying towards him: its cry, like the noise made by tearing cloth, rang in his ears; then he distinguished the long beak and the long neck of the snipe, but hardly had he caught sight of it when a red flash shone out from behind Oblonsky's bush. The bird fluttered in the air, as though struck, and turned to fly up again; but again the light flashed; and the bird, vainly striving to rise, flapped its wings for a second and fell heavily to earth.

"Did I miss?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, who could see nothing through the smoke.

"Here she is," cried Levin, pointing to Laska, who with one ear erect, and with slightly wagging tail, slowly, as though to lengthen out the pleasure, came back with the bird in her mouth, seeming almost to smile as she laid the game down at her master's feet.

"*Nu!* I am glad you hit," said Levin, though he felt a slight sensation of envy.

"The left barrel missed: beastly gun!" replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "*Sh!* Here's another."

In fact, the whistles came thicker and thicker, rapid and sharp. Two snipe flew over the hunters, chasing each other; four shots rang out; and the snipe, turning on their track like swallows, disappeared from sight.

The sport was excellent. Stepan Arkadyevitch killed two others, and Levin also two, one of which was lost. It grew darker and darker. Venus, with silvery light, shone out in the west; and in the east, Arcturus gleamed, with his sombre, reddish fire. At intervals, Levin saw the Great Bear. No more snipe appeared; but Levin resolved to wait until Venus, which was visible through the branches of his birch-tree, rose

clear above the hills on the horizon, and till the Great Bear was entirely visible. The star had passed beyond the birch-trees, and the wain of the Bear was shining out clear in the sky, and he was still waiting.

"Isn't it getting late?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

All was calm in the forest: not a bird moved.

"Let us wait a little," replied Levin.

"Just as you please."

At this moment they were not fifteen steps apart.

"Stiva," cried Levin suddenly, "you have not told me whether your sister-in-law is married yet, or whether she is to be married soon." He felt so calm, his mind was so thoroughly made up, that nothing, he thought, could move him. But he did not expect Stepan Arkadyevitch's answer.

"She is not married, and she is not thinking of marriage. She is very ill, and the doctors have sent her abroad. They even fear for her life."

"What did you say?" cried Levin. "Ill? What is the matter? How did she" —

While they were talking thus, Laska, with ears erect, was gazing at the sky above her head, and looking at them reproachfully.

"It is not the time to talk," thought Laska. "Ah! Here comes one — there he goes: they will miss him."

At the same instant a sharp whistle pierced the ears of the two huntsmen, and both, levelling their guns, shot at once: the two reports, the two flashes, were simultaneous. The snipe flapped his wings, drew up his delicate legs, and fell into the thicket.

"Excellent! both together!" cried Levin, running with Laska in search of the game. "*Ach! Da!* What was it that hurt me so just now? Ah, yes! Kitty is ill," he remembered. "What is to be done about it? It is very sad. Ah! I have found it. Good dog," said he, taking the bird from Laska's mouth, to put it into his overflowing game-bag.

XVI.

When he reached home, Levin questioned his friend about Kitty's illness and the plans of the Shcherbatskys. It was not without pleasure, though it was with some conscientious scruples, that he heard how she who had caused him so much

suffering, was suffering herself. But when Stepan Arkadyevitch spoke of the reason of Kitty's illness, and pronounced the name of Vronsky, he interrupted him.

"I have no right to know these family matters, since I am not concerned."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled imperceptibly as he noticed the sudden change in Levin, who, in an instant, had passed from gayety to sadness.

"Have you succeeded in your transaction with Rabinin about the wood?" he asked.

"Yes: I have made the bargain. He gives me an excellent price, — thirty-eight thousand rubles, eight in advance, and the rest in six years. I had been long about it: no one offered me any more."

"You are selling your wood for a song," said Levin, frowning.

"Why so?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a good-humored smile, having known that Levin would totally disapprove of it.

"Because your wood is worth at least five hundred rubles a *desyatin*."

"*Ach!* You rural economists!" replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "What a tone of scorn to us, your urban brother! And yet, when it comes to business matters, we come out of it better than you do. Believe me, I have made a careful calculation. The wood is sold under very favorable conditions; and I fear only one thing, and that is lest the merchant will regret it. It is wretched wood," he went on, accenting the word *wretched*, so as to convince Levin of the unfairness of his criticism, "and nothing but fire-wood. There will not be more than thirty *sazhens* [forty-nine square feet] to the *desyatin*, and he pays me at the rate of two hundred rubles."

Levin smiled scornfully.

"I know these city people," he thought, "who, for the once in ten years that they come into the country, and the two or three words of the country dialect, plume themselves on knowing the subject thoroughly. '*Wretched! only thirty sazhens!*' he speaks without knowing a word of what he is talking about."

"I do not allow myself to criticise what you put on paper in your administrative functions," he said, "and, if I needed, I would even ask your advice. But you, — you imagine that

you understand this document about the wood. It is bad. Have you counted the trees?"

"What? Count my trees?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a laugh, and still trying to get his friend out of his ill-humor. "Count the sand on the seashore, count the rays of the planets — though a lofty genius might"—

"*Nu! da!* I tell you the lofty genius of Rabinin succeeded. Never does a merchant purchase without counting, — unless, indeed, the wood is given away for nothing, as you have done. I know your wood; I go hunting there every year; it is worth five hundred rubles a *desyatin*, cash down; while he gives you only two hundred, and on a long term. That means you give him thirty thousand."

"*Nu!* enough of imaginary receipts," said Stepan Arkadyevitch plaintively. "Why didn't some one offer me this price?"

"Because the merchants connive with each other. I have had to do with all of them: I know them. They are not merchants, but speculators. None of them is satisfied with a profit less than ten or fifteen per cent. They wait till they can buy for twenty kopeks what is worth a ruble."

"*Nu!* enough: you are blue."

"Not at all," said Levin sadly, just as they were approaching the house.

A strong *telyéga*, drawn by a well-fed horse, was standing before the door; in the *telyéga* sat Rabinin's fat *prikashchik*, holding the reins; and Rabinin himself was already in the house, and met the two friends at the vestibule-door. The merchant was a man of middle age, tall and thin, wearing a mustache, but his prominent chin was well shaven. His eyes were protuberant and muddy. He was clad in a dark blue coat with buttons, set low behind; and he wore high boots, and over his boots huge goloshes. Wiping his face with his handkerchief, and wrapping his overcoat closely around him, though it was not necessary, he came out with a smile, to meet the gentlemen as they entered. He gave one hand to Stepan Arkadyevitch, as though he wanted to grasp something.

"Ah! Here you are," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, shaking hands. "Very good."

"I should not have ventured to disobey your excellency's orders, though the roads are very bad. Fact, I came all the way on foot, but I am here on time. A greeting to you,

Konstantin Dmitritch," said he, turning to Levin, intending to seize his hand also; but Levin affected not to notice the motion, and calmly relieved his game-bag of the snipe.

"You have been enjoying a hunt? What kind of a bird is that?" asked Rabinin, looking at the snipe disdainfully. "What does it taste like?" And he tossed his head disapprovingly, as though he felt doubtful if such a fowl were edible.

"Won't you go into the library?" asked Levin in French. "Go into the library, and discuss your business there."

"Just as you please," replied the merchant, in a tone of disdainful superiority, wishing it to be understood, that, if others could find difficulties in transacting business, he was not of the number.

In the library, Rabinin's eyes mechanically sought the holy image; but, when he caught sight of it, he did not make the sign of the cross. He glanced at the bookcases and the shelves lined with books, and manifested the same air of doubt and disdain that the snipe had caused.

"Well, did you bring the money?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"The money will come all in good time, but I came to have a talk."

"What have we to talk about? However, sit down."

"May as well sit down," said Rabinin, taking a chair, and leaning back in it in the most uncomfortable attitude. "You must give in a trifle, prince: it would be sinful not to do it. As to the money, it is all ready, even to the last kopek: on this side, there will be no delay."

Levin, who had been putting his gun away in the armory, and was just leaving the room, stopped as he heard the last words.

"You bought the wood at a miserable price," said he. "He came to visit me too late: I would have engaged to get much more for it."

Rabinin arose and contemplated Levin from head to foot with a smile, but said nothing.

"Konstantin Levin is very sharp," said he at length, turning to Stepan Arkadyevitch. "One never succeeds in arranging a bargain finally with him. I have bought wheat, and paid good prices."

"Why should I make you a present of my property? I did not find it nor steal it."

"Excuse me: at the present day it is absolutely impossible to be a thief: every thing is done, in the present day, honestly and openly. Who could steal, then? We have spoken honestly and honorably. The wood is too dear: I shall not make the two ends meet. I beg you to yield a little."

"But is your bargain made, or is it not? If it is made, there is no need of haggling: if it is not, I am going to buy the wood."

The smile disappeared from Rabinin's lips. A rapacious and cruel expression, like that of a bird of prey, came in its place. With his bony hands he tore open his overcoat, bringing into sight his shirt, his vest with its copper buttons, and his watch-chain; and from his breast-pocket he pulled out a huge well-worn wallet.

"Excuse me: the wood is mine." And making a rapid sign of the cross, he extended his hand. "Take my money, I take your wood. This is how Rabinin ends his transactions finally and positively. He does not reckon his kopeks," said he, waving his wallet eagerly.

"If I were in your place, I would not be in haste," said Levin.

"But I have given my word," said Oblonsky, astonished.

Levin dashed out of the room, slamming the door. The merchant watched him as he went, and lifted his head.

"Merely the effect of youth; definitely, pure childishness. Believe me, I buy this, so to speak, for the sake of glory, because I wish people to say, 'It's Rabinin, and not some one else, who has bought Oblonsky's forest.' And God knows how I shall come out of it! Please sign" —

An hour later the merchant went home in his *telyéga*, well wrapped up in his furs, with the agreement in his pocket.

"*Och!* these gentlemen!" he said to his *prikashchik:* "always the same story."

"So it is," replied the *prikashchik*, giving up the reins, so as to arrange the leather boot. "*A-s!* and your little purchase, Mikhail Ignatitch?"

"*Nu! nu!*"

XVII.

Stepan Arkadyevitch went down-stairs, his pockets filled with "promises to pay," due in three months, which the merchant had given him. The sale was concluded; he had

money in his pocket; sport had been good; hence he was perfectly happy and contented, and would gladly have dispelled the sadness which possessed him: a day beginning so well should end the same.

But Levin, however desirous he was of seeming amiable and thoughtful toward his guest, could not drive away his ill-humor: the species of intoxication which he felt in learning that Kitty was not married, was of short duration. Not married, and ill! Ill, perhaps, from love of him who had jilted her. It was almost like a personal insult. Had not Vronsky, in a certain sense, gained the right to despise him, since he had put to shame her who had rejected him? He was therefore his enemy. He could not reason away this impression, but he felt wounded, hurt, and discontented at every thing, and especially at this ridiculous sale of the forest, which had taken place under his roof, without his being able to keep Oblonsky from being cheated.

"*Nu!* is it finished?" he asked, as he met Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Will you have some supper?"

"Yes: I won't refuse. What an appetite I feel in the country! It's wonderful! why didn't you offer a bite to Rabinin?"

"Ah! the Devil take him!"

"Do you know, your behavior to him seemed astonishing to me? You didn't even offer him your hand! Why didn't you offer him your hand?"

"Because I don't shake hands with my lackey, and my lackey is worth a hundred of him."

"What a *retrograd* you are! And how about the fusion of classes?"

"Let those who like it enjoy it! It is disgusting."

"You, I see, are a *retrograd*."

"To tell the truth, I never asked myself who I was. I am Konstantin, — nothing more."

"And Konstantin Levin in a very bad humor," said Oblonsky, smiling.

"*Da!* I am in bad humor, and do you know why? Because of this idiotic bargain; excuse the express" —

Stepan Arkadyevitch put on an air of injured innocence, and replied with an amusing grimace.

"*Nu!* that'll do!" he said. "After any one has sold any thing, they come saying, 'You might have sold this at a higher price;' but no one thinks of offering this fine price

before the sale. No: I see you have a grudge against this unfortunate Rabinin."

"Maybe I have. And shall I tell you why? You will call me *retrograd* or some worse name, but I cannot help feeling bad to see the nobility [*dvorianstvo*] — the nobility, to which I am happy to say I belong, and belong in spite of your fusion of classes, always getting poorer and poorer. If this growing poverty was caused by spendthrift ways, by too high living, I wouldn't say any thing. To live like lords is proper for the nobles: the nobles [*dvoriane*] only can do this. Now the *muzhiks* are buying up our lands, but I am not concerned: the proprietor [*barin*] does nothing, the *muzhik* is industrious, and it is just that the workingman should take the place of the lazy. So it ought to be. And I am glad for the *muzhik*. But what vexes me, and stirs my soul, is to see the proprietor robbed by — I don't know how to express it — by his own innocence. Here is a Polish tenant, who has bought, at half price, a superb estate of a *baruina* [titled lady] who lives at Nice. Yonder is a merchant who has got a farm for a tenth of its value. And this very day you have given this rascal a present of thirty thousand rubles."

"But what could I do? Count my trees one by one?"

"Certainly: if you have not counted them, be sure that the merchant has counted them for you; and his children will have the means whereby to live and get an education, whereas yours perhaps will not."

"*Nu!* In my opinion, it is ridiculous to go into such minute calculations. We have our ways of doing things, and they have theirs; and let them get the good of it. *Nu!* Moreover, it is done, and that's the last of it. — And here is my favorite omelette coming in; and then Agafya Mikhaïlovna will certainly give us a glass of her delicious *travnichok*" [herb brandy].

Stepan Arkadyevitch sat down at the table in excellent spirits, and rallied Agafya Mikhaïlovna, and assured her that he had not eaten such a dinner and such a supper for an age.

"You can give fine speeches, at least. But Konstantin Dmitritch, if he found only a crust of bread, would eat it and go away."

Levin, in spite of his efforts to rule his melancholy and gloomy mood, still felt out of sorts. There was a question which he could not make up his mind to put, finding neither

the opportunity to ask it, nor a suitable form in which to couch it. Stepan Arkadyevitch had gone to his room, and, after a bath, had gone to bed clad in a beautiful frilled nightgown. Levin still dallied in the room, talking about a hundred trifles, but not having the courage to ask what he had at heart.

"How well this is arranged!" said he, taking from its wrapper a piece of perfumed soap, — an attention on the part of Agafya Mikhaïlovna which had not attracted Oblonsky's attention. "Just look: isn't it truly a work of art?"

"Yes: every thing is getting perfect nowadays," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a beatific yawn. "The theatres, for example, and — a — a — a" — yawning again — "these amusing — a — a — a — electric lights — a — a" —

"Yes, the electric lights," repeated Levin. "And that Vronsky: where is he now?" he suddenly asked, putting down the soap.

"Vronsky?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, ceasing to yawn. "He is at Petersburg. He went away shortly after you did, and did not return to Moscow. Do you know, Kostia," he continued, leaning his elbow on a little table placed near the head of the bed, and leaning his head on his hand, while two good-natured and rather sleepy eyes looked out like twin stars, "I will tell you the truth. You are in part to blame for all this story: you were afraid of a rival. And I will remind you of what I said: I don't know which of you had the best chances. Why didn't you go ahead? I told you then that" — and he yawned again, trying not to open his mouth.

"Does he, or doesn't he, know of the step I took?" thought Levin, looking at him. "*Da!* there is something subtle, something diplomatic, in his face;" and, feeling that he was blushing, he said nothing, but looked at Oblonsky.

"If on her part there was any feeling for him, it was merely a slight drawing, a fascination, such as a lofty aristocracy and a high position is likely to have on a young girl, and particularly on her mother."

Levin frowned. The pain of his rejection came back to him like a recent wound in his heart. Fortunately, he was at home; and at home the shadows sustain one.

"Wait! wait:" he interrupted: "your aristocracy! But I want to tell you what this aristocracy of Vronsky's means, or any other kind that could look down upon me. You con-

sider him an aristocrat. I don't. A man whose father sprang from the dust, by means of intrigue, whose mother has — Oh, no! Aristocrats, in my eyes, are men who can show in the past three or four generations of excellent families, belonging to the most cultivated classes, — talents and intellect are another matter, — who never abased themselves before anybody, and were self-reliant, — like my father and mother. And I know many families of the same kind. It seems incredible to you that I can count my trees; but you, you give thirty thousand rubles to Rabinin: but you receive a salary, and other things; and that I never expect to receive, and therefore I appreciate what my father left me, and what my labor gives me; and therefore I say it is we who are aristocrats, and not those who live at the expense of the powers of this world, and who can be bought for twenty kopeks."

"*Da!* whom are you so angry with? I agree with you," replied Oblonsky gayly, and amused at his friend's tirade, even though he knew that it was directed against himself. "You are not fair to Vronsky, but this has nothing to do with him. I will tell you frankly: if I were in your place, I would start for Moscow, and" —

"No! I don't know if you are aware of what passed, — but it's over for me. I will tell you. I proposed to Katerina Aleksandrovna, and was rejected; so that now the memory of it is painful and humiliating."

"Why so? What nonsense!"

"But let us not speak of it. Forgive me if I have been rude to you," said Levin. "Now all is explained. You will not be angry with me, Stiva?" said he, resuming his usual manner. "I beg of you, don't lay up any thing against me." And he took his hand.

"*Da!* I will not think any thing more about it. I am very glad, though, that we have spoken frankly to one another. And, do you know, sport will be capital to-morrow? Suppose we try it again. I would not even sleep, but go straight to the station."

"Excellent!"

XVIII.

Vronsky, though absorbed by his passion, changed in no way the outward course of his life. He kept up all his social and military relations. His regiment filled an important part

in his life, in the first place because he loved it, and, still more, because he was extremely popular. He was not only admired, he was respected; and it was a matter to be proud of, that a man of his rank and intellectual capacity was seen to place the interests of his regiment and his comrades above the vainglorious or egotistical success which were his right. Vronsky kept account of the feeling which he inspired, and felt called upon, in a certain degree, to sustain his character.

Of course he spoke to no one of his passion. Never did an imprudent word escape him, even when he joined his comrades in some drinking-bout, — he drank, however, very moderately, — and he was wise enough to keep his mouth shut in the presence of those gossiping meddlers who made the least allusion to the affairs of his heart. His passion, however, was a matter of notoriety throughout the city; and the young men envied him on account of the very thing that was the greatest drawback to his love, — Karénin's high station, which made the matter more conspicuous.

The majority of young ladies, jealous of Anna, whom they were weary of hearing always called *the just*, were not sorry to have their predictions verified, and were waiting only for the sanction of public opinion, to overwhelm her with their scorn: they had stored away, ready for use, the mud which should be thrown at her when the time came. People of experience, and those of high rank, were displeased at the prospect of a disgraceful scandal in society.

Vronsky's mother at first felt a sort of pleasure at her son's infatuation; in her opinion, nothing was better for forming a young man than to fall in love with some great society lady; and, moreover, she was not sorry to find that this Madame Karénina, who seemed so entirely devoted to her boy, was, after all, only like any other handsome and elegant woman. But this way of looking at it changed when she learned that her son had refused an important promotion, so that he might not be obliged to leave his regiment, and this Madame Karénin's vicinity. Moreover, instead of being a brilliant and fashionable flirtation, such as she approved, it was turning out, as she learned, to be a tragedy, after the style of Werther, and she was afraid lest her son should allow himself to commit some folly. Since his unheralded departure from Moscow she had not seen him, but she sent word to him, through his brother, that she desired him to

come to her. His older brother was even more dissatisfied, not because he felt anxious to know whether this love-affair was to be deep or ephemeral, calm or passionate, innocent or guilty, — he himself, though a married man and the father of a family, had shown by his own conduct that he had no right to be severe, — but because he knew that this love-affair was displeasing in quarters where it was better to be on good terms; and therefore he blamed his brother.

Vronsky, besides his society relations and his military duties, had yet another absorbing passion, — horses. The officers' races were to take place this summer. He became a subscriber, and purchased a pure-blood English trotter: in spite of his love-affair, he was extremely interested in the results of the races. These two passions easily existed side by side, and he needed some outside interest to offset the violent emotions which stirred him in his relations with Anna.

XIX.

On the day of the Krasno-Selo races, Vronsky came earlier than usual to eat a beefsteak in the officers' great common dining-hall. He was not at all constrained to limit himself, since his weight satisfied the forty *pud* conditions of the service; but he did not want to get fat, and so he refrained from sugar and farinaceous foods. He sat down at the table. His coat was unbuttoned, and displayed his white vest, and he opened a French novel: with both elbows resting on the table he seemed absorbed in his book, but he took this attitude so as not to talk with the officers as they went and came, but to think.

He was thinking about the meeting with Anna, which was to take place after the races. He had not seen her for three days; and he was wondering if she would be able to keep her promise, as her husband had just returned to Petersburg from a journey abroad, and he was wondering how he could find out. They had met for the last time at his cousin Betsy's villa. For he went to the Karénins' house as little as possible, and now he was asking himself if he would best go there.

"I will simply say that I am charged by Betsy to find whether she expects to attend the races, — yes, certainly, I will go," he said, raising his head from his book. And his

face shone with the joy caused by his imagination of the forthcoming interview.

"Send word that I wish my *troïka* harnessed," said he to the waiter who was bringing his beefsteak on a silver platter. He took his plate, and began his meal.

In the adjoining billiard-room the clicking of balls was heard, and two voices talking and laughing. Then two officers appeared in the door: one of them was a young man with delicate, refined features, who had just graduated from the Corps of Pages, and joined the regiment; the other was old and fat, with little, moist eyes, and wore a bracelet on his wrist.

Vronsky glanced at them and frowned, and went on eating and reading at the same time, as though he had not seen them.

"Getting ready for work, are you?" asked the fat officer, sitting down near him.

"You see I am," replied Vronsky, wiping his lips, and frowning again, without looking up.

"But aren't you afraid of getting fat?" continued the elderly officer, pulling up a chair for his junior.

"What!" cried Vronsky, showing his teeth to express his disgust and aversion.

"Aren't you afraid of getting fat?"

"Waiter, sherry!" cried Vronsky, without deigning to reply; and he changed his book to the other side of his plate, and continued to read.

The fat officer took the wine-list, and passed it over to the young officer.

"See what we'll have to drink."

"Rhine wine, if you please," replied the latter, trying to twist his imaginary mustache, and looking timidly at Vronsky out of the corner of his eye.

When he saw that Vronsky did not move, the young officer got up, and said, "Come into the billiard-room."

The fat officer also arose, and the two went out of the door. At the same time a cavalry captain came in, a tall, handsome young man, named Yashvin. He gave the two officers a slight, disdainful salute, and went towards Vronsky.

"Ah! here he is," he cried, laying his heavy hand on Vronsky's shoulder. Vronsky turned round angrily, but in an instant a pleasant, friendly expression came into his face.

"Well, Alosha!" said the cavalry captain, in his big

baritone. "Have some more dinner, and drink a glass with me."

"No: I don't want any dinner."

"Those are inseparables," said Yashvin, looking with an expression of disdain at the two officers as they disappeared. Then he sat down, doubling up under the chair, which was too short for him, his long legs dressed in tight, uniform trousers. "Why weren't you at the theatre last evening? Numerova was truly not bad at all. Where were you?"

"I staid too late at the Tverskoïs'," said Vronsky.

"Ah!"

Yashvin was Vronsky's best friend in the regiment, though he was not only a gambler, but a debauchee. It could not be said of him that he entirely lacked principles. He had principles, but they were immoral ones. Vronsky liked him, and admired his exceptional physical vigor, which allowed him to drink like a hogshead and not feel it, and to do absolutely without sleep if it were necessary. He had no less admiration for his great social ability, which made him a power, not only with his superiors, but with his comrades. At the English Club, he had the notoriety of being the most daring of gamblers, because, while never ceasing to drink, he risked large sums with imperturbable presence of mind.

If Vronsky felt friendship and some consideration for Yashvin, it was because he knew that his fortune or his social position counted for nothing in his friendship that the latter showed him. He was liked on his own account. Moreover, Yashvin was the only man to whom Vronsky would have been willing to speak of his love; because he felt, that, in spite of his affected scorn for all kinds of sentiment, he alone could appreciate the serious passion which now absorbed his whole life. Besides, he knew that he was incapable of indulging in tittle-tattle and scandal. Thus, taken all in all, his presence was always agreeable to him.

Vronsky had not yet spoken about his love, but he knew that Yashvin knew it — looked upon it in its true light; and it was a pleasure to read this in his eyes.

"Ah, *da!*" said the cavalry captain, when he heard the name of the Tverskoïs; and he bit his mustache, and looked at him with his brilliant black eyes.

"*Nu!* and what did you do last evening? Did you gain?" asked Vronsky.

"Eight thousand rubles, but three thousand possibly are no good."

"*Nu!* Then you can lose on me," said Vronsky, laughing: his comrade had laid a large wager on him.

"But I shall not lose. Makhotin is the only one to be afraid of."

And the conversation went off in regard to the races, which was the only subject which was of any moment now.

"Come on: I am through," said Vronsky, getting up. Yashvin also arose, and stretched his long legs.

"I can't dine so early, but I will take something to drink. I will follow you. Here, *wine!*" he cried, in his heavy voice, which made the windows rattle, and was the wonder of the regiment. "No, no matter!" he cried again: "if you are going home, I'll join you."

XX.

Vronsky was lodging in a great Finnish *izba* [hut], very neatly arranged, and divided in two by a partition. Petritsky was his chum, not only in Petersburg, but here also in camp. He was asleep when Vronsky and Yashvin entered.

"Get up! you've slept long enough," said Yashvin, going behind the partition, and shaking the sleeper's shoulder, as he lay with his nose buried in the pillow.

Petritsky got upon his knees, and looked all about him.

"Your brother has been here," said he to Vronsky. "He woke me up, confound him! and he said that he would come again."

Then he threw himself back on the pillow again, and pulled up the bedclothes.

"Let up, Yashvin," he cried angrily, as his comrade amused himself by twitching off his quilt. Then turning towards him, and opening his eyes, he said, "You would do much better to tell me what I ought to drink to take this bad taste out of my mouth."

"*Vodka* is better than anything," said Yashvin. "Tereshchenko! Bring the *barin* some *vodka* and cucumbers," he ordered of the servant, seeming to delight in the thunder of his voice.

"You advise *vodka*? ha!" demanded Petritsky, rubbing his eyes, with a grimace. "Will you take some too? If

you'll join, all right! Vronsky, will you have a drink?" And leaving his bed, he came out wrapped up in a striped quilt, waving his arms in the air, and singing in French, "'There was a king in Thu-u-le.'"

"Vronsky, will you have a drink?"

"Go away," replied the latter, who was putting on an overcoat brought him by his *valet*.

"Where are you going?" asked Yashvin, seeing a carriage drawn by three horses. "Here's the *troïka*."

"To the stables, then to Briansky's to see about some horses," replied Vronsky.

He had, indeed, promised to bring some money to Briansky, who lived about six *versts* from Peterhof; but his friends immediately knew that he was going in another direction.

Petritsky winked, and raised his eyebrows as though he would say, "We know who this Briansky means."

"See here, don't be late," said Yashvin; and changing the subject, "And my roan, does she suit you?" he asked, referring to the middle horse of the team which he had sold.

Just as Vronsky left the room, Petritsky called out to him, "Hold on! your brother left a note and a letter. Hold on! where did I put them?"

Vronsky waited impatiently.

"*Nu!* Where are they?"

"Where are they indeed? That's the question," declaimed Petritsky, putting his forefinger above his nose.

"Speak quick! no nonsense!" said Vronsky good-naturedly.

"I have not had any fire in the fireplace: where can I have put them?"

"*Nu!* that's enough talk! where's the note?"

"I swear I have forgotten: perhaps I dreamed about it. Wait, wait! don't get angry. If you had drunk four bottles, as I did yesterday, you wouldn't even know where you went to bed. Hold on, I'll think in a minute."

Petritsky went behind his screen again, and got into bed.

"Hold on! I was lying here. He stood there. *Da-da-da-da!* Ah! Here it is!" And he pulled the letter out from under the mattress, where he had put it.

Vronsky took the letter and his brother's note. It was exactly as he expected. His mother reproached him because he had not been to see her, and his brother said he had something to speak to him about. "What concern is it

of theirs?" he murmured; and, crumpling up the notes, he thrust them between his coat-buttons, intending to read them more carefully on the way.

Just as he left the *izba*, he met two officers, each of whom belonged to different regiments. Vronsky's quarters were always the headquarters of all the officers.

"Whither away?"

"Must — to Peterhof."

"Has your horse come from Tsarskoï?"

"Yes, but I have not seen her yet."

"They say Makhotin's 'Gladiator' is lame."

"Rubbish! But how could you trot in such mud?"

"Here are my saviours," cried Petritsky, as he saw the new-comers. The *denshchik* was standing before him with *vodka* and salted cucumbers on a platter. "Yashvin, here, ordered me to drink, so as to be refreshed."

"*Nu!* You were too much for us last night," said one of the officers. "We did not sleep all night."

"I must tell you how it ended," began Petritsky. "Volkof climbed up on the roof, and told us that he was blue. I sung out, 'Give us some music, — a funeral march.' And he went to sleep on the roof to the music of the funeral march."

"Drink, drink your *vodka* by all means, and then take seltzer and a lot of lemon," said Yashvin, encouraging Petritsky as a mother encourages her child to swallow some medicine.

"Now, this is sense. Hold on, Vronsky, and have a drink with us!"

"No. Good-by, gentlemen. I am not drinking to-day."

"Vronsky," cried some one, after he had gone into the vestibule.

"What?"

"You'd better cut off your hair: it's getting very long, especially on the bald spot."

Vronsky, in fact, was beginning to get a little bald. He laughed gayly, and, pulling his cap over his forehead where the hair was thin, he went out and got into his carriage.

"To the stables," he said.

He started to take his letters for a second reading, but on second thought deferred them so that he might think of nothing else but his horse.

XXI.

A TEMPORARY stable, made out of planks, had been built near the race-course; and hither Vronsky had to go to see his horse. Only the trainer had as yet mounted her; and Vronsky, who had not seen her, did not know in what condition he should find her. He was just getting out of his carriage when his *konyukh* [groom], a young fellow, saw him from a distance, and immediately called the trainer. He was an Englishman with withered face and tufted chin, and dressed in short jacket and top-boots. He came out towards Vronsky in the mincing step peculiar to jockeys, and with elbows sticking out.

"*Nu!* how is Frou Frou?" said Vronsky in English.

"*All right, sir*," said the Englishman, in a voice that came out of the bottom of his throat. "Better not go in, sir," he added, taking off his hat. "I have put a muzzle on her, and that excites her. If any one comes near, it makes her nervous."

"No matter: I want to see her."

"Come on, then," replied the Englishman testily; and without ever opening his mouth, and with his dandified step, he led the way to the stable. An active and alert stable-boy in a clean jacket, with whip in hand, was ready to receive them. Five horses were in the stable, each in its own stall. Vronsky knew that Makhotin's Gladiator, — Vronsky's most redoubtable rival, — a chestnut horse of five *vershoks*, was there, and he was more curious to see Gladiator than to see his own racer; but according to the rules of the races, he could not have him brought out, or even ask questions about him. As he passed along the walk, the groom opened the door of the second stall, and Vronsky saw a powerful chestnut with white feet. It was Gladiator: he recognized him, but he instantly turned towards Frou Frou, as though he had seen an open letter which was not addressed to him.

"That horse belongs to Ma — k — mak," said the Englishman, struggling with the name, and pointing to Gladiator's stall with fingers on which the nails were black with dirt.

"Makhotin's? Yes: he is my only dangerous rival."

"If you would mount him, I would bet on you," said the Englishman.

"Frou Frou is more nervous; this one stronger," said Vronsky, smiling at the jockey's praise.

"In hurdle-races, all depends on the mount, and on *pluck*."

Pluck, — that is, audacity and coolness, — Vronsky knew that he had in abundance; and, what is more, he was firmly convinced that no one could have more than he.

"You are sure that a good sweating was not necessary?"

"Not at all," replied the Englishman. "Don't speak so loud, I beg of you: the colt is restive," he added, jerking his head towards the stall where the horse was heard stamping on the straw.

He opened the door, and Vronsky entered a box-stall feebly lighted by a little window. A brown bay horse, muzzled, was nervously prancing up and down on the fresh straw.

The somewhat imperfect shape of his favorite horse was instantly manifest to Vronsky's eyes. Frou Frou was of medium size, with slender bones; her breast was narrow, though the breast-bone was prominent; the crupper was rather tapering; and the legs, particularly the hind-legs, considerably bowed. The muscles of the legs were not large, but the flanks were very enormous on account of the training she had had, and the smallness of her belly. The bones of the legs below the knee seemed not thicker than a finger, seen from the front: they were extraordinarily large when seen sidewise. The whole steed seemed squeezed in and lengthened out. But she had one merit that outweighed all her faults: she had good blood, — was a thoroughbred, as the English say. Her muscles stood out under a network of veins, covered with a skin as smooth and soft as satin: her slender head, with prominent eyes, bright and animated; her delicate, mobile nostrils, which seemed suffused with blood, — all the points of this noble animal had something energetic, decided, and keen. It was one of those creatures such as never fail to fulfil their promise owing to defect in mechanical construction. Vronsky felt that she understood him while he was looking at her. When he came in, she was taking long breaths, turning her head round, and showing the whites of her bloodshot eyes, and trying to shake off her muzzle, and dancing on her feet as though moved by springs.

"You see how excited she is," said the Englishman.

"Whoa, my loveliest, whoa!" said Vronsky, approaching

to calm her; but the nearer he came, the more nervous she grew; and only when he had caressed her head, did she become tranquil. He could feel her muscles strain and tremble under her delicate, smooth skin. Vronsky patted her beautiful neck, and put into place a bit of her mane that she had tossed on the other side; and then he put his face close to her nostrils, which swelled and dilated like the wings of a bat. She snorted, pricked up her ears, and stretched out her long black lips to seize his sleeve; but when she found herself prevented by her muzzle, she began to caper again.

"Quiet, my beauty, quiet," said Vronsky, calming her; and he left the stable with the re-assuring conviction that his horse was in perfect condition.

But the nervousness of the steed had taken possession of her master. Vronsky felt the blood rush to his heart, and, like the horse, he wanted violent action: he felt like biting. It was a sensation at once strange and joyful.

"Well, I count on you," said he to the Englishman. "Be on the grounds at half-past six."

"All shall be ready. But where are you going, my lord?" asked the Englishman, using the title of "lord," which he never permitted.

Astonished at this audacity, Vronsky raised his head, and looked at him as he well understood how to do, not into his eyes, but on his forehead. He instantly saw that the Englishman had spoken to him, not as to his master, but as to a jockey; and he replied, —

"I have got to see Briansky, and I shall be at home in an hour."

"How many times have I been asked that question to-day!" he said to himself; and he blushed, which was a rare occurrence with him. The Englishman looked at him closely. He also seemed to know where his master was going.

"The main thing is to keep calm before the race. Don't do any thing rash; don't get bothered."

"*All right*," replied Vronsky; and, jumping into his carriage, he drove back to Peterhof.

He had gone but a short distance before the sky, which had been overcast since morning, grew thicker, and it began to rain.

"Too bad!" thought Vronsky, raising the hood of his carriage. "It has been muddy: now it will be a marsh."

Now that he was alone again, he bethought him of his mother's letter and his brother's note, and began to read them over. It was always the old story: both his mother and his brother took it upon them to meddle with his love-affairs. He was indignant and even angry, — a most unusual state for him.

"How does this concern them? Why do they feel called upon to meddle with me, to bother me? Because there is something about this that they don't understand. If it were a vulgar intrigue, they would leave me in peace; but they imagine that it isn't a mere nothing, that this woman is not a mere toy, that she is dearer to me than life: that would seem incredible and vexatious to them. Whatever be our fate, we ourselves have made it, and we shall not regret it," he said to himself, including Anna in the word "we." "But no, they want to teach us the meaning of life, — they, who have no idea of what happiness is. They don't know that, were it not for this love, there would be for me neither joy nor grief in this world: life itself would not exist."

In reality, what exasperated him most against his relatives was the fact that his conscience told him that they were right. His love for Anna was not a superficial impulse, destined, like so many social attachments, to disappear, and leave no trace beyond sweet or painful memories. He felt keenly all the torture of their situation, all its difficulties in the eyes of the world, from which they had to conceal it by means of ingenious subterfuges, deceptions, and lies; and, while their mutual passion was so violent and absorbing that they knew of nothing else, yet they had to be always inventing a thousand stratagems to keep it from others.

This constant need of dissimulation and deceit came to him urgently. Nothing was more contrary to his nature, and he recalled the feeling of shame which he had often surprised in Anna, when she also was driven to tell a lie.

Since this affair with her, he sometimes experienced a strange sensation of disgust and repulsion, which he could not define, nor could he tell for whom he felt it, — for Alekséi Aleksandrovitch or himself, for society or for the entire world. As far as possible he banished such thoughts.

"Yes, heretofore she has been unhappy, but proud and calm: now she cannot be so any longer, however she may seem to try to appear so."

And for the first time the thought of cutting short this life

of dissimulation appeared to him clear and tangible: the sooner, the better.

"We must leave every thing, she and I, and together, with our love, we must go and bury ourselves somewhere," he said to himself.

XXII.

The shower was of short duration; and when Vronsky reached Peterhof, his shaft-horse at full trot, and the other two galloping along in the mud, the sun was already out again, and was shining on the roofs of the villas and the dripping foliage of the old lindens in the neighboring gardens, whose shadows fell across the street. The water was running from the roofs, and the tree-tops seemed gayly to shake off the raindrops. He no longer thought of the harm that the shower might do the race-course: but he was full of joy as he remembered, that, thanks to the rain, *she* would be alone; for he knew that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, who had just got back from a visit to the baths, would not leave Petersburg for the country.

Vronsky stopped his horses at some little distance from the house, and, in order to attract as little attention as possible, he entered the court on foot, instead of ringing the bell at the front entrance.

"Has the *barin* come?" he demanded of a gardener.

"Not yet; but the *baruina* is at home. If you ring, they will open the door."

"No: I will go in through the garden."

Knowing that she was alone, he wanted to surprise her; he had not sent word that he was coming, and on account of the races she would not be looking for him. Therefore he walked cautiously along the sandy paths, bordered with flowers, lifting up his sabre so that it should make no noise. In this way he reached the terrace which led from the house down to the garden. The anxieties which had possessed him on the way, the difficulties of their situation, were now forgotten: he thought only of the pleasure of shortly seeing her, — *her* in reality, in person, and not in imagination only. He was mounting the garden-steps as gently as possible, when he suddenly remembered the most painful feature of his relations with her, a feature that he was always forgetting, — her son, a lad with a most inquisitive face.

This child was the principal obstacle in the way of their interviews. In his presence Anna never allowed a word that the whole world might not hear, never a word that the child himself could not comprehend. There was no need of an agreement on that score. Both of them would have been ashamed to speak a single word to deceive the little lad: before him they talked as though they were mere acquaintances. But in spite of these precautions Vronsky often felt the lad's scrutinizing and rather suspicious eyes fixed upon him. Sometimes he seemed timid, again affectionate, but never the same. The child seemed instinctively to feel, that, between this man and his mother there was some strange bond of union, which was beyond his comprehension.

The boy, indeed, made futile efforts to understand how he ought to behave before this gentleman: he had seen, with that quick intuition peculiar to childhood, that his father, his governess, and his nurse looked with the utmost disfavor on the man whom his mother treated as her best friend.

"What does this mean? Who is he? Must I love him? and is it my fault, and am I a naughty or stupid child, if I don't understand it at all?" thought the little fellow. Hence came his timidity, his questioning and distrustful manner, and this changeableness, which were so unpleasant to Vronsky. Besides, when the child was present, he always felt that apparently unreasonable repulsion, which for some time had pursued him.

The presence of the child was to Anna and Vronsky like the compass to a ship-captain, which shows that he is drifting to leeward without the possibility of stopping on his course: every instant carries him farther and farther in the wrong direction, and the recognition of the movement that carries him from the right course is the recognition of the ruin that impends.

The boy this day was not at home. Anna was entirely alone, and sitting on the terrace, waiting for her son's return, as the rain had overtaken him while out on his walk. She had sent a man and a maid to find him. Dressed in a white embroidered robe, she was sitting at one corner of the terrace, concealed by plants and flowers, and she did not hear Vronsky's step. With bent head, she was pressing her heated brow against a cool watering-pot, standing on the balustrade. With her beautiful hands laden with rings, which he knew so well, she had pulled the watering-pot to-

wards her. Her lovely figure, her graceful head, with its dark, curling locks, her neck, her hands, all struck Vronsky every time that he saw her, and always caused a new feeling of surprise. He stopped and looked at her in ecstasy. She instinctively felt his approach, and he had hardly taken a step when she pushed away the watering-pot and turned to him her glowing face.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" said he, in French, as he advanced towards her. He felt a desire to run towards her, but in the fear of being seen, he looked around him and towards the door of the balcony with a feeling that filled him with shame, as though any thing should make him fear or be untruthful.

"No: I am not well," said Anna, rising, and pressing the hand that he offered her. "I did not expect — you."

"*Bozhe moï!* how cold your hands are!"

"You startled me. I am alone, waiting for Serozha, who went out for a walk: they will come back this way."

In spite of the calmness which she tried to show, her lips trembled.

"Forgive me for coming, but I could not let the day go by without seeing you," he continued, in French, thus avoiding the impossible *vui* [you] and the dangerous *tui* [thou] of the Russian.

"What have I to forgive? I am too glad!"

"But you are ill, or sad?" said he, bending over her and still holding her hand. "What were you thinking about?"

"Always about one thing," she replied, with a smile.

She told the truth. Whenever, in the day, she was asked what she was thinking about, she would have made the invariable reply, that she was thinking about her future and her misfortune. Just as he came, she was asking herself why some, like Betsy for example, whose love-affair with Tushkiévitch she knew about, could treat so lightly what to her was so cruel. This thought had particularly tormented her to-day. She spoke with him about the races; and he, to divert her mind, told her about the preparation that had been made. His tone remained perfectly calm and natural.

"Shall I, or shall I not, tell him?" she thought, as she looked at his calm, affectionate eyes. "He seems so happy, he is so interested in these races, that he will not comprehend, probably, the importance of what I must tell him."

"But you have not told me of what you were thinking

when I first came," said he suddenly, interrupting the course of his narration. "Tell me, I beg of you!"

She did not reply; but she lifted her head, and turned her beautiful eyes toward him; her look was full of questioning; her fingers played with a fallen leaf. Vronsky's face immediately showed the expression of humble adoration, of absolute devotion, which had first won her heart.

"I feel that something has happened. Can I be easy for an instant when I know that you feel a grief that I do not share? In the name of Heaven, speak!" he insisted, in a tone of entreaty.

"If he does not appreciate the importance of what I have to tell him, I know that I shall never forgive him; better be silent than put him to the proof," she thought, continuing to look at him: her hand trembled.

"In the name of Heaven, what is it?" said he, taking her hand again.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, yes, yes"—

"*Ya berémenna!*" she whispered.

The leaf which she held in her fingers trembled still more, but she did not take her eyes from his face, for she was trying to read there whether he understood her.

He grew pale, tried to speak, then stopped short, and hung his head, dropping her hand which he was holding in both his.

But she was mistaken in thinking that he felt as she did. The feeling of repulsion and horror which had been so familiar to him of late, now seized him more strongly than ever. Her husband was coming home, and it was important to extricate themselves as soon as possible from the odious and miserable situation in which they were placed. Anna's anxiety seized Vronsky. He looked at her with humbly submissive eyes, kissed her hand, arose, and began to walk up and down the terrace without speaking.

At last he approached her, and said in a tone of decision,—

"*Da!*" said he: "neither you nor I have looked upon our love for each other as a fleeting joy; at last we must put an end to the false situation in which we live,"—and he looked around him.

"Put an end? How put an end, Alekséi?" she asked gently.

She was calm, and smiled upon him tenderly.

"You must quit your husband, and unite your life with mine."

"But aren't they already united?" she asked in an undertone.

"Yes, but not completely, not absolutely!"

"But how, Alekséi? tell me how," said she, with a melancholy irony, seeming to think that the situation was irretrievable. "Am I not the wife of my husband?"

"From any situation, however difficult, there is always some way of escape: here we must simply be decided. — Any thing is better than the life you are leading. How well I see how you torment yourself about your husband, your son, society, all!"

"*Ach!* only not my husband," said she with a smile. "I don't know him, I don't think about him! He *is* not."

"You speak insincerely! I know you: you torment yourself on his account also."

"But he" — then suddenly the tears came in her eyes. "Let us not speak more of him."

XXIII.

It was not the first time that Vronsky had tried to bring clearly before her mind their position. He had always met the same superficial and almost ridiculous views. It seemed to him that she was under control of feelings which she was unwilling or unable to fathom, and she, the real Anna, disappeared, to give place to a strange and incomprehensible being, which he could not understand, and which seemed almost repulsive to him. To-day he was bound to have an absolute explanation. "Under any circumstances," he said in a calm but authoritative voice, "we cannot continue as we are."

"What, in your opinion, must we do about it?" she demanded, in the same tone of ironical raillery. Though she had been so keenly afraid that he would not receive her confidence with due appreciation, she was now vexed that he deduced from it the absolute necessity of energetic action.

"Tell him all, and leave him."

"Very good! Suppose I do it. Do you know what the result would be? I will tell you;" and a wicked fire flashed

from her eyes, which were just now so gentle. "'Oh! you love another, and your course with him has been *criminal*,'" said she, imitating her husband, and accenting the word criminal in exactly his manner. "'I warned you of the consequences which would follow from the point of view of religion, of society, and of the family. You did not listen to me: now I cannot allow my name to be dishonored, and my'" — she was going to say *my son*, but stopped, for she could not jest about him. "In a word, he will tell me with the same manner and with the same perfect precision as he conducts the affairs of state, that he cannot set me free, but that he will take measures to avoid a scandal. And he will do exactly as he says. That is what will take place; for he is not a man, he is a machine, and, when he is stirred up, an ugly machine," said she, remembering the most trifling details in her husband's language and face, and felt ready to reproach him for all the ill that he found in her with all the less indulgence because she recognized her own fault.

"But, Anna," said Vronsky gently, hoping to convince her and calm her, "you must tell him every thing, and then we will act accordingly as he proceeds."

"What! elope?"

"Why not elope? I don't see the possibility of living as we are any longer: it is not on my account, but I see you will suffer."

"What! elope, and confess myself openly as your mistress?" said she bitterly.

"Anna!" he cried, deeply wounded.

"Yes, as your mistress, and lose every thing!" She was going to say *my son*, but she could not pronounce the word.

Vronsky could not understand how this strong, loyal nature could accept the false position in which she was placed, and not endeavor to escape from it. But he could not doubt that the principal obstacle was represented by this word *son*, which she was unable to pronounce.

When Anna imagined this child's existence with a father whom she had deserted, the horror of her sin appeared so great, that like a real woman she was not able to reason, but only endeavored to re-assure herself and persuade herself that all would go on as before: above all things, she must shut her eyes, and forget this odious thought, what would become of her son.

"I beg of you, I entreat you," she said suddenly, speak-

ing in a very different tone, a tone of tenderness and sincerity, "don't ever speak to me of that again."

"But, Anna" —

"Never, never! Let me remain judge of the situation. I appreciate the depth of its misery, but it is not so easy as you imagine to decide. Have faith in me, and never speak to me again of that. Will you promise me? never, never? promise!"

"I promise all; but how can I be calm when you may be" —

"I?" she repeated. "It is true that I torment myself, but that will pass if you will not say any thing more about it."

"I don't understand" —

"I know," she interrupted, "how your honest nature abhors lying: I am sorry for you; and very often I tell myself that you have sacrificed your life for me."

"That is exactly what I say about you. I was just this moment asking if you could immolate yourself for me. I cannot forgive myself for having made you unhappy."

"I unhappy?" said she, coming up close to him, and looking at him with a smile full of love. "I? I am like a man dying of hunger, to whom food has been given. Maybe he is cold, and his raiment is rags, but he is not unhappy. I unhappy? No: here comes my joy" —

The voice of her little boy was heard as he came in. Anna gave a hurried glance around her, swiftly arose, and, putting out her long hands covered with rings, she took Vronsky's face between them: she looked at him a long moment, reached her face up to his, kissed his lips and his eyes, and left him. He kept her back a moment.

"When?" he whispered, looking at her with ecstasy.

"To-day at the right time," she replied in a low voice, and then she ran to meet her son. Serozha had been caught by the rain in the park, and had taken refuge with his nurse in a pavilion.

"*Nu!* but good-by," said she to Vronsky. "I must get ready for the races. Betsy has promised to come and get me."

Vronsky looked at his watch, and hurried away.

XXIV.

When Vronsky looked at his watch on the Karénins' balcony, he was so stirred and pre-occupied, that, though he saw the figures on the face, he did not know what time it was. He hurried out of the entrance, and, picking his way carefully through the mud, he reached his carriage. He had been so absorbed by his conversation with Anna that he had forgotten entirely about his appointment with Briansky. His memory was scarcely more than instinctive, and only recalled to him that he had decided to do something. He found his coachman asleep on his box under the shade of the lindens; he noticed the swarms of flies buzzing around his sweaty horses; and then, mechanically waking the coachman, he jumped into his carriage, and was driven to Briansky's; he had gone but six or seven *versts* when his presence of mind returned; it then came over him that he was late, and he looked at his watch again; it was half-past five.

On this day there were to be several races: first the draught-horses, then the officers' two-*verst* dash, then a second of four, and last that in which he was to take part. If he hurried, he could be on time by letting Briansky have the go-by; otherwise he ran the risk of getting to the grounds after the Court had arrived, and this was not in good form. Unfortunately he had promised Briansky, therefore he kept on, commanding the coachman not to spare the *troïka*. Five minutes with Briansky, and he was off again at full speed. He found that the rapid motion did him good. Little by little he forgot his anxieties, and felt only the excitement of the race, and imagined the brilliant society which would gather to-day at the course. And he got more and more into the atmosphere of the races as he met people coming from Petersburg and the surrounding country, on their way to the hippodrome.

When he reached his quarters, no one was at home except his *valet*, who was waiting for him at the entrance. Everybody had gone to the races. While he was changing his clothes, his *valet* told him that the second race had already begun, that a number of people had been to inquire for him.

Vronsky dressed without haste, — for it was his custom to keep calm, and not lose his self-command, — and then directed the coachman to take him to the stables. From there he saw

a sea of carriages of all sorts, of pedestrians, soldiers, and of spectators, approaching the hippodrome. The second course was certainly run, for just at that moment he heard the sound of a bell. He noticed near the stable Makhotin's white-footed chestnut Gladiator, which they were leading out, covered with a blue and orange caparison, and with huge ear-protectors.

"Where is Cord?" he asked of the groom.

"In the stable: he is fixing the saddle."

Frou Frou was all saddled in her box-stall, and now they came leading her out.

"I wasn't late, was I?"

"*All right, all right*," said the Englishman. "Don't get excited."

Vronsky once more gave a quick glance at the excellent, favorable shape of his horse, as she stood trembling in every limb; and, with a feeling of regret, he left her at the stable. He saw that it was a favorable chance to approach without attracting observation. The two-*verst* dash was just at an end, and all eyes were fixed on a *kavalergard* (cavalry guardsman), and a hussar just at his heels, whipping their horses furiously, and approaching the goal. The crowd flowed in from all sides, and a group of officers and guardsmen were hailing with shouts the triumph of their fellow-officer and friend.

Vronsky joined the throng just as the bell announced the end of the race; while the victor dropped the reins, and slipped off from the saddle, and stood by his roan stallion, who was dripping with sweat, and heavily breathing.

The stallion, with painfully heaving sides, with legs apart, stopped with difficulty his rapid course; and the officer, as though awakening from a dream, was looking about him with a gaze of wonder. A throng of friends and curious strangers pressed about him.

Vronsky, with intention, avoided the elegant people who were circulating about, engaged in gay and animated conversation. He had already caught sight of Anna, Betsy, and his brother's wife. He did not, however, join them, so that he might not be disconcerted; but at every step he met acquaintances who stopped him, and told him various items about the last race, or asked him why he was late.

While they were distributing the prizes at the pavilion, and everybody was hurrying in this direction, Vronsky saw

his elder brother, Aleksandr. Like Alekséi, he was a man of medium stature, and rather stubby; but he was handsomer and ruddier. His nose was red, and his face was flushed with wine, and he had an evil expression. He wore a colonel's uniform with epaulets.

"Did you get my note?" he asked of his brother. "You are never to be found."

Aleksandr Vronsky, in spite of his life of dissipation and his love for drink, was a thoroughly aristocratic man. Knowing that many eyes were fixed on them, he preserved, while he talked with his brother on a very painful subject, the smiling face of a person who is jesting about some trifling matter.

"I got it," said he, "but I don't really understand why you meddle with me."

"I meddle because I noticed your absence this morning, and because you were not at Peterhof Monday."

"There are matters which cannot be judged except by those who are directly interested, and the matter in which you concern yourself is such" —

"Yes; but when one is not in the service, he" —

"I beg you to mind your own business, and that is all."

Alekséi Vronsky grew pale, and his rather prominent lower jaw shook. He was a man of kindly heart, and rarely got angry; but when he grew angry, and when his chin trembled, he became dangerous. Aleksandr Vronsky knew it, and with a gay laugh replied, —

"I only wanted to give you *mátushka's* letter. Don't get angry before the race. *Bonne chance*," he added in French, and left him.

He had scarcely turned away, when another friendly greeting surprised Vronsky.

"Won't you recognize your friends? How are you, *mon cher?*" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, who, in the midst of the brilliant society of Petersburg, was no less gay and animated than at Moscow, and now appeared with rosy face and carefully combed and pomaded whiskers.

"I came down this morning, and am very glad to be present at your triumph. Where can we meet?"

"Come to the mess, after the race is over," said Vronsky; and with an apology for leaving him, he squeezed his hand, and went towards the place where the horses were getting ready for the hurdle-race.

The grooms were leading back the horses, wearied by the

race which they had run; and one by one those intended for the next course appeared on the ground. They were, for the most part, English horses, in hoods, and well caparisoned, and looked for all the world like enormous strange birds. Frou Frou, beautiful, though she was so thin, came out stepping high, with her elastic and slender pasterns. And not far from her they were removing the trappings from the lop-eared Gladiator. The regular, solid, and superb form of the stallion, with his splendid crupper and his extraordinarily large and well-balanced hoofs, attracted Vronsky's admiration. He was just going up to Frou Frou when another acquaintance stopped him again on his way.

"Ha! there is Karénin: he is hunting for his wife. She is in the pavilion. Have you seen her?"

"No, I have not," replied Vronsky; and, without turning his head in the direction where his acquaintance told him that Madame Karénina was, he went to his horse.

He had scarcely time to make some adjustment of the saddle, when those who were to compete in the hurdle-race were called to receive their numbers. With serious, stern, and almost solemn faces, they approached, seventeen men in all; and some of them were rather pale. Vronsky's number was seven.

"Mount!" was the cry.

Vronsky, feeling that he, with his companions, was the focus toward which all eyes were turned, went up to his horse with the slow and deliberate motions which were usual to him when he was not entirely at his ease.

Cord, in honor of the races, had put on his gala-day costume: he wore a black coat, buttoned to the chin, and an enormously high shirt-collar, which made his cheeks puff out; he had on Hessian boots and a round black cap. Calm, but full of importance, he stood by the mare's head, holding the reins in his hand. Frou Frou shivered as though she had an attack of fever: her fiery eyes gazed askance at Vronsky. He passed his finger under the flap of the saddle. The mare jumped back, and pricked up her ears; and the Englishman puckered up his lips with a grin at the idea that there could be any doubt as to his skill in putting on a saddle. "Mount, and you won't be so nervous," said he.

Vronsky cast a final glance on his rivals: he knew that he should not see them again until the race was over. Tur had already gone to the starting-point. Galtsuin, a friend of his,

and one of the best of racers, was turning around and around his bay stallion, without being able to mount. A little hussar in tight cavalry trousers was off on a gallop, bent double over his horse, like a cat with the gripes, in imitation of the English fashion. Prince Kuzoflef, white as a sheet, was trying to mount a thoroughbred mare, which an Englishman held by the bridle. Vronsky and all his comrades knew Kuzoflef's terrible self-conceit, and his feeble nerves. They knew that he was timid at every thing, especially timid of riding horseback; but now, notwithstanding the fact that all this was horrible to him, because he knew that people broke their necks, and that at every hurdle stood a surgeon, an ambulance with its cross and sister of charity, still he had made up his mind to ride.

They exchanged glances, and Vronsky gave him an encouraging nod. One only he now failed to see: his most redoubtable rival, Makhotin, on Gladiator, was not there.

"Don't be in haste," said Cord to Vronsky, "and don't forget this one important point; when you come to a hurdle, don't pull back or spur on your horse; let her take it her own way."

"Very good," replied Vronsky, taking the reins.

"If possible, take the lead, but don't be discouraged if for a few minutes you are behind."

The horse did not have time to stir before Vronsky, with supple and powerful movement, put his foot on the notched steel stirrup, and gracefully, firmly, took his seat on the squeaking leather saddle. Then he arranged the double reins between his fingers, and Cord let go the animal's head. Frou Frou stretched out her neck, and pulled upon the reins as though she wanted to ask what sort of a gait would be required of her; and she started off at an easy, elastic pace, balancing her rider on her strong, flexible back. Cord followed them with mighty strides. The mare, excited, jumped to right and left, trying to take her master off his guard; and Vronsky vainly endeavored to calm her with his voice and with his hand.

They were approaching the river-bank, where the starting-post was placed. Vronsky, preceded by some, followed by others, suddenly heard on the muddy track the gallop of a horse; and Gladiator, with Makhotin on his back, smiling, and showing his long teeth, dashed by. Vronsky looked at him angrily. He did not like Makhotin any too well, and

now he was his most dangerous rival: so this fashion of galloping up behind him, and exciting his mare, displeased and angered him.

Frou Frou kicked up her heels, and started off in a gallop, made two bounds, and then, feeling the restraint of the curb, changed her gait into a trot which shook up her rider. Cord, disgusted, ran almost as fast, and kept up by his master's side.

XXV.

THE race-course was a great ellipse of four *versts*, extending before the judges' stand, and nine obstacles were placed upon it: the *rekâ* [river]; a great barrier, two *arshíns* [4.66 feet] high, in front of the pavilion; a dry ditch; a ditch filled with water; a steep ascent; an Irish *banquette*, which is the most difficult of all, composed of an embankment covered with twigs, behind which is concealed a ditch, obliging the horseman to leap two obstacles at once, at the risk of his life; then three more ditches, two filled with water; and finally the goal opposite the pavilion again. The track did not begin in the circle itself, but about a hundred *sázhens* (seven hundred feet) to one side; and in this space was the first obstacle, the brimming *rekâ*, about three *arshíns* (seven feet) in width, which they were free to leap or to ford.

Three times the seventeen riders got into line, but each time some horse or other started before the signal, and the men had to be called back. Colonel Sestrin, the starter, was beginning to get impatient; but at last, for the fourth time, the signal was given, "Go!" and the riders spurred their horses.

All eyes, all lorgnettes, were directed towards the racers.

"There they go!" "There they come!" was shouted on all sides.

And in order to follow them, the spectators rushed, singly or in groups, towards the places where they could get a better view. At the first moment the horsemen scattered a little as they, in threes and twos and singly, one after the other, approached the *rekâ*. From a distance they seemed like an undistinguishable mass, but these fractions of separation had their own value.

Frou Frou, excited and too nervous at first, lost ground, and several of the horses were ahead of her; but Vronsky,

though he had not yet leaped the *rekú*, and was trying to calm her as she pulled on the bridle, soon easily outstripped the three who had won on him, and now had as competitors only Gladiator, who was a whole length ahead, and the pretty Diana, on whose back clung the unhappy Prince Kuzoflef, not knowing whether he was dead or alive.

During these first few seconds Vronsky had no more control of himself than of his horse.

Gladiator and Diana leaped the *rekú* at almost one and the same moment. Frou Frou lightly leaped behind them, as though she had wings. The instant that Vronsky was in the air, he caught a glimpse of Kuzoflef almost under the feet of his horse, wrestling with Diana on the other side of the *rekú*. Vronsky heard after the race, how Kuzoflef had loosened the reins after Diana jumped, and the horse had stumbled, throwing him on his head. But at this time he only saw that Frou Frou was going to land on Diana's head. But Frou Frou, like a falling cat, making a desperate effort with back and legs as she leaped, landed beyond the fallen racer.

"O my beauty!" thought Vronsky.

After the *rekú* he regained full control of his horse, and even held her back a little, meaning to leap the great hurdle behind Makhotin, whom he had no hopes of outstripping before they reached the long stretch of about two hundred *sázhens* [fourteen hundred feet], which was free of obstacles.

This great hurdle was built exactly in front of the Imperial Pavilion: the Emperor, the court, and an immense throng, were watching as they drew near it. Vronsky felt all these eyes fixed on him from every side; but he saw only his horse's ears, the ground flying under him, and Gladiator's flanks, and white feet beating the ground in cadence, and always maintaining the same distance between them. Gladiator flew at the hurdle, gave a whisk of his well-cropped tail, and, without having touched the hurdle, vanished from Vronsky's eyes.

"Bravo!" cried a voice.

At the same instant the planks of the hurdle flashed before his eyes, his horse leaped without breaking, but he heard behind him a loud crash. Frou Frou, excited by the sight of Gladiator, had leaped too soon, and had struck the hurdle with the shoes on her hind feet: her gait was unchanged; and Vronsky, his face splashed with mud, saw that

the distance had not increased or diminished, as he caught a glimpse again of Gladiator's crupper, his short tail, and his swift white feet.

Frou Frou seemed to have the same thought as her master, for while not showing excitement, she sensibly increased her speed, and gained on Makhotin by trying to take the inside track. But Makhotin did not yield this advantage. Vronsky was wondering if they could not pass on the farther side of the slope, when Frou Frou, as though divining his thought, changed of her own accord, and took this direction. Her shoulder, darkened with sweat, closed with Gladiator's flanks, and for several seconds they flew almost side by side; but in order not to take the outside of the great circle, Vronsky urged Frou Frou on just as they passed the divide, and on the descent he managed to get the lead. As he drew by Makhotin he saw his mud-stained face, and it seemed to him that he smiled. Though he was behind, he was still there, within a step; and Vronsky could hear the regular rhythm of his stallion's feet, and the hurried, but far from winded, breathing.

The next two obstacles, the ditch and the hurdle, were easily passed, but Gladiator's gallop and puffing came nearer. Vronsky gave Frou Frou the spur, and perceived with a thrill of joy, that she easily accelerated her speed: the sound of Gladiator's hoofs grew fainter.

He now had the lead, as he had desired, and as Cord had recommended, and he felt sure of success. His emotion, his joy, his affection for Frou Frou, were all on the increase. He wanted to look back, but he did not dare to turn around, and he did his best to calm himself, so as not to excite his horse. A single serious obstacle now remained to be passed, — the Irish *banquette*, — which if cleared, and if he kept his head level, would give him the victory without the slightest doubt. He and Frou Frou at the same instant caught sight of the obstacle from afar, and both horse and man felt a moment of hesitation. Vronsky noticed the hesitation in his horse's ears; and he was just lifting his whip when it occurred to him, just in time, that she knew what she had to do. The beautiful creature got her start, and, as he foresaw, seeming to take advantage of the impetus, rose from the ground, and cleared the ditch with energy that took her far beyond; then fell again into the measure of her pace without effort and without change.

"Bravo, Vronsky!" cried the throng. He recognized his friends and his regiment, who were standing near the obstacle; and he distinguished Yashvin's voice, though he did not see him.

"O my beauty!" said he to himself, thinking of Frou Frou, and yet listening to what was going on behind him. "He has cleared it," he said, as he heard Gladiator's gallop behind him.

The last ditch, full of water, two *arshíns* wide, now was left. Vronsky scarcely heeded it; but, anxious to come in far ahead of the others, he began to saw on the reins, and to urge on the horse by falling into her motion, and leaning far over her head. He felt that she was beginning to be exhausted; her neck and her sides were wet; the sweat stood in drops on her throat, her head, and her ears; her breath was short and gasping. Still, he was sure that she had force enough to cover the two hundred *sázhens* that lay between him and the goal. Only because he felt himself so near the end, and by the extraordinary smoothness of her motion, did Vronsky realize how much she had increased her speed. The ditch was cleared, how, he did not know. She cleared it like a bird. But at this moment Vronsky felt to his horror, that, instead of taking the swing of his horse, he had made, through some inexplicable reason, a wretchedly and unpardonably wrong motion in falling back into the saddle. His position suddenly changed, and he felt that something horrible had happened. He could not give himself any clear idea of it; but there flashed by him a roan steed with white feet, and Makhotin was the winner.

One of Vronsky's feet touched the ground, and his horse stumbled. He had scarcely time to clear himself when the horse fell on her side, panting painfully, and making vain efforts with her delicate foam-covered neck to rise again. But she lay on the ground, and struggled like a wounded bird: by the movement that he had made in the saddle, he had broken her back. But he did not learn his fault till afterwards. Now he saw only one thing, that Gladiator was far ahead, and that he was there alone, standing on the wet ground before his defeated Frou Frou, who stretched her head towards him, and looked at him with her beautiful eyes. Still not realizing the trouble, he pulled on the reins. The poor animal struggled like a fish, and tried to get up on her fore-legs; but, unable to move her hind-quarters, she fell

back on the ground all of a tremble. Vronsky, his face pale, and distorted with rage, kicked her in the belly to force her to rise: she did not move, but gazed at her master with one of her speaking looks, and buried her nose in the sand.

"A—h! what have I done?" cried Vronsky, taking her head in his hands. "A—h! what have I done?" And the lost race, and his humiliating, unpardonable blunder, and the poor ruined horse! "A—h! what have I done?"

The surgeon and his assistant, his comrades, every one, ran to his aid; but to his great mortification, he found that he was safe and sound. The horse's back was broken, and she had to be killed. Incapable of uttering a word, Vronsky answered nothing to all the questions which were put to him: he left the race-course without picking up his cap, or knowing whither he was going. He was in despair. For the first time in his life he was the victim of a misfortune for which there was no remedy, and for which he felt that he himself was the only one to blame.

Yashvin hastened after him with his cap, and took him back to his quarters. At the end of half an hour he was calm and self-possessed again, but this race was for a long time the most bitter and cruel remembrance of his life.

XXVI.

The relations of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch seemed to undergo no outward change. The only difference consisted in the extra amount of business which he took upon his shoulders. Early in the spring he went abroad, as he usually did, to rest himself at the water-cure after the fatigues of the winter. He returned in July, and resumed his duties with new energy. His wife had taken up her summer quarters as usual in the country, not far from Petersburg: he remained in the city. Since their conversation after the reception at the Princess Tverskaïa's, there had been nothing more said between them of jealousies or suspicions; but the tone of raillery habitual with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was very useful to him in his present relations with his wife. His coolness increased, although he seemed to have felt only a slight ill will towards her after the conversation of that night. It was only a cloud, nothing more. He seemed to say, "You have not been willing to have an understanding with me; so

much the worse for you. Now you must make the first advances, and I, in my turn, will not listen to you." And he bore himself towards his wife, in thought at least, very much in the way of a man who, in his rage at not being able to put out a fire, should say, "Burn, then! So much the worse for you."

This man, so keen and shrewd in matters of public concern, could not see the absurdity of his conduct, or, if he saw it, he shut his eyes to the wretchedness of his situation. He preferred to bury the affection which he felt for his wife and child deep in his heart, as in a box, sealed and secured. And he assumed towards the child a singularly cold manner, speaking to him always with, "Ah, young man!" in the same ironical tone that he used towards Anna.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch thought and declared that he had never had so many important affairs as this year; but he did not confess that he had himself brought them about, in order to keep from opening his secret coffer which contained his sentiments towards his wife and his family, and his thoughts concerning them, and which grew more and more troublesome the longer he kept them out of sight.

If any one had assumed the right to ask him what he thought about his wife's conduct, this calm and pacific Alekséi Aleksandrovitch would have flown into a rage, and refused to answer. And so his face always looked severe and stern whenever any one asked for news of Anna. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch did not wish to think about his wife's conduct, and therefore he did not think about her.

The Karénins' summer *datcha* was at Peterhof; and the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, who always spent her summers in the same neighborhood, kept up friendly relations with Anna. This year the countess had not cared to go to Peterhof; and as she was talking with Karénin one day, she made some allusion to the impropriety of Anna's intimacy with Betsy and Vronsky. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch stopped her harshly, and declared that for him his wife was above suspicion. From that day he avoided the countess, shutting his eyes to every thing he did not care to perceive; and he did not perceive that many people in society were beginning to give Anna the cold shoulder; and he did not question the motives of her desire for going to Tsarskoe, where Betsy lived, not far from Vronsky's camp.

He did not allow himself to think about this, and he did

not think; but in spite of all, without any proof to support him, he felt that he was deceived; he had no doubt about it, and he suffered deeply. How many times in the course of his eight years of married life had he not asked himself as he saw shattered homes, "How did this ever happen? Why don't they free themselves at any cost from such an absurd situation?" And now the evil was at his own door; but he not only did not dream of extricating himself from his own trouble, but he would not even admit it, because he was horrified at the terrible and unnatural consequences which would result.

Since his return from abroad, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had gone twice to visit his wife in the country, — once to dine with her, the other time to pass the evening with some guests, but without spending the night, as had been his custom in previous years.

The day of the races was extremely engrossing for Alekséi Aleksandrovitch; but when in the morning he made out the programme of the day, he decided to go to Peterhof after an early dinner, and thence to the hippodrome, where he expected to find the court, and where it was proper that he should be seen. For the sake of propriety also, he resolved to visit his wife every week. Moreover, it was the middle of the month, and it was his custom at this time to place in her hands the money for the household expenses.

Using all his will power, he allowed his thoughts about his wife to take this direction; but beyond this point he would not permit them to pass.

His morning had been extremely full of business. The evening before he had received a pamphlet, written by a traveller who had won great renown by his explorations in China, and a note from the Countess Lidia, begging him to receive this traveller, who seemed likely to be, on many accounts, a useful and interesting man. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had not been able to get through the pamphlet in the evening, and he finished it after breakfast. Then came petitions, reports, visits, nominations, removals, the distribution of rewards, pensions, salaries, correspondence, all that "work-a-day labor," as Alekséi Aleksandrovitch called it, which consumes so much time.

Then came his private business, a visit from his physician and a call from his steward. The latter was not very long: he only brought the money, and a brief report on the condi-

tion of his affairs, which this year was not very brilliant; the expenses had been heavy, and there was a deficit.

The doctor, on the other hand, a famous physician, and a good friend of Karénin's, took considerable time. He had come without being summoned: and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was astonished at his visit, and at the scrupulous care with which he plied him with questions, and sounded his lungs; he was not aware that his friend, the Countess Lidia, troubled by his abnormal condition, had begged the doctor to visit him, and give him a thorough examination.

"Do it for my sake," the countess said.

"I will do it for the sake of Russia, countess," replied the doctor.

"Admirable man!" cried the countess.

The doctor was very much disturbed at Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's state. His liver was congested, his digestion was bad: the waters had done him no good. He ordered more physical exercise, less mental strain, and, above all, freedom from vexation of spirit; but this was as easy as not to breathe.

The doctor departed, leaving Alekséi Aleksandrovitch with the disagreeable impression that something was very wrong with him, and that there was no help for it.

On the way out, the doctor met on Karénin's steps his old acquaintance, Sliudin, who was Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's chief secretary. They had been in the university together; but, though they rarely met, they were still excellent friends. The doctor would scarcely have spoken to others with the same freedom that he used towards Sliudin.

"How glad I am that you have been to see him! He is not well, and it seems to me — *Nu!* what is it?"

"I will tell you," said the doctor, beckoning to his coachman to drive up to the door. "This is what I say;" and, taking with his white hand the fingers of his dogskin gloves, he stretched it out: "try to break a tough cord, and it's hard work; but keep it stretched out to its utmost tension, and touch it with your finger, it breaks. Now, with his too sedentary life, and his too conscientious labor, he is strained to the utmost limit; and besides, there is a violent pressure in another direction," concluded the doctor, raising his eyebrows with a significant expression. "Shall you be at the races?" he added as he got into his carriage. "Yes, yes, certainly; but it takes too much time," he said

in reply to something that Sliudin said, and which he did not catch.

Immediately after the doctor had gone, the celebrated traveller came; and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, aided by the pamphlet which he had just read, and by some previous information which he had on the subject, astonished his visitor by the extent of his knowledge and the breadth of his views. At the same time the Imperial *Predvoditel* (marshal) was announced, who had come to Petersburg on business, and wanted to talk with him. Then he was obliged to settle the routine business with his chief secretary, and finally to make an important and necessary call upon an official.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had only time to get back to his five o'clock dinner with Sliudin, whom he invited to join him in his visit to the country and to the races.

Without knowing exactly why, he always endeavored lately to have a third person present when he had an interview with his wife.

XXVII.

Anna was in her room, standing before a mirror, and fastening a final bow to her dress, with Annushka's aid, when the noise of wheels on the gravel driveway was heard.

"It is too early for Betsy," she thought; and, looking out of the window, she saw a carriage, and in the carriage the black hat and well-known ears of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"How provoking! Can he have come for the night?" she thought; and without taking time for a moment of reflection, and under the control of the spirit of falsehood, which now ruled her, she went down-stairs, radiant with gayety, to receive her husband, and spoke with him, not knowing what she said.

"Ah! how good of you!" said she, extending her hand to Karénin, while she smiled upon Sliudin as a household friend.

"You've come for the night, I hope?" were her first words, inspired by the demon of untruth; "and now we will go to the races together. But how sorry I am! I am engaged to go with Betsy, who is coming for me."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch frowned slightly at the name of Betsy.

"Oh! I will not separate the inseparables," said he, in his

light, jesting tone. "I will walk with Mikhaïl Vasilyévitch. The doctor advised me to take exercise: I will join the pedestrians, and imagine I am still at the Spa."

"There is no hurry," said Anna. "Will you have some tea?"

She rang.

"Serve the tea, and tell Serozha that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch has come. — *Nu!* how is your health? Mikhaïl Vasilyévitch, you have not been out to see us before: look! how beautifully I have arranged the balcony!" said she, looking now at her husband, now at her guest.

She spoke very simply and naturally, but too fast and too fluently. She herself felt that it was so, especially when she caught Mikhaïl Vasilyévitch looking at her with curiosity. He got up and went out on the terrace, and she sat down beside her husband.

"You do not look at all well," said she.

"Oh, yes! The doctor came this morning, and wasted an hour of my time. I am convinced that some one of my friends sent him. How precious my health" —

"No, what did he say?"

And she questioned him about his health and his labors, advising him to take rest, and to come out into the country, where she was. It was all said with gayety and animation, and with brilliant light in her eyes, but Alekséi Aleksandrovitch attached no special importance to her manner: he heard only her words, and took them in their literal signification, replying simply, though rather ironically. The conversation had no special weight, yet Anna afterwards could not remember it without genuine pain.

Serozha came in, accompanied by his governess. If Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had allowed himself to notice, he would have been struck by the timid manner in which the lad looked at his parents, — at his father first, and then at his mother. But he was unwilling to see any thing, and he saw nothing.

"Ah, young man! He has grown. Indeed, he is getting to be a great fellow! Good-morning, young man!"

And he stretched out his hand to the puzzled child. Serozha had always been a little afraid of his father; but now, since his father had begun to call him young man, and since he had begun to rack his brains to discover whether Vronsky were a friend or an enemy, he was becoming more timid than ever. He turned towards his mother, as though for pro-

tection: he felt at ease only when with her. Meantime Alekséi Aleksandrovitch laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and asked his governess about him; but the child was so scared that Anna saw he was going to cry. She jumped up, raised Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's hand to let the boy go, and kissed him, and took him out on the terrace. Then she came back to her husband again.

"It is getting late," she said, consulting her watch. "Why doesn't Betsy come?"

"*Da!*" said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, getting up, and cracking the joints of his fingers. "I came also to bring you some money, for nightingales don't live on songs," said he. "You need it, I have no doubt."

"No, I don't need it — yes — I do," said she, not looking at him. "*Da!* you will come back after the races?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. "But here is the glory of Peterhof, the Princess Tverskaïa," he added, looking through the window, and seeing a magnificent English carriage drawing up to the entrance: "what elegance! splendid! *nu!* let us go too!"

The princess did not leave her carriage: her tiger, in top-boots and livery, and wearing a tall hat, leaped to the steps.

"I am going: good-by," said Anna, kissing her son, and giving her hand to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. "It was very kind of you to come."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch kissed her hand.

"*Nu!* till we meet again! You will come back to tea? Excellent!" she said, as she went down the steps, seeming radiant and happy. But hardly had she passed from his sight before she shivered with repugnance as she felt on her hand the place where his lips had kissed it.

XXVIII.

When Alekséi Aleksandrovitch reached the race-course, Anna was already in her place beside Betsy, in the grand pavilion, where the high society was gathered in a brilliant throng. She saw her husband from a distance, and involuntarily followed him as he came along. She saw him approach the pavilion, replying with rather haughty condescension to the salutations, which were meant to draw his attention; exchanging careless greetings with his equals;

watching to catch the glances of the great ones of the earth, to whom he paid his respects by removing his large, round hat, which came down to the top of his ears. Anna knew all these mannerisms of salutation, and they were all equally distasteful to her. "Nothing but ambition; craze for success; it is all that his heart contains," she thought: "as to his lofty views, his love for civilization, his religion, they are only means whereby to gain an end; that is all."

It was evident, from the glances that Karénin cast on the pavilion, that he was seeking vainly for his wife in the sea of muslin, ribbons, feathers, flowers, and sunshades. Anna knew that he was looking for her, but she pretended not to see him.

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," cried the Princess Betsy, "don't you see your wife? here she is!"

He looked up with his icy smile. "Every thing is so brilliant here, that it blinds the eyes," he replied, as he came up the pavilion.

He smiled at Anna, as it is a husband's duty to do when he has only just left his wife, bowed to Betsy and his other acquaintances, showing himself gallant towards the ladies, polite towards the men.

A general, famous for his wit and his knowledge, was near by; and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch joined him, and engaged in conversation. It was between the two races: the general attacked such kinds of amusement, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch defended them.

Anna heard his slow, shrill voice, and lost none of the words which her husband spoke, and which rang unpleasantly in her ear. When the hurdle-race began, she leaned forward, not letting Vronsky out of her sight for an instant. She saw him approach his horse, then mount it: her husband's voice kept floating up to her, and was odious to her. She felt for Vronsky; but she suffered painfully at the sound of this voice, every intonation of which she knew.

"I am a wicked woman, a lost woman," she thought; "but I hate falsehood, I cannot endure lies; but *he* [meaning her husband] lives by them — liar! He knows all, he sees every thing: how much feeling has he, if he can go on speaking with such calmness? I should have some respect for him if he killed me, if he killed Vronsky. But no! what he prefers above every thing is falsehood and conventionality."

Anna did not exactly know what she would have liked her husband to be, and she did not understand that the very volubility of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, which irritated her so, was only the expression of his interior agitation: he felt the need of making some intellectual exertion, just as a child stretches its limbs when it suffers with pain. He wanted to become oblivious to the thoughts that arose in his mind at the sight of Anna and Vronsky, whose name he heard on all sides. He disguised his mental disturbance by talking. "Danger," he said, "is an indispensable condition in these races of cavalry officers. If England can show in her history glorious deeds of arms performed by her cavalry, she owes it solely to the historic development of vigor in her people and her horses. Sport, in my opinion, has a deep significance; and, as usual, we take it only in its superficial aspect."

"Not superficial," said the Princess Tverskaïa: "they say that one of the officers has broken two ribs."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch smiled on the speaker with a cold expression, which showed only his teeth.

"I admit, princess, that in this case it is not superficial, but serious. But that is not the point;" and he turned again to the general, and resumed his dignified discourse.

"You must not forget that those who take part are military men; that this career is their choice, and that every vocation has its reverse side of the medal. This belongs to the calling of war. Such sport as boxing-matches and Spanish bull-fights are indications of barbarism, but specialized sport is a sign of development."

"No, I won't come another time," the Princess Betsey was saying: "it is too exciting for me; don't you think so, Anna?"

"It is exciting, but it is fascinating," said another lady: "if I had been a Roman, I should never have left the circus."

Anna did not speak, but was gazing intently through her glass.

At this moment a tall general came across the pavilion. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, breaking off his discourse abruptly, arose with dignity, and made a low bow.

"Aren't you racing?" asked the general jestingly.

"My race is a far more difficult one," replied Alekséi Aleksandrovitch respectfully; and though this answer was not remarkable for its sense, the military man seemed to

think that he had received a witty repartee from a witty man, and appreciated *la pointe de la sauce*.

"There are two sides to the question," Alekséi Aleksandrovitch said, resuming, —"that of the spectator, and that of the participant; and I confess that a love for such spectacles is a genuine sign of inferiority in the people, but" —

"Princess, a wager," cried the voice of Stepan Arkadyevitch from below, addressing Betsy. "Which side will you take?"

"Anna and I bet on Prince Kuzoflef," replied Betsy.

"I am for Vronsky. A pair of gloves."

"Good!"

"How jolly! isn't it?"

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch stopped speaking while this conversation was going on around him, and then he began anew.

"I confess, manly games" —

At this instant the signal of departure was heard, and all conversation ceased. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch also ceased speaking; but while every one stood up so as to look at the *rekâ*, he, not feeling interested in the race, instead of watching the riders, looked around the assembly with weary eyes. His gaze fell upon his wife.

Her face was pale and stern. Nothing existed for her beyond the one person whom she was watching Her hands convulsively clutched her fan: she held her breath. Karénin looked around at the faces of other women.

"There is another lady very much moved, and still another just the same: it is very natural," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch to himself. He did not wish to look at her; but his gaze was irresistibly drawn to her face, whereon he read only too plainly, and with feelings of horror, all that he had tried to ignore.

When Kuzoflef fell, the excitement was general; but Alekséi Aleksandrovitch saw clearly by Anna's pale, triumphant face, that he who fell was not the one on whom her gaze was riveted. When, after Makhotin and Vronsky crossed the great hurdle, another officer was thrown head first, and was picked up for dead, a shudder of horror ran through the assembly, but Alekséi Aleksandrovitch perceived that Anna noticed nothing, and did not know what the people were talking about. The more he studied her face, the greater became his shame. Absorbed as she was in her interest in Vronsky's course, Anna was conscious that her husband's

cold eyes were on her; and she turned around towards him for an instant questioningly, and with a slight frown. "*Ach!* I don't care," she seemed to say, as she turned her glass to the race. She did not look at him again.

The race was disastrous: out of the seventeen riders, more than half were thrown. Towards the end, the excitement became intense, the more because the Emperor showed dissatisfaction.

XXIX.

All were expressing their dissatisfaction, and the phrase was going the rounds, "Now only the lions are left in the arena;" and the terror caused by Vronsky's fall was so universal, that Anna's cry of horror caused no astonishment. But, unfortunately, her face continued to show more lively symptoms of her anxiety than was proper. She lost her presence of mind. She tried to escape, like a bird caught in a snare. She struggled to arise, and to get away; and she cried to Betsy, "Come, let us go, let us go!"

But Betsy did not hear her. She was leaning over, engaged in lively conversation with a general who had just entered the pavilion.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch hastened to his wife, and offered her his arm.

"Come, if it is your wish to go," said he in French; but Anna did not heed him. She was listening eagerly to the general's words.

"He has broken his leg, they say; but this is not at all likely," said the general.

Anna did not look at her husband; but, taking her glass, she gazed at the place where Vronsky had fallen. It was so distant, and the crowd was so dense, that she could not make any thing out of it. She dropped her *lorgnette*, and was trying to go when an officer came galloping up to make some report to the Emperor. Anna leaned forward, and listened.

"Stiva! Stiva!" she cried to her brother.

He did not hear her.

She again made an effort to leave the pavilion.

"I again offer you my arm, if you wish to go," repeated Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, touching her hand.

Anna drew back from him with aversion, and replied without looking at him, "No, no: leave me; I am going to stay."

At this moment she saw an officer riding at full speed across the race-course from the place of the accident towards the pavilion. Betsy beckoned to him with her handkerchief; and the officer came up, and said that the rider was uninjured, but the horse had broken his back.

At this news, Anna quickly sat down, and hid her face behind her fan. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch noticed not only that she was weeping, but that she could not restrain the sobs that heaved her bosom. He stepped in front of her to shield her from the public gaze, and give her a chance to regain her self-command.

"For the third time, I offer you my arm," said he, turning to her at the end of a few moments.

Anna looked at him, not knowing what to say. Betsy came to her aid.

"No, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. I brought Anna, and I will be responsible for bringing her home."

"Excuse me, princess," he replied politely, and looking her full in the face; "but I see that she is not well here, and I wish her to go home with me."

Anna obeyed in terror, and, rising hastily, took her husband's arm.

"I will send to inquire for him, and let you know," whispered Betsy.

As Alekséi Aleksandrovitch left the pavilion with his wife, he spoke in his ordinary manner to all whom he met, and Anna was forced to listen and to reply as usual; but she was not herself, and as in a dream she passed along on her husband's arm.

"Is he killed, or not? Can it be true? Will he come? Shall I see him to-day?" she asked herself.

In silence she got into the carriage, and she sat in silence while they left the throng of vehicles. In spite of all that he had seen, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch did not allow himself to think of his wife's present attitude. He saw only the external signs. He saw that her deportment had been improper, and he felt obliged to speak to her about it. But it was very difficult to say this only, and not go farther. He opened his mouth to speak; but, against his will, he said something absolutely different.

"How strange that we all like to see these cruel spectacles! I notice" —

"What? I did not understand you," said Anna scornfully.

He was wounded, and instantly began to say what was on his mind: —

"I am obliged to tell you," he began —

"Now," thought Anna, "comes the explanation;" and she was frightened.

"I am obliged to tell you, that your conduct to-day has been extremely improper," said he in French.

"Wherein has my conduct been improper?" she demanded angrily, raising her head quickly, and looking him straight in the eyes, no longer hiding her feelings under a mask of gayety, but putting on a bold front, which, with difficulty, she maintained under her fears.

"Be careful," said he, pointing to the open window behind the coachman's back.

He leaned forward to raise it.

"What impropriety did you remark?" she demanded.

"The despair which you took no pains to conceal when one of the riders was thrown."

He awaited her answer; but she said nothing, and looked straight ahead.

"I have already requested you so to behave when in society that evil tongues cannot find any thing to say against you. There was a time when I spoke of your inner feelings: I now say nothing about them. Now I speak only of outward appearances. You have behaved improperly, and I would ask you not to let this happen again."

She heard only half of his words; she felt overwhelmed with fear; and she thought only of Vronsky, and whether he was killed. Was it he who was meant when they said the rider was safe, but the horse had broken his back?

When Alekséi Aleksandrovitch ceased speaking, she looked at him with an ironical smile, and answered not a word, because she had not noticed what he said. At first he had spoken boldly; but as he saw clearly what he was speaking about, the terror which possessed her seized him. At first her smile led him into a strange mistake. "She is amused at my suspicions! She is going to tell me now that they are groundless; that this is absurd."

Such an answer he longed to hear: he was so afraid that his suspicions would be confirmed, that he was ready to believe any thing that she might say. But the expression of her gloomy and frightened face now allowed him no further chance of falsehood.

"Possibly I am mistaken," said he: "in that case, I beg you to forgive me."

"No, you are not mistaken," she replied, with measured words, casting a look of despair on her husband's icy face. "You are not mistaken: I was in despair, and I could not help being. I hear you, but I am thinking only of him. I love him, I have been false to you. I cannot endure you, I fear you, I hate you! Do with me what you please!" And, throwing herself into the bottom of the carriage, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch did not move, or turn his face; but the solemn expression of his features suddenly assumed a deathlike rigidity, which remained unchanged throughout the drive home. As they reached the house, he turned his head to her, and said, —

"So! but I insist upon the preservation of appearances from this time forth until I decide upon the measures which I shall take," — and here his voice trembled, — "and which will be communicated to you; and this I demand for the sake of preserving my honor."

He stepped out of the carriage, and assisted Anna out. Then, in presence of the domestics, he shook hands with her, re-entered the carriage, and returned to Petersburg.

He had just gone, when a messenger from Betsy brought a note to Anna: —

"I sent to Alekséi Vronsky to learn about his health. He writes me that he is safe and sound, but in despair."

"Then he will come," she thought. "How well I did to tell him all!"

She looked at her watch: scarcely three hours had passed since she saw him, but the memory of their interview made her heart beat.

"*Bozhe moï!* how light it is! It is terrible! but I love to see his face, and I love this fantastic light. . . . My husband! *Ach! da!* . . . *nu!* and thank God it is all over with him!"

XXX.

As in all places where human beings congregate, so in the little German village where the Shcherbatskys went to take the waters, there is formed a sort of social crystallization which puts every one in exact and unchangeable place. Just

as a drop of water exposed to the cold always and invariably takes a certain crystalline form, so each new individual coming to the Spa finds himself invariably fixed in the social scale.

"Fürst Schtschbatzky, sammt Gemählin und Tochter" (Prince Shcherbatsky, wife and daughter), both by the apartments that they occupied, and by their name and the acquaintances that they made, immediately crystallized into the exact place that was predestined to receive them.

The business of stratification was much more energetic this year than usual, from the fact that a genuine German *Fürstin* (princess) honored the waters with her presence. The princess felt called upon to present her daughter, and the ceremony took place two days after their arrival. Kitty, dressed in a *very simple* toilet, that is to say, a very elegant Parisian costume, made a deep and graceful courtesy. The *Fürstin* said, —

"I hope that the roses will soon bloom again in this pretty little face."

And immediately the Shcherbatsky family found themselves in the fixed and definite walk in life from which it was impossible to descend. They made the acquaintance of an English *Lady*, of a German *Gräfin*, and her son who had been wounded in the late war, of a scientific man from Sweden, and of a M. Canut and his sister.

But for the most part, the Shcherbatskys spontaneously formed social relations among the people from Moscow, among them Marya Evgenyevna Rtishchevaïa and her daughter, whom Kitty did not like because she likewise was ill on account of a love-affair going wrong; and a colonel whom she always had seen in society, and known by his uniform and his epaulets, and who now with his little eyes, and his bare neck and flowery cravats, seemed to Kitty supremely ridiculous, and the more unendurable because she could not get rid of him. When they were all established, it became very tiresome to Kitty, the more as her father had gone to Carlsbad, and she was left alone with her mother. She could not interest herself in her old acquaintances, because she knew that she should not find any thing novel in them; and so her principal amusement was in studying the people whom she had never seen before. It was in accordance with Kitty's nature to see the best side of people, especially of strangers; and now her remarks on the characters and scenes that she

amused herself in studying, were colored with a good-natured exaggeration of their peculiarities.

Of all these people, there was one in whom she took a most lively interest: it was a young girl who had come to the baths with a Russian lady named Madame Stahl. Madame Stahl, it was said, belonged to the high nobility; but she was unable to walk, and was seen only occasionally going in a wheeled-chair to take the baths. But it was rather from pride than illness, as the princess judged, that she failed to make any acquaintances among the Russians. The young girl was her nurse; and, as Kitty discovered, she frequently went to those who were seriously ill, — and there were many at the baths, — and with the same natural, unaffected zeal, took care of them.

This young Russian girl, Kitty discovered, was no relation to Madame Stahl, nor even a hired companion. Madame Stahl called her simply Várenka, but her friends called her "Mademoiselle Várenka." Kitty not only found it extremely interesting to study the relations between this young girl and Madame Stahl, and other unknown persons, but an irresistible sympathy drew her towards Mademoiselle Várenka; and, when their eyes met, she imagined that it pleased her also.

Mademoiselle Várenka, though still quite young, seemed to lack youthfulness: her age might be guessed as either nineteen or thirty. In spite of the lack of color in her face, she was rather good-looking: if, on analysis, her head had not been rather large, and her figure too slight, she would have been considered handsome; but she was not one to please men; she made one think of a beautiful flower, which, though still preserving its petals, was faded and without perfume.

Várenka seemed always absorbed in some important duty, and never at leisure to amuse herself with idle nothings; and the example of this busy life made Kitty feel that perhaps if she imitated her she would find what she was seeking with so much trouble, — an interest in life, a sentiment of the dignity of life which would never have any thing in common with the social relationship of young women to young men, which now seemed to Kitty like an ignominious exposure of merchandise to be taken by the highest bidder. The more she studied her unknown friend, the more she longed to become acquainted with her, feeling that she was

a creature of such perfection, that she would like to take her as an example for herself.

The young girls passed each other many times every day; and Kitty's eyes seemed always to say, "Who are you? What are you? Are you not, in truth, the charming person that I imagine you to be? But for Heaven's sake," the look seemed to add, "don't think that I would be indiscreet enough to demand your acquaintance! it is sufficient for me to admire you, and to love you."

"I also love you, and you are very, very charming; and I would love you still better, if I had time," replied the look of the stranger: and indeed she was always busy. Now it was the children of a Russian family whom she was taking home from the baths, now an invalid who had to be wrapped in his plaid, or another whom she was trying to amuse, or getting confections for some sick person, or bringing another his coffee and cream.

One morning, soon after the arrival of the Shcherbatskys, a couple appeared who immediately became the object of rather unfriendly criticism: a tall, stooping man, with enormous hands, black eyes, at once innocent and terrifying, and wearing an old, ill-fitting, short coat. The woman was no less *outré* in her costume: her face was marked with small-pox, but was kindly in expression.

Kitty instantly recognized that they were Russians; and her imagination was at work constructing a touching romance, of which they were the principal characters, when the princess learned, by consulting the *kurliste* (list of arrivals), that this was Nikolaï Levin and Marya Nikolayevna; and she put an end to Kitty's romance by telling her what a bad man this Levin was.

The fact that he was Konstantin Levin's brother, even more than her mother's words, made these two people particularly repulsive to Kitty. This man with the strange motion of his head became odious to her; and she imagined that she could read in his great, wild eyes, as they persistently followed her, sentiments of irony and ill will: as far as possible, she avoided meeting him.

XXXI, & XXXII.

It was a stormy day: the rain fell all the morning, and the invalids with umbrellas thronged in the galleries.

Kitty and her mother, accompanied by the Muscovite colonel playing the elegant in his European overcoat, bought ready made in Frankfort, were walking on one side of the gallery, in order to avoid Nikolaï Levin, who was on the other. Várenka in her sombre dress, and a black hat with the brim turned down, was acting as guide to a blind old French woman: each time that she and Kitty met, they exchanged friendly glances.

"Mamma, can I speak with her?" asked Kitty, seeing her unknown friend approaching the spring, and judging that it was a favorable time for them to meet.

"Yes, if you are very anxious. I will inquire about her, and make her acquaintance first," said her mother. "But why do you wish to know her? She is only a ladies' companion. If you like, I can speak to Madame Stahl. I knew her *belle-sœur*," added the princess, raising her head with dignity.

Kitty knew that her mother was vexed at the attitude of Madame Stahl, who seemed to avoid her; and she did not press the point.

"How charming she is!" said she, as she saw Várenka give the blind French lady a glass. "See how lovely and gentle every thing is that she does."

"You amuse me with your *engouements*" [infatuations], replied the princess. "No, let us not go farther," she added, as she saw Levin approaching with Marya and a German doctor, with whom he was speaking in a sharp and angry tone.

As they turned to go back, suddenly they heard the sound of angry voices and a cry. Levin had stopped, and was shrieking with excited gestures. The doctor was also angry. A crowd was gathering around them in a ring. The princess and Kitty hurried away, but the colonel joined the throng to find out what the trouble was. After a few moments he came back to them.

"What was it?" asked the princess.

"It is a shame and a disgrace," replied the colonel. "Nothing worse than to meet these Russians abroad. This

huge gentleman quarrelled with his doctor, heaped indignities upon him for not attending to him as he wished, and finally he raised his cane. It is disgraceful."

"*Ach!* how unpleasant! how unpleasant!" said the princess. "*Nu!* how did it end?"

"Fortunately, this — this girl with a hat like a toadstool interfered. A Russian, it seems," said the colonel.

"Mademoiselle Várenka?"

"Yes, yes! She went quicker than any one else, and took the angry gentleman by the arm, and led him off."

"There, mamma!" said Kitty, "and you wonder at my enthusiasm for Várenka!"

The next morning Kitty noticed that Várenka was taking up with Levin and Marya just the same as with her other *protégés:* she was talking with them, and acting as interpreter to the woman, who did not know any language besides her own.

Kitty again begged her mother even more urgently to let her become acquainted with Várenka; and though it was unpleasant to the princess to seem to be making advances to the haughty and exclusive Madame Stahl, she satisfied herself that all was perfectly proper in the proposed acquaintance. She chose a moment when Kitty was at the spring, and addressed Várenka.

"Allow me to introduce myself," said she, with a condescending smile. "My daughter has taken a great fancy to you. But perhaps you do not know me. I" —

"It is more than reciprocal, princess," replied Várenka quickly.

"What a good thing you did yesterday towards our sad fellow-countryman," said the princess.

"I don't know," she replied. — "I do not remember of having done any thing."

"Yes, indeed! you saved this Levin from an unpleasant affair."

"Ah, yes! *sa compagne* called me, and I tried to calm him: he is very sick, and very much put out with his doctor. I am quite used to this kind of invalids."

"*Da!* I believe you live at Mentone with your aunt, Madame Stahl. I used to know her *belle-sœur*."

"No, Madame Stahl is not my aunt. I call her *maman*, but I am no relation to her. I was brought up by her," replied Várenka.

All this was said with perfect simplicity; and the expression of her pleasing face was so frank and sincere, that the princess began to understand why Kitty was so charmed by her.

"*Nu!* what is this Levin going to do?" she asked.

"He is going away."

At this moment, Kitty, radiant with pleasure because her mother was talking with her friend, came in from the spring.

"*Nu, vot!* Kitty, your ardent desire to know Mademoiselle"—

"Várenka," said the young girl. "Everybody calls me so."

Kitty was delighted, and without speaking pressed her new friend's hand a long time, but without any response. Várenka's face, however, was lighted with a happy expression tinged with melancholy; and when she laughed, she showed her large but handsome teeth.

"I have been longing to know you," she said. "But you are so busy"—

"*Ach!* on the contrary, I haven't any thing to do," replied Várenka; but at the same instant two little Russian girls, the daughters of an invalid, ran towards her, and said,—

"Várenka, mamma is calling."

And Várenka followed them.

When the princess set out to find about Várenka's past life, and her relations with Madame Stahl, she learned the following particulars:—

Madame Stahl had always been a sickly and excitable woman, who was said by some to have tormented the life out of her husband, and by others to have been made unhappy by his unreasonable behavior. After she was divorced from her husband, she gave birth to her first child, who did not live. Madame Stahl's family, knowing her sensitiveness, and fearing that the shock would kill her, substituted for the dead child the daughter of Court, a cook, born on the same night, and in the same house at Petersburg. It was Várenka. Madame Stahl afterwards learned that the child was not her own, but continued to take charge of it, the more willingly as the true parents shortly after died, leaving it without relatives.

For more than ten years Madame Stahl lived abroad, in the South, scarcely ever leaving her bed. Some said that she had made a public show of her piety and good works:

others saw in her a superior being of real moral elevation, and asserted that she lived only for the sake of her charities; in a word, that she was really what she seemed to be. No one knew whether she was Catholic, Protestant, or orthodox; one thing alone was certain, — that she had friendly relations with the high dignitaries of all the Churches and of all communions.

Várenka always lived with Madame Stahl; and all who knew Madame Stahl knew Mlle. Várenka also, and loved her.

Kitty became more and more attached to her friend, and each day discovered some new charm in her. The princess, seeing that Várenka's manners were excellent, and that she was well educated, speaking French and English perfectly, did not discourage the friendship, and, having discovered that she sang, invited her to come and spend an evening with them.

"Kitty plays, and we have a piano; and, though the instrument is bad, we shall be delighted to hear you," said the princess with a forced politeness that was displeasing to Kitty, especially as she knew that Várenka did not want to sing. She came, however, that same evening, and brought her music. The princess invited Marya Evgenyevna and her daughter, and the colonel. Várenka seemed not to mind the presence of these people, who were strangers to her, but sat down to the piano without being urged: she could not accompany herself, but she read the notes perfectly. Kitty played very well, and accompanied her.

"You have a remarkable talent," said the princess after the first song, which Várenka sang beautifully.

Marya Evgenyevna and her daughter added their compliments and their thanks.

"See," said the colonel, looking out of the window, "what an audience you have attracted." In fact, a large number of people had gathered in front of the house.

"I am very glad to have given you pleasure," said Várenka without affectation.

Kitty looked at her friend proudly: she admired her art and her voice and her face, and, more than all, her bearing. It was evident that Várenka made no boast of her singing, and was indifferent to compliments. She simply seemed to say, "Shall I sing some more, or is that enough?"

"If I were in her place, how proud I should be! How happy I should be to see that crowd under the

window! But she seems perfectly unconscious of it. All that she seemed to want was to please *maman*. What is there about her? What is it that gives her this power of indifference, this calmness and independence? How I should like to learn of her!" thought Kitty, as she looked into her peaceful face.

The princess asked for a second song; and Várenka sang this as well as the first, with the same care and the same perfection, standing erect near the piano, and beating time with her little brown hand.

The next piece in her music-roll was an Italian *aria*. Kitty played the introduction, and turned towards Várenka.

"Let us skip that," said she, blushing.

Kitty, in surprise and wonder, fixed her eyes on Várenka's face.

"*Nu!* another one," she said, hastily turning the pages, and somehow feeling an intuition that the Italian song brought back to her friend some painful association.

"No," replied Várenka, putting her hand on the notes. "Let us sing this." And she sang as calmly and coolly as before.

After the singing was over, they all thanked her again, and went out into the dining-room to drink tea. Kitty and Várenka went down into the little garden next the house.

"You had some association with that song, did you not?" asked Kitty. "You need not tell me about it: simply say, 'Yes, I have.'"

"Why should I not tell you about it? Yes, there is an association," said Várenka calmly, "and it is a painful one. I once loved a man, and used to sing that piece to him."

Kitty with wide-open eyes looked at Várenka meekly, but did not speak.

"I loved him, and he loved me also; but his mother was unwilling, and he married some one else. He does not live very far from us now, and I sometimes see him. You didn't think that I also had my romance, did you?" And her face lighted up with a rare beauty, and a fire such as Kitty imagined might have been habitual in other days.

"Why shouldn't I have thought so? If I were a man I could never have loved any one else after knowing you," said Kitty. "What I cannot conceive is, that he was able to forget you, and make you unhappy for the sake of obeying his mother. He couldn't have had any heart."

"On the contrary, he was an excellent man: and I, I am not unhappy; I am very happy — *nu!* Shall we sing any more this evening?" she added, turning towards the house.

"How good you are! how good you are!" cried Kitty, stopping to kiss her. "If I could only be a bit like you!"

"Why should you resemble any one else besides yourself? Stay the good girl that you are," said Várenka, with her sweet and melancholy smile.

"No, I am not good at all. *Nu!* tell me. — Stay, stay; let us sit down a little while," said Kitty, drawing her down to a settee near by. "Tell me how it can be other than a pain to think of a man who has scorned your love, who has jilted you."

"*Da!* he did not scorn it at all: I am sure that he loved me. But he was a dutiful son, and" —

"And suppose it had not been for the sake of his mother, — of his own free will," said Kitty, feeling that she was betraying her secret by her face as well as by her words.

"Then he would not have behaved honorably, and I should not mourn for him," replied Várenka, perceiving that the supposition concerned, not herself, but Kitty.

"But the insult!" cried Kitty. "Can one forget the insult? It is impossible," said she, remembering her own look when the music stopped at the last ball.

"Whose insult? You didn't do any thing wrong?"

"Worse than wrong, — shameful!"

Várenka shook her head, and laid her hand on Kitty's.

"*Da!* but why shameful?" she asked. "You surely did not tell a man who showed indifference to you that you loved him?"

"Certainly not: I never uttered a word. But he knew it. There are looks, ways — no, no! not if I lived a hundred years should I ever forget it."

"Now, what is it? I don't understand you. The question is solely this: do you love him now, or not?" said Várenka, who liked to call things by their right names.

"I hate him. I cannot forgive myself."

"But what for?"

"The shame, the insult."

"*Ach!* if every one were as sensitive as you! There is never a young girl who does not sometimes feel the same way. It is all such a trifling thing!"

"But what, then, is important?" asked Kitty, looking at Várenka with astonishment and curiosity.

"*Ach!* many things are important," replied Várenka, with a smile.

"*Da!* but what?"

"*Ach!* there are many things more important," replied Várenka, not knowing what to say; but at that moment the princess shouted from the window, —

"Kitty, it is getting cool; put on your shawl, or come in."

"It is time to go," said Várenka, getting up. "I must go and see Madame Berthe: she asked me to come."

Kitty held her by the hand, and asked her, with a look full of passionate, almost supplicating, curiosity, —

"What is it that is so important? What can give calm? You know: tell me."

But Várenka did not understand the meaning of Kitty's look. She remembered only that she had still to go to see Madame Berthe, and to get home at midnight for tea with *maman*. She went back to the room, picked up her music, and, having said good-night to all, she was going to take her departure.

"Allow me: I will escort you," said the colonel.

"Certainly," said the princess. "How could you go home alone at night? I was going to send Parasha with you."

Kitty saw that Várenka could hardly keep from smiling at the idea that she needed any one to go home with her.

"No, I always go home alone, and nothing ever happens to me," said she, taking her hat, and leaving Kitty again, though she did not tell her "the one important thing." She hurried away with firm steps, her music-roll under her arm, and disappeared in the semi-darkness of a summer night, carrying with her the secret of her dignity and her enviable calmness.

XXXIII.

Kitty made Madame Stahl's acquaintance, and her relations with this lady and Várenka had a calming influence upon her.

She learned, through this friendship, that there existed an entirely new world, which hitherto had been hidden from her, — a beautiful, supernal world, which would enable her to look calmly on her past. This world, which was entirely apart

from the instinctive life which hitherto she had led, was the spiritual life. This life was reached by religion, — not the religion to which Kitty had been accustomed since infancy, a religion which consisted of going to morning and evening service, and to the House of Widows, where she met her acquaintances, or of learning by heart Slavonic texts with the parish priest, but a lofty, mystic religion, united with the purest thoughts and feelings, and believed in not through duty, but through love.

Kitty learned all this, but not by words. Madame Stahl spoke to her as to a lonely child whom she loved as the type of her own youth, and only once did she make any allusion to the consolation brought by faith and love for human sorrows, and to the compassion of Christ, who looked upon no sorrows as insignificant; and she immediately changed the subject. But in all this lady's motions, in her words, in her heavenly looks, as Kitty called them, and, above all, in the story of her life, which she knew through Várenka, Kitty discovered "the important thing" which till now had been but a sealed book to her.

But, lofty as Madame Stahl's character was, touching as was her history, Kitty could not help noticing certain peculiarities, which troubled her. One day, for example, when her relatives were mentioned, Madame Stahl smiled disdainfully: it was contrary to Christian charity. Another time Kitty noticed, when she met a Roman-Catholic dignitary calling upon her, that Madame Stahl kept her face carefully shaded by the curtain, and had a strange look in her face. These two incidents, though of slight importance, gave her some pain, and caused her to doubt Madame Stahl's sincerity. Várenka, on the other hand, alone in the world, without family connections, without friends, hoping for naught, harboring no ill will after her bitter disappointment, seemed to her absolute perfection. It was through Várenka that she learned how to forget herself, and to love her neighbor, if she wanted to be happy, calm, and good. And, when once she learned this, Kitty was no longer willing simply to admire, but she gave herself up with her whole heart to the new life which opened before her. After the stories which Várenka told her of Madame Stahl and others whom she named, Kitty drew up a plan for her coming life. She decided, that, following the example of Aline, Madame Stahl's niece, whom Várenka often told her about, she would visit

the poor, no matter where she found them, and that she would aid them to the best of her ability; that she would distribute the gospel, read the New Testament to the sick, to the dying, to criminals: this last idea especially appealed to her. But she indulged in these dreams secretly, without telling her mother of them, or even her friend.

However, while she was waiting to be able to carry out her schemes on a wider scale, it was not difficult for Kitty to put her new principles in practice: at the waters the sick and the unhappy are easily found, and she did as Várenka did.

The princess quickly noticed how completely Kitty had fallen under the influence of her *engouement*, as she called Madame Stahl, and particularly Várenka. She saw that Kitty imitated Várenka, not only in her deeds of charity, but even in her gait, in her speech, in her ways of shutting her eyes. Later she discovered that her daughter was passing through a sort of crisis of the soul quite independent of the influence of her friends.

One evening the princess saw Kitty reading the Gospels in a French Testament loaned her by Madame Stahl, — an unusual custom with her. She also noticed that she avoided all the gayeties of life, and gave her time to the sick under Várenka's care, and particularly to a family of a poor sick painter named Petrof.

The young girl seemed proud to fill, in this household, the functions of a sister of charity. All this was very good; and the princess had no fault to find with it, and opposed it all the less from the fact that Petrof's wife was a woman of good family, and that one day the *Fürstin*, noticing Kitty's beauty, had praised her, and called her the "ministering angel." All would have been very good if the princess had not feared the exaggeration into which her daughter might easily be led.

"*Il ne faut rien outrer*" ["One must never go to extremes"], she said to her in French.

The young girl did not answer; but she questioned from the bottom of her heart whether one could ever go to extremes in a religion which bids you offer your left cheek when the right has been struck, and to give your cloak to your neighbor. But what pained the princess even more than this tendency to exaggeration, was to feel that Kitty was unwilling to open her heart to her mother. In point of fact, Kitty

made a secret of these new feelings, not because she lacked affection or respect for her mother, but simply because she was her mother, and it would have been easier to confess them to a stranger than to her mother.

"It is a long time since Anna Pavlovna has been to see us," said the princess one day, speaking of Madame Petrova. "I invited her to come, but she seems offended."

"No, I don't think so, *maman*," replied Kitty with a guilty look.

"You have not been with her lately, have you?"

"We planned a walk on the mountain for to-morrow," said Kitty.

"I see no objection," replied the princess, noticing her daughter's confusion, and trying to fathom the reason.

Várenka came the same day, and announced that Anna Pavlovna had given up the proposed expedition. The princess noticed that Kitty looked still more confused.

"Kitty, there has not been any thing unpleasant between you and the Petrofs, has there?" she asked, as soon as they were alone. "Why have they ceased to send their children, or to come themselves?"

Kitty replied that nothing had happened, and that she did not understand why Anna Pavlovna seemed to be angry with her; and she told the truth. But, if she did not know the reasons for the change in Madame Petrova, she guessed them, and also thus guessed a thing that she did not dare to confess, even to herself, still less to her mother, so humiliating and painful it would have been had she been mistaken.

All the memories of her relations with this family came back to her, one after the other. She remembered the joy which shone on Anna Pavlovna's honest round face when they first met; their secret discussions to find means to distract the invalid, and keep him from the forbidden work, and to get him out of doors; the attachment of the youngest child, who called her *Moya Kiti*, and would not go to bed without her. How beautiful every thing was at that time! Then she remembered Petrof's thin face, his long neck stretching out from his brown coat; his thin curly hair; his blue eyes, with their questioning look, which she had feared at first; his feeble efforts to seem lively and energetic when she was near; the trouble that she had to overcome; the repugnance which he, as well as all consumptives, caused

her to feel; and the trouble which she had in finding something to talk with him about.

She remembered the sick man's humble and timid looks when he saw her, and the strange feeling of compassion and awkwardness which came over her at first, followed by the pleasant consciousness of her charitable deeds. How lovely it all had been! but it lasted only for a brief moment. Now and for several days there had been a sudden change. Anna Pavlovna received Kitty with scant friendliness, and did not cease to watch her husband.

Could it be that the invalid's affecting joy at the sight of her was the cause of Anna Pavlovna's coolness? "Yes," she said to herself, "there was something unnatural and quite different from her ordinary sweet temper when she said to me, day before yesterday, sharply, '*Vot!* he will not do any thing without you; he would not even take his coffee, though he was very faint.'"

"*Da!* perhaps it was not agreeable to her when I gave him his plaid. It was such a simple little thing to do; but he seemed so strange, and thanked me so warmly, that I felt ill at ease. And then that portrait of me which he painted so well; but, above all, his gentle and melancholy look. Yes, yes, it must be so," Kitty repeated with horror. "No, it cannot be, it must not be! He is to be pitied so!" she added in her secret heart.

This suspicion poisoned the pleasure of her new life.

XXXIV.

Just before their season at the Spa was over, Prince Shcherbatsky rejoined them. He had been to Carlsbad, to Baden, and to Kissingen, with Russian friends, — "to get a breath of Russian air," as he expressed it.

The prince and princess had conflicting ideas in regard to living abroad. The princess thought that every thing was lovely; and, notwithstanding her assured position in Russian society, she put on the airs of a European lady while she was abroad, which was not becoming, for she was in every way a genuine Russian *baruina*. The prince, on the other hand, considered every thing abroad detestable, and the European life unendurable; and he even exaggerated his Russian characteristics, and tried to be less of a European than he really was.

He came back emaciated and with hollows under his eyes, but in his ordinary happy spirits; and he felt still more gay when he found that Kitty was on the road to health.

The accounts that he heard of Kitty's intimacy with Madame Stahl and Várenka, and the princess's description of the moral transformation through which his daughter was passing, rather vexed the prince, awaking in him that feeling of jealousy which he always had in regard to every thing that might draw Kitty away from under his influence. He was afraid that she might ascend to regions unattainable to him. But these disagreeable presentiments were swallowed up in the sea of gayety and good humor which he always carried with him, and which his sojourn at Carlsbad had increased.

The day after his arrival, the prince, in his long ulster, and with his Russian wrinkles and his puffy cheeks standing out above his stiffly starched collar, went in the very best of spirits with Kitty to the spring.

The morning was beautiful. The neat, gay houses, with their little gardens, the sight of the German servants, with their red faces and red arms, happily working, the brilliant sun, — every thing filled the heart with pleasure. But as they came nearer to the spring they met more and more invalids, whose lamentable appearance contrasted painfully with the trim and beneficent Germanic surroundings.

For Kitty the bright sunlight, the vivid green of the trees, the sounds of the music, all formed a natural framework for these well-known faces, whose changes for better or worse she had been watching. But for the prince there was something cruel in the contrast between this bright June morning, the orchestra playing the latest waltz, and especially the sight of these healthy-looking servants, and the miserable invalids, from all the corners of Europe, dragging themselves painfully along.

In spite of the return of his youth which the prince experienced, and the pride that he felt in having his favorite daughter on his arm, he confessed to a sense of shame and awkwardness in walking along with his firm step and his vigorous limbs.

"Introduce me, introduce me to your new friends," said he to his daughter, pressing her arm with his elbow. "I am beginning to like your abominable Soden for the good which it has done you. Only it is melancholy for you. Who is this?"

Kitty told the names of the acquaintances and strangers that they met on their way. At the very entrance of the garden they met Madame Berthe and her companion, and the prince was pleased to see the expression of joy on the old woman's face at the sound of Kitty's voice. With true French exaggeration she overwhelmed the prince with compliments, and congratulated him on having such a charming daughter, whose merits she praised to the skies, declaring that she was a treasure, a pearl, a ministering angel.

"*Nu!* she must be angel number two," said the prince gallantly, "for she assures me that Mademoiselle Várenka is angel number one."

"Oh! Mademoiselle Várenka is truly an angel. *Allez*," said Madame Berthe vivaciously.

They soon met Várenka herself in the gallery. She hastened up to them, carrying an elegant red bag in her hand.

"Here is papa," said Kitty.

Várenka made the prince a simple and natural salutation, almost like a courtesy, and without any false modesty entered into conversation with him.

"Of course I know you, — know you very well already," said the prince, with a pleasant expression that made Kitty see that her father liked her friend. "Where were you going so fast?"

"*Maman* is here," she replied, turning to Kitty. "She did not sleep all night, and the doctor advised her to take the air. I have brought her work."

"So that is angel number one?" said the prince when Várenka had gone. Kitty saw that he had intended to rally her about her friend, but had refrained because her friend had pleased him.

"*Nu!* let us go and see them all," said he, — "all your friends, even Madame Stahl if she will deign to remember me."

"But did you ever know her, papa?" asked Kitty with fear, as she saw an ironical flash in her father's eyes as he mentioned Madame Stahl.

"I knew her husband, and I knew her a little before she joined the Pietists."

"What are these Pietists, papa?" asked Kitty, troubled because such a nickname was given to what in Madame Stahl she valued so highly.

"I myself do not know much about them. I only know

this, that she thanks God for all her tribulations, and, above all, because her husband is dead. *Nu!* and that is comical, because they did not live happily together. But who is that? What a melancholy face!" he added, seeing an invalid in a brown coat, with white pantaloons making strange folds around emaciated legs. This gentleman had raised his straw hat, and bared his sparse curly hair and high forehead, on which showed the red line made by the brim.

"That is Petrof, a painter," replied Kitty, with a blush; "and there is his wife," she added, pointing to Anna Pavlovna, who, at their approach, had risen to run after one of their children playing in the street.

"Poor fellow! and what a good face he has!" said the prince. "But why did you not go to him? He seemed anxious to speak to you."

"*Nu!* let us go back to him," said Kitty, resolutely turning about. — "How do you feel to-day?" she asked.

Petrof arose, leaning on his cane, and looked timidly at the prince.

"This is my daughter," said the prince: "allow me to make your acquaintance."

The painter bowed and smiled, showing teeth of strangely dazzling whiteness.

"We expected you yesterday, princess," said he to Kitty.

He staggered as he spoke; and to conceal the fact that it was involuntary, he repeated the motion.

"I expected to come, but Várenka told me that Anna Pavlovna sent word that you were not going."

"That we weren't going?" said Petrof, troubled, and beginning to cough. Then looking towards his wife, he called hoarsely, "Annetta! Annetta!" while the great veins on his thin white neck stood out like cords.

Anna Pavlovna drew near.

"How did you send word to the princess that you were not going?" he demanded angrily, in a whisper.

"Good-morning, princess," said Anna Pavlovna, in a constrained manner, totally different from her former effusiveness. "Very glad to make your acquaintance," she added, addressing the prince. "You have been long expected, prince."

"How could you have sent word to the princess that we were not going?" again demanded the painter in his hoarse

whisper, and still more irritated because he could not express himself as he wished.

"*Ach! Bozhe moï!* I thought that we were not going," said his wife testily.

"How? — when?" — but a coughing-fit attacked him, and he made a gesture of despair with his hand.

The prince raised his hat, and went away with his daughter.

"Oh! *Ach!*" he sighed. "Oh these poor creatures!"

"Yes, papa," said Kitty; "and you must know that they have three children, and no servant, and no means at all. He receives a pittance from the Academy," she continued eagerly, so as to conceal the emotion caused by the change in Anna Pavlovna and her unfriendly reception. "*Ah, vot!* there is Madame Stahl!" said Kitty, directing his attention to a wheeled-chair, in which was lying a human form, wrapped in gray and blue, propped up by pillows, and shaded by an umbrella. A solemn and sturdy German laborer was pushing her chair. Beside her walked a blond Swedish count, whom Kitty knew by sight. Several people had stopped near the wheeled-chair, and were gazing at this lady as though she were some curiosity.

The prince approached her. Kitty instantly noticed in her father's eyes that ironical glance which had troubled her before. He addressed Madame Stahl in that excellent French which so few Russians nowadays are able to speak, and was extremely polite and friendly.

"I do not know whether you still recollect me, but it is my duty to bring myself to your remembrance, in order that I may thank you for kindness to my daughter," said he, taking off his hat, and holding it in his hand.

"Le prince Alexandre Cherbatsky!" said Madame Stahl, looking at him with her heavenly eyes, in which Kitty thought she saw a shade of dissatisfaction. "I am enchanted to see you: I am very fond of your daughter."

"Your health is not always good?"

"Oh! I am pretty well used to it now," replied Madame Stahl; and she presented the Swedish count.

"You have changed very little during the ten or twelve years since I had the honor of seeing you."

"Yes. God, who gives the cross, gives also the power to carry it. I often ask myself why my life is so prolonged. — Not like that," said she crossly, to Várenka, who was trying, without success, to wrap her in her plaid.

"For doing good, without doubt," said the prince, with laughing eyes.

"It is not for us to judge," replied Madame Stahl, who had not failed to observe the gleam of irony in the prince's face.

"I pray you send me that book, dear count. I thank you a thousand times in advance," said she, turning to the young Swede.

"Ah!" cried the prince, who had just caught sight of the Muscovite colonel; and bowing to Madame Stahl, he went away with his daughter, to join him.

"This is our aristocracy, prince!" said the colonel, with sarcastic intent, for he also was piqued because Madame Stahl refused to be friendly.

"Always the same," replied the prince.

"Did you know her before her illness, prince, — that is, before she became an invalid?"

"Yes: she became an invalid when I knew her."

"They say that she has not walked for ten years."

"She does not walk, because one leg is shorter than the other. She is very badly put together" —

"Papa, it is impossible," cried Kitty.

"Evil tongues say so, my dear; and your friend Várenka ought to see her as she is. *Och!* these invalid ladies!"

"Oh, no, papa! I assure you, Várenka adores her," cried Kitty eagerly; "and besides, she isn't deformed. Ask any one you please: Aline Stahl knows her thoroughly."

"Maybe," replied her father, pressing her arm gently; "but it would be better for people to be a little less conspicuous in making their charities."

Kitty was silent, not because she could not have replied, but because, even to her father, she was unwilling to reveal her inmost thoughts. There was one strange thing, however: decided though she was, not to unbosom herself to her father, not to let him penetrate into the sanctuary of her reflections, she nevertheless was conscious that her ideal of holiness, as seen in Madame Stahl, which she had for a whole month carried in her soul, had irrevocably disappeared, as a face, seen in a garment thrown down by chance, disappears when one really sees how the garment is lying. She retained only the image of a lame woman who staid in bed to conceal her deformity, and who tormented poor Várenka because her plaid was not arranged to suit her. And it became im-

possible for her imagination to bring back to her the remembrance of the former Madame Stahl.

XXXV.

The prince's gayety and good-humor were contagious, and none of his household and acquaintances, not even their German landlord, escaped it. When he came in with Kitty, from his walk, the prince invited the colonel, Marya Evgenyevna and her daughter, and Várenka, to lunch, and had the table spread under the horse-chestnuts, in the garden. The landlord and his domestics were filled with zeal under the influence of his good spirits. They also knew his generosity; and within half an hour the jollity of these hearty Russians, sitting under the horse-chestnuts, was filling with envy the heart of a sick Hamburg doctor, who occupied the first floor, and sighed as he looked upon the happy group under the shady trees.

The princess, in a bonnet trimmed with lilac ribbons, presided over the table, which was spread with an exceedingly white cloth, whereon were placed the coffee-service, the bread, butter, cheese, and cold game; she was distributing cups and tarts: while the prince, at the other end of the table, was eating with good appetite, and talking with great animation. He had spread out in front of him all his purchases, — wood-carvings, paper-cutters, ivory toys of every kind, which he had brought back from all the places where he had been; and he was amusing himself by giving them around to all his guests, not even forgetting Lieschen the maid, or the master of the house. He made long and comical speeches to the latter, in his bad German, and assured him that it was not the waters that had cured Kitty, but his excellent *cuisine*, and particularly his prune soup. The princess rallied her husband on his Russian peculiarities; but never, since she had been at the Spa, had she been so gay and lively. The colonel, as always, was amused at the prince's sallies of wit; but he agreed with the princess on the European question, which he imagined that he understood thoroughly. The good Marya Evgenyevna laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks; and even Várenka, to Kitty's great astonishment, was awakened from her ordinary quiet melancholy by the prince's jests.

All this delighted Kitty, but she could not free herself from mental agitation: she could not resolve the problem which her father had unintentionally given her when he spoke in his jesting, humorous way of her friends, and the life which offered her so many attractions. Moreover, she could not help puzzling herself with the reasons for the change in her relations with the Petrofs, which had struck her this very day more plainly and disagreeably than ever. Her agitation increased as she saw the gayety of the others: her feelings were the same as when she was a very little girl, and, having been punished for some offence, she heard from her room her sisters enjoying themselves, and could not take part.

"*Nu!* why did you purchase this heap of things?" asked the princess, offering her husband a cup of coffee.

"You go out for a walk, *nu!* and you come to a shop, and they address you, and say, '*Erlaucht*, *Excellenz*, *Durchlaucht!*' *Nu!* when they get to *Durchlaucht* [highness], I cannot resist any longer, and my ten *thâlers* vanish."

"It was merely because of irksomeness!"

"Certainly it was,—such irksomeness that one does not know how to escape from it."

"But how can you be bored? There are so many interesting things to see in Germany now," said Marya Evgenyevna.

"*Da!* I know all that is interesting just at the present time. I know soup with prunes, I know pea-pudding, I know every thing."

"It is idle to resist, princess: their institutions are interesting."

"*Da!* but how are they interesting? They are as contented as new shillings [lit. *groshi*, twenty kopeks]. They have whipped the world! *Nu!* why should I find any thing to content me here? I never conquered anybody; but I have to take off my boots myself, and, what is worse, put them out myself in the corridor. In the morning I get up, and have to dress myself, and go down to the dining-room, and drink execrable tea. 'Tisn't like that at home. There you can get up when you please: if you are out of sorts, you can be out of sorts; you have all the time you want, and you can do whatever you please without hurrying."

"But time is money: don't forget that," said the colonel.

"That depends. There are whole months that you would sell for fifty *kopeks*, and quarter-hours that you would not

take any amount of money for. Isn't that so, Kátenka? But why are you so solemn?"

"I am not, papa."

"Where are you going? Stay a little longer," said the prince to Várenka.

"But I must go home," said Várenka, rising, and laughing gayly again. When she was calmed, she took leave of her friends, and went to get her hat.

Kitty followed her. Even Várenka seemed to her friend changed. She was not less good, but she was different from what she had imagined her to be.

"*Ach!* it is a long time since I have laughed so much," said Várenka, as she was getting her parasol and her satchel. "How charming your papa is!"

Kitty did not answer.

"When shall I see you again?" asked Várenka.

"*Maman* wanted to go to the Petrofs'. Will you be there?" asked Kitty, trying to read Várenka.

"I will be there," she replied. "They expect to go, and I am going to help them pack."

"*Nu!* Then I will go with you."

"No: why should you?"

"Why? why? why?" asked Kitty, holding Várenka by her sunshade, and opening her eyes very wide. "Wait a moment, and tell me why."

"'Why?' Because your papa has come, and because they are vexed at you."

"No: tell me honestly why you don't like to have me go to the Petrofs'. You don't like it: why is it?"

"I didn't say so," replied Várenka calmly.

"I beg you to tell me."

"Must I tell you all?"

"All, all," replied Kitty.

"*Da!* At bottom there is nothing very serious: only Mikhaïl Alekséyevitch — that was Petrof's name — was willing to leave at any time, and now he does not want to go," replied Várenka, smiling.

"*Nu! Nu!*" cried Kitty, looking at Várenka with a gloomy expression.

"*Nu!* Anna Pavlovna imagines that he does not want to go because you are here. Of course this was unfortunate; but you have been the cause of a family quarrel, and you know how irritable these invalids are."

Kitty grew still more melancholy, and kept silent: and Várenka went on speaking, trying to pacify her, and put things in a better light, though she foresaw that the result would be either tears or reproaches; she knew not which.

"So it is better not to go there, you see; and you will not be angry"—

"But I deserved it, I deserved it," said Kitty, speaking rapidly, and still holding Várenka's parasol, and not looking at her.

Várenka was amused at her friend's childish anger, but she was afraid of offending her.

"How deserve it? I don't understand!"

"I deserve it because this was all pretence, it was all hypocrisy, and because it did not come from the heart. What business had I to meddle with the affairs of a stranger? And so I have been the cause of a quarrel, and simply because it was all hypocrisy, hypocrisy," said she, mechanically opening and shutting the sunshade.

"But why do you call it hypocrisy?" asked Várenka gently.

"*Ach!* How stupid, how wretched! It was none of my business. Hypocrisy! hypocrisy!"

"But why hypocrisy?"

"Because I did it to seem better to others, to myself, to God, — to deceive everybody. No, I will not fall so low again. I would rather be wicked, and not lie, and not deceive.

"*Da!* But who is a liar?" asked Várenka, in a reproachful tone. "You speak as if"—

But Kitty was thoroughly angry, and did not let her finish.

"I was not speaking of you, not of you at all. You are perfection. Yes, yes: I know that you are all perfection. What can be done? I am wicked: this would not have occurred, if I had not been wicked. So much the worse. I will be what I am, and I will not be deceitful. What have I to do with Anna Pavlovna? Let them live as they want to, and I will do the same. I can't be somebody else. Besides, it is not that at all"—

"*Da!* What isn't 'that'?" asked Várenka, in astonishment.

"Every thing! I can only live by my heart, but you live

by your principles. I like you all; but you have had in view only to save me, to convert me."

"You are not fair," said Várenka.

"*Da!* I am not speaking about the rest of you. I only speak for myself."

"Kitty!" cried her mother's voice, "come here, and show papa your corals."

Kitty took the box with the corals from the table, carried it to her mother with a dignified air, but she did not become reconciled with her friend.

"What is the matter? why are you so red?" asked her father and mother with one voice.

"Nothing: I am coming right back;" and she hurried to the house.

"She is still there," she thought: "what shall I tell her? *Bozhe moï!* what have I done? what have I said? Why did I hurt her feelings? What have I done? what did I say to her?" she asked herself as she hurried to the door.

Várenka, with her hat on, was sitting by the table, examining the remains of her parasol, which Kitty had broken. She raised her head.

"Várenka, forgive me," whispered Kitty, coming up to her. "I did not know what I was saying. I" —

"Truly, I did not mean to cause you pain," said Várenka, smiling.

Peace was made. But her father's coming had changed for Kitty the world in which she lived. Without giving up what she had learned, she confessed that she had been under an illusion by believing that she was what she had dreamed of being. It was like a dream. She found that she could not, without hypocrisy, stay on such an elevation: she felt, moreover, still more vividly, the weight of the misfortunes, the ills, the agonies, of those who surrounded her, and she felt that it was cruel to prolong the efforts which she had made to interest herself in them. She began to long to breathe the purer, healthier atmosphere of Russia at Yergushovo, where Dolly and the children had preceded her, as she learned from a letter that had just come.

But her love for Várenka had not diminished. When she went away, she begged her to come and visit them in Russia.

"I will come when you are married," said she.

"I shall never marry."

"*Nu!* then I shall never come."

"*Nu!* In that case, I shall get married only for your sake. Don't forget your promise," said Kitty.

The doctor's prophecies were realized. Kitty came home to Russia perfectly well: possibly she was not as gay and careless as before, but her calmness was restored. The pains of the past were only a memory.

PART III.

I.

Sergéi Ivanovitch Koznuishef liked to rest after his intellectual labors; and instead of going abroad, as usual, he came, towards the end of May, to visit his brother in the country. In his opinion, country life was the best of all, and he came now to enjoy it at Pokrovsky. Konstantin Levin was very glad to welcome him, the more because he did not expect his brother Nikolaï this summer. But in spite of his love and respect for Sergéi Ivanovitch, Konstantin was not altogether at his ease with him in the country. It was exasperating and unpleasant for him to see his brother's behavior. For Konstantin the country was the place for life,—for pleasures, sorrows, labor. For Sergéi Ivanovitch the country, on the contrary, offered rest from labor, and a profitable antidote against the corruption which he found in the pleasures and acquaintances of his life. For Konstantin Levin the country was the more beautiful because it offered an end for works of incontestable utility. For Sergéi Ivanovitch the country was vastly more delightful because he could not, and need not, do any thing at all. Their ways of looking at the peasantry were likewise exactly diametrically opposite to each other. Sergéi Ivanovitch said that he loved and knew the people; and he willingly talked with the *muzhiks*, and discovered, in his interviews with them, traits of character honorable to the people, so that he felt convinced that he knew them thoroughly. Such superficial views vexed Konstantin Levin. For him the peasantry was only the chief factor in associated labor; and though he respected the *muzhik*, and, as he himself said, drew in with the milk of the woman who nursed him a genuine love for them, still their vices exasperated him as often as their virtues struck him. For him the people represented

the principal partner in a labor association, and, as such, he saw no need of making a distinction between the qualities, the faults, and the interests of this associate and those of the rest of men. He lived among them, and he knew them thoroughly: he was their landlord, their mediator, and, what was more, their adviser; for the *muzhiks* had faith in him, and came to him from forty *versts* around to ask his opinions. But to say that he knew the peasantry, would have meant, in his opinion, the same as to say, that he knew people.

In the discussions which arose between the brothers in consequence of their divergence of views, the victory always remained with Sergéi Ivanovitch, because his opinions, formed by his methodical studies, remained unshaken; while Konstantin, ceaselessly modifying his, was easily convicted of contradicting himself. Sergéi Ivanovitch looked upon his brother as an excellent fellow, whose heart was *bien placé*, as he expressed it in French, but whose mind, though quick and active, was full of *non sequiturs*. Often, with the condescension of an elder brother, he tried to make him see the real meaning of things; but he could not take genuine pleasure in discussing with him, because his opponent was so easy to vanquish.

Konstantin Levin, on his side, looked upon his brother as a man of vast intelligence and learning, endowed with extraordinary faculties, most advantageous to the community at large; but as he advanced in life, and learned to know him better, he sometimes asked himself, in the secret chambers of his heart, if this devotion to the general interests, which he himself seemed to lack, was really a good quality, or rather a vice; not through the powerlessness of good-natured, upright, benevolent wishes and motives, but the powerlessness of a strong man pushing his own way through the multitudes of paths which life offers to men, and resolved at all odds to delight in this, and to follow it alone.

Levin felt also another sort of constraint in his relations with his brother when he was spending the summer with him. The days seemed to him too short for him to accomplish all that he wanted to do and to superintend, while his brother cared to do nothing but take his ease. Though Sergéi Ivanovitch was not writing, his mind was too active for him not to need some one to whom he might express in logical and elegant form the ideas which occupied him. Konstantin was his habitual and favorite auditor.

It was his favorite habit to lie lazily on the grass, stretched out at full length in the sun, and to talk.

"You can't imagine," he would say, "how I enjoy this idleness. I have not an idea in my head: it is empty as a shell."

But Konstantin quickly wearied of sitting down and talking about trifles. He knew that in his absence they were spreading the manure on the wrong fields, and were up to God knows what mischief, and he felt anxious to be superintending this work: he knew that they would be taking off the irons from his English ploughs, so as to be able to say that they were not as good as the primitive arrangements still used by his neighbor So-and-so.

"Don't you ever get weary trotting about so in this heat?" asked Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"No. Excuse me for a minute: I must run over to the office," said Levin; and he hurried across the field.

II.

Early in June, Agafya Mikhaïlovna, the old nurse and *ekonomka* [housekeeper], in going down cellar with a pot of pickled mushrooms, slipped on the staircase, and dislocated her wrist. The district doctor, a loquacious young medical student who had just taken his degree, came and examined the arm, declared that it was not out of joint, and applied compresses: and during dinner, proud of finding himself in the society of the distinguished Koznuishef, he began to relate all the petty gossip of the neighborhood; and, in order that he might have occasion to introduce his enlightened ideas, he began to complain of the bad state of things in general.

Sergéi Ivanovitch listened attentively. Animated by the presence of a new hearer, he talked, and made keen and shrewd observations, which were received by the young physician with respectful appreciation. After his departure Koznuishef was left in that rather over-excited frame of mind which, as his brother knew, was liable in his case to follow a lively and brilliant conversation. Immediately after, he took a fish-line and went to the river. He was very fond of fishing: he seemed to take a little pride in showing that he could amuse himself with such a puerile amusement.

Konstantin was intending to make a tour of inspection across the fields, and he offered to take his brother in his gig as far as the river.

It was the time of the year when, the summer having sufficiently gone, the amount of the crops can be judged, and the thoughts of the coming summer begin to take root. The ears of corn, now full and still green, swing lightly in the breeze; the oats peep irregularly from the late-sown fields; the wheat already is up, and hides the soil; the odor of the manure, heaped in little hillocks over the fields, mingles with the perfume of the herbs, which, scattered with little bunches of wild sorrel, stretch out like a sea. This period of the summer is the lull before the harvest, that great event which the *muzhik* expects each year with eagerness. The crops promised to be superb; and long, bright days were followed by short nights, when the dew lay heavy on the grass.

To reach the fields, it was necessary to cross the woodland. Sergéi Ivanovitch liked this dense forest. He pointed out to his brother, as they rode along, an old linden almost in flower; but Konstantin, who did not himself care to speak about the beauties of nature, did not care to have others speak of them. Words, he thought, spoiled the beauty of the thing that they saw. He assented to what his brother said, but allowed his mind to concern itself with other things. After they left the wood, his attention was drawn to a fallow field, where some places were growing yellow, where in others the crop was being gathered and garnered. The *telyégas* were thronging up toward the field. Levin counted them, and was satisfied with the work which was going on. His thoughts were diverted, by the sight of the fields, to the serious question of fertilizers, which he always had particularly at heart. He stopped his horse when they reached the meadow. The high, thick grass was still damp with dew. Sergéi Ivanovitch begged his brother, in order that he might not wet his feet, to drive him as far as a clump of laburnums near which perch were to be caught. Though he disliked to trample down his grass, he drove over through the field. The tall grass clung round the horse's legs, and the seed was dusted on the wheels of the little gig.

Sergéi sat down under the laburnums, and cast his line. Though he caught nothing, he was undisturbed in spirits, and the time that his brother was away conversing with Famitch and the other workmen did not seem irksome to him. When

his brother returned, anxious to get back to the house to give some orders, Sergéi was sitting calmly looking at the water and the sky and the fields.

"These fields," he said, "are heavenly. They always remind me of an enigma, do you know?—'The grass says to the river'"—

"I don't know any such riddle," interrupted Konstantin in a melancholy tone.

III.

"Do you know, I was thinking about you," said Sergéi Ivanovitch. "It is not well at all, what is going on in your district, if that doctor tells the truth: he is not a stupid fellow. And I have told you all along, and I say to-day, you are wrong in not going to the assembly meetings, to know what they are doing. If men of standing don't take an interest in affairs, God knows how things will turn out. The taxes we pay will be spent in salaries, and not for schools, or hospitals, or midwives, or pharmacies, or any thing."

"But I have tried it," replied Levin faintly and unwillingly. "I can't do any thing. What is to be done about it?"

"*Da!* why can't you do any thing? I confess I don't understand it. I cannot admit that it is incapacity or lack of intelligence: isn't it simply laziness?"

"It is not that, or the first or the second. I have tried it, and I am sure that I cannot do any thing."

Levin was not paying great heed to what his brother said, but was looking intently across the fields on the other side of the river. He saw something black, but he could not make out whether it was only a horse, or his *prikashchik* on horseback.

"Why can't you do any thing? You make an experiment, and it does not turn out to your satisfaction, and you give up. Why not have a little pride about you?"

"Pride?" said Levin, touched to the quick by his brother's reproach. "I don't see what that has to do with it. If at the university they had told me that others understood the integral calculus, but I did not, that would have touched my pride; but here I have first to believe in the value of these new institutions."

"What! do you mean to say that they are not valuable?"

asked Sergéi Ivanovitch, piqued because his brother seemed to attach so little importance to his words, and gave him such poor attention.

"It seems to me that they are useless, and I cannot feel interested in what you wish me to do," replied Levin, who now saw that the black speck was the *prikashchik*, and that the *prikashchik* was probably taking some *muzhiks* from their work. They were carrying home the ploughs. "Can they have finished ploughing?" he asked himself.

"*Nu*, listen! one thing," said his brother, his handsome, intellectual face growing a shade darker. "There are limits to every thing. It is very fine to be an original and outspoken man, and to hate falsehood, — all that I know; but the fact is, that what you say has no sense at all, or has a very bad sense. Do you really think it idle that these people, whom you love, as you assert" —

"I never asserted any such thing," replied Konstantin Levin.

"That these people should perish without aid? Coarse *babki* [peasant-women] act as midwives, and the people remain in ignorance, and are at the mercy of every letter-writer. But it is within your power to remedy all this; and you don't assist them, because, in your eyes, it is not worth while."

And Sergéi Ivanovitch offered him the following dilemma: —

"Either you are not developed sufficiently to do all that you might do, or you do not care to give up your love of idleness, or your vanity: I don't know which."

Konstantin Levin felt, that, if he did not wish to be convicted of indifference for the public weal, he would have to make a defence; and this was vexatious and offensive to him.

"That is another thing," he said testily. "I do not see how it is possible" —

"What! impossible to give medical aid if the funds were watched more closely?"

"Impossible it seems to me. In the four thousand square *versts* of our district, with our floods, snow-storms, and busy seasons, I don't see the possibility of giving public medical aid. Besides, I don't much believe in medicine, anyway" —

"*Nu!* nonsense! you are unjust. I could name you a thousand cases — and schools."

"Why schools?"

"What do you say? Can you doubt the advantages of education? If it is good for you, why not for others?"

Konstantin Levin felt that he was pushed to the wall; and, in his irritation, against his will he revealed his real reason for his indifference.

"Maybe it is a good thing; but why should I put myself out, — have medical dispensaries located which I never make use of, or schools where I should never send my children, and where the peasants won't send their children, and where I am not sure that it is wise to send them, anyway?"

Sergéi Ivanovitch for a moment was disconcerted by this sally; and, while carefully pulling his line from the water, he developed another line of attack.

"*Nu!* that is absurd," said he with a smile. "In the first place, the dispensary is necessary. *Vot!* we ourselves sent for the *zemski doktor* for Agafya Mikhaïlovna."

"*Nu!* I believe that her wrist was out of joint, in spite of what he said."

"That remains to be proved. In the next place, the *muzhik* who can read is a better workman, and more useful to you."

"Oh, no!" replied Konstantin Levin bluntly. "Ask any one you please, they will tell you that the educated *muzhik* is less valuable as a laborer. He will not repair the roads; and, when they build bridges, he will only steal the planks."

"Now, this is not the point," said Sergéi, vexed, because he detested contradiction, and this way of leaping from one subject to another, and bringing up arguments without any apparent connection. "The question is this: Do you admit that education is good for the peasantry?"

"I do," said Levin, without realizing that he was not speaking the thought in his mind. Instantly he perceived, that, by making this admission, it would be easy to convict him of speaking nonsense. How it would be brought up against him he did not know; but he knew that he would surely be shown his logical inconsequence, and he awaited the demonstration. It came much sooner than he expected.

"If you admit its value," said Sergéi, "then, as an honest man, you cannot refuse to delight in this work, and give it your hearty co-operation."

"But I still do not admit that it is good," said Konstantin Levin, in confusion.

"What? But you just said" —

"That is, I don't say that it is bad, but that it is not advisable."

"But you can't know this, since you have not made any effort to try it."

"*Nu!* I admit that the education of the people is advantageous," said Konstantin, but without the least conviction, "but I don't see why I should bother myself with it."

"Why not?"

"*Nu!* if we are going to discuss the question, then explain it to me from your philosophical point of view."

"I don't see what philosophy has to do here," retorted Sergéi Ivanovitch in a tone which seemed to cast some doubt on his brother's right to discuss philosophy; and this nettled him.

"That is why," said he warmly, "I think that the motive-power in all our actions is forever personal interest. Now, I see nothing in our provincial institutions that contributes to my well-being. The roads are not better, and cannot be made so. My horses carry me, even on bad roads. The doctor and the dispensary are no use to me. The justice of the peace does me no good: I never went to him, and never expect to. The schools seem to me not only useless, but, as I have said, are even harmful; and these provincial institutions oblige me to pay eighteen kopeks a *desyatin*, to go to the city, to be eaten by bugs, and to hear all sorts of vulgar and obscene talk, and yet do not in any way affect my personal interests."

"Nonsense!" said Sergéi Ivanovitch with a smile. "Our personal interests did not compel us to work for the emancipation of the serfs, and yet we accomplished it."

"No," replied Konstantin with still more animation: "the emancipation was quite another affair. It was for personal interest. We wanted to shake off this yoke that hung upon the necks of all of us decent people. But to be a member of the town council; to discuss what only concerns smiths, and how to lay sewer-pipes in streets where one does not live; to be a juryman, and sit in judgment on a *muzhik* who has stolen a ham; to listen for six hours to all sorts of rubbish which the defendant and the prosecutor may utter, and, as presiding officer, to ask my old friend, the half-idiotic Aloshka, 'Do you plead guilty, *Mr.* Accused, of having stolen this ham?'" —

And Konstantin, carried away by his subject, enacted the scene between the president and the half-idiotic Aloshka. It seemed to him that this was in the line of the argument.

But Sergéi Ivanovitch shrugged his shoulders.

"*Nu!* what do you mean by this?"

"I only mean that I will always defend with all my powers those rights which touch me, — my interests; that when the policemen came to search us students, and read our letters, I was ready to defend these rights with all my might, to defend my rights to instruction, to liberty. I am interested in the required service which concerns the fate of my children, of my brothers, and of myself. I am willing to discuss this because it touches me; but to deliberate on the employment of forty thousand rubles of district money, or to judge the crack-brained Aloshka, I won't do it, and I can't."

Konstantin Levin discoursed as though the fountains of his speech were unloosed. His brother was quietly amused.

"Supposing to-morrow you were arrested: would you prefer to be tried by the old 'criminal court'?"

"But I shall not be arrested. I am not a murderer, and this is no use to me. *Nu, uzh!*" he continued, again jumping to a matter entirely foreign to their subject, "our provincial institutions, and all that, remind me of the little twigs which on Trinity day we stick into the ground, to imitate a forest. The forest has grown of itself in Europe; but I cannot on my soul have any faith in our birch sprouts, or water them."

Sergéi Ivanovitch only shrugged his shoulders again, as a sign of astonishment that birch twigs should be mingled in their discussion, although he understood perfectly what his brother meant.

"Nonsense!" said he. "That is no way to reason."

But Konstantin, in order to explain his self-confessed lack of interest in matters of public concern, continued, —

"I think that there can be no durable activity if it is not founded in individual interest: this is a general, a philosophical truth," said he, laying special emphasis on the word "philosophical," as though he wished to show that he also had the right, as well as any one else, to speak of philosophy.

Again Sergéi Ivanovitch smiled. "He also," thought he, "has his own special philosophy for the benefit of his inclinations."

"*Nu!* be quit of philosophy," he said. "Its chief aim has been in all times to grasp the indispensable bond which exists between the individual and the public interest. But I think I can make your comparison valid. The little birch twigs have not been merely stuck in, but have been sowed, planted, and it is necessary to watch them carefully. The only nations which can have a future, the only nations which deserve the name of historic, are those which feel the importance and the value of their institutions, and prize them."

And Sergéi Ivanovitch, the better to show his brother what a mistake he had made, began to discuss the question from an historico-philosophical point of view, which Konstantin was by no means able to appreciate.

"As to your distaste for affairs, excuse me if I refer it to our Russian indolence and gentility [*barstvo*, Russian rank]; and I trust that this temporary error will pass away."

Konstantin was silent. He felt himself routed on every side, but he felt also that his brother had not understood what he wished to say. He did not know exactly whether it was because he did not know how to express himself clearly, or because his brother did not wish to understand him, or whether he could not understand him. He did not try to fathom this question; but, without replying to his brother, he became absorbed in entirely different thoughts, connected with his own work. Sergéi Ivanovitch reeled in his lines, unhitched the horse, and they drove away.

IV.

The thought which absorbed Levin at the time of his discussion with his brother was this: the year before, he had fallen into a passion with his overseer one day when they were mowing, and to calm himself he had taken the scythe from a *muzhik*, and begun to mow. He enjoyed the work so much that he had tried it again and again. He mowed the lawn in front of his house, and promised himself that the next year he would follow the same plan, and spend whole days mowing with the *muzhiks*.

Since his brother's arrival he had asked himself the question, Should he mow, or not? He had scruples about leav-

ing his brother alone for an entire day, and he was afraid of his pleasantries on the subject. But as they crossed the field, and saw the mowing already begun, he decided that he would mow. After his vexatious discussion with his brother, he remembered his project.

"I must have some physical exercise, or my character will absolutely spoil," he thought, and made up his mind to mow, no matter what his brother or his servants should say.

That very evening Levin went to the office, gave some directions about the work to be done, and sent to the village to hire some mowers for the morrow, so as to attack his field at Kalinovo, which was the largest and best.

"*Da!* send my scythe over to Sef, and have him put it in order; perhaps I will come and mow too," said he, trying to hide his confusion.

The *prikashchik* laughed, and said, "I will obey you."

Later, at the tea-table, Levin said to his brother, "It seems like settled weather. To-morrow I am going to mow."

"I like to see this work," said Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"I like it extremely," said Levin. "Last year I myself mowed with the *muzhiks*, and to-morrow I am going to spend all day at it."

Sergéi Ivanovitch raised his head, and gazed with astonishment at his brother.

"What did you say? Like the *muzhiks*, all day long?"

"Certainly: it is very enjoyable."

"It is excellent as physical exercise, but can you stand such work?" asked Sergéi, without meaning to say any thing ironical.

"I have tried it. At first it is hard work, but afterwards you get used to it. I think I shall not leave off" —

"*Vot kak!* but tell me, how do the *muzhiks* look at it? Naturally they make sport because the *barin* is queer, don't they?"

"No, I don't think so; but this is such pleasant and at the same time hard work, that they don't think about it."

"But how do you do about your dinner? They could hardly bring you there a bottle of Lafitte and a roast turkey."

"No: I come home while the workmen have their nooning."

The next morning Konstantin Levin got up earlier than usual; but his duties about the house detained him, and when

he came to the mowing-field he found the men already at work.

The field, still in the shade, extended to the foot of a high hill, and a part was already mowed; and Levin, as he drew near, could see the long wind-rows, and the little black heaps of *kaftans* thrown down by the men when they went by the first time. He saw also the band of *muzhiks*, some in their *kaftans*, some in their shirt-sleeves, moving in a long line, and swinging their scythes in unison. He counted forty-two men of them. They were advancing slowly over the uneven bottom-land of the field, where there was an old ditch. Many of them Levin knew. The old round-shouldered Yermil was there in a very clean white shirt, wielding the scythe; there was the young small Vaska, who used to be Levin's driver; there was Sef, a little thin old *muzhitchok*, who had taught him how to mow. He was cutting a wide swath without stooping, and easily handling his scythe.

Levin dismounted from his horse, tied her near the road, and went across to Sef, who immediately got a second scythe from a clump of bushes.

"All ready, *barin;* 'tis like a razor, — cuts of itself," said Sef with a smile, taking off his *shapka*, and handing him the scythe.

Levin took it, and began to try it. The haymakers, having finished their line, were returning one after the other on their track, covered with sweat, but gay and lively. They all stopped, and saluted the *barin*. No one ventured to speak; but at last a wrinkled old man, without a beard, and dressed in a sheepskin jacket, thus addressed him: —

"Look here, *barin*, if you put your hand to the work, you must not quit it," said he; and Levin heard the sound of stifled laughter among the workmen.

"I will try not to be left behind," he said as he took his place behind Sef, and waited for the signal to begin.

"'Tention!" cried the *starik*.

Sef made the way, and Levin followed in his steps. The grass was short and tough; and Levin, who had not mowed in a long time, and was constrained by the watchful eyes of the men, at first made very bad work of it, though he swung the scythe energetically. Voices were heard behind him: —

"He does not hold his scythe right: the sned is too high. See how he stoops," said one.

"Bears his hand on too much," said another.

"It won't do at all: it's not well," said the *starik*. "Look, he goes like this; swings too wide. He'll get played out. The master is trying it for himself as hard as he can, but look at his row! For such work my brother was beaten once."

The grass became less tough; and Levin, listening to the remarks without replying, and doing his best to learn, followed in Sef's footsteps. Thus they went a hundred steps. Sef kept on without any intermission, and without showing the least fatigue; but Levin began to fear that he could not keep it up, he was so tired.

He was just thinking that he should have to ask Sef to rest, when the *muzhik* of his own accord halted, bent over, and, taking a handful of grass, began to wipe his scythe, and to turn around. Levin straightened himself up, and with a sigh of relief looked about him. Just behind was a peasant, and he was evidently tired and had also stopped. Sef whetted his own scythe and Levin's, and started again.

At the second attempt it was just the same. Sef advanced a step at every swing of the scythe. Levin followed him, striving not to fall behind; but each moment it came harder and harder. But, as before, just as he believed himself at the end of his forces, Sef stopped and rested.

Thus they went over the first swath. And this long stretch was very hard for Levin; but afterwards, when the work began again, Levin had no other thought, no other desire, than to reach the other end as soon as the others. He heard nothing but the swish of the scythes behind him, saw nothing but Sef's straight back plodding on in front of him, and the semicircle described in the grass, which fell over slowly, carrying with it the delicate heads of flowers.

Suddenly he felt a pleasant sensation of coolness on his shoulders. He looked up at the sky while Sef was plying the whetstone, and he saw a heavy black cloud. A shower had come, and a heavy rain was falling. Some of the *muzhiks* were putting on their *kaftans:* others, like Levin himself, were glad to feel the rain upon their shoulders.

The work went on and on. Levin absolutely lost all idea of time, and did not know whether it was early or late. Though the sweat stood on his face, and dropped from his nose, and all his back was wet as though he had been plunged in water, still he felt very good. His work now seemed to him full of pleasure. It was a state of unconsciousness: he did not know

what he was doing, or how much he was doing, or how the hours and moments were flying, but only felt that at this time his work was good, and equal to that done by Sef.

After they had gone over the field one more time, he started to turn back again; but Sef halted, and, going to the *starik*, whispered something to him. Then the two studied the sun. "What are they talking about? and why don't they keep on?" thought Levin, without considering that the *muzhiks* had been mowing for more than four hours, and it was time for them to eat their lunch.

"Breakfast, *barin*," said the *starik*.

"So late already? *Nu!* breakfast, then."

Levin gave his scythe to Sef, and together with the *muzhiks*, who were going to their *kaftans* for their bread, he crossed the wide stretch of field, where the mown grass lay lightly moistened by the shower, and went to his horse. Then only he perceived that he had made a false prediction about the weather, and that the rain would wet his hay.

"The hay will be spoiled," he said.

"No harm done, *barin:* mow in the rain, rake in the sun," said the *starik*.

Levin unhitched his horse and went home to take coffee with his brother. Sergéi Ivanovitch had just got up; before he was dressed and down in the dining-room, Konstantin was back to the field again.

V.

After breakfast, Levin, in returning to his work, took his place between the quizzical *starik*, who asked him to be his neighbor, and a young *muzhik* who had only lately been married, and was now mowing for the first time. The *starik* mowed straight on, with long, regular strides; and the swinging of the scythe seemed no more like labor than the swinging of arms when walking. His well-whetted scythe cut, as it were, of its own energy through the succulent grass.

Behind Levin came the young Mishka. His pleasant, youthful face under a wreath of green leaves, which bound his curls, worked with the energy that employed the rest of his body. But when any one looked at him, he would smile. He would rather die than confess that he found the labor hard.

The labor seemed lighter to Levin during the heat of the

day. The sweat in which he was bathed refreshed him; and the sun, burning his back, his head, and his arms bared to the elbow, gave him force and energy. The moments of oblivion, of unconsciousness of what he was doing, came back to him more and more frequently: the scythe seemed to go of itself. These were happy moments. Then, still more gladsome were the moments when, coming to the river-side, the *starik*, wiping his scythe with the moist, thick grass, rinsed the steel in the river, then, dipping up a ladleful of the water, gave it to Levin.

"*Nu-ka*, my *kvas!* Ah, good!" he exclaimed, winking.

And, indeed, it seemed to Levin that he had never tasted any liquor more refreshing than this pure, lukewarm water, in which grass floated, and tasting of the rusty tin cup. Then came the glorious slow promenade, when, with scythe on the arm, there was time to wipe the heated brow, fill the lungs full, and glance round at the long line of hay-makers, and the busy life in field and forest.

The longer Levin mowed, the more frequently he felt the moments of oblivion, when his hands did not wield the scythe, but the scythe seemed to have a self-conscious body, full of life, and carrying on, as it were by enchantment, a regular and systematic work. These were indeed joyful moments. It was hard only when he was obliged to interrupt this unconscious activity to remove a clod or a clump of wild sorrel. The *starik* found it mere sport. When he came to a clod, he pushed it aside with repeated taps of his scythe, or with his hand tossed it out of the way. And while doing this he noticed every thing and examined every thing that was to be seen. Now he picked a strawberry, and ate it himself or gave it to Levin; now he discovered a nest of quail from which the cock was scurrying away, or caught a snake on the end of his scythe, and, having shown it to Levin, flung it out of the way.

But for Levin and the young fellow behind him these repeated observations were difficult. When once they got into the swing of work, they could not easily change their movements, and turn their attention to what was before them.

Levin did not realize how the time was flying. If he had been asked how long he had been mowing, he would have answered, "A quarter of an hour;" and here it was almost dinner-time. The *starik* drew his attention to the girls and boys, half concealed by the tall grass, who were coming from

all sides, bringing to the hay-makers their bread and jugs of *kvas*, which seemed too heavy for their little arms.

"See! here come the midgets" [*kozyavki*, lady bugs], said he, pointing to them; and, shading his eyes, he looked at the sun.

Twice more they went across the field, and then the *starik* stopped.

"*Nu, barin!* dinner," said he in a decided tone.

Then the mowers, walking along the river-side, went back to their *kaftans*, where the children were waiting with the dinners. Some clustered around the *telyégas;* others sat in the shade of a laburnum, where the mown grass was heaped up.

Levin sat down near them: he had no wish to leave them. All constraint in the presence of the *barin* had disappeared. The *muzhiks* prepared to take their dinner. They washed themselves, took their bread, emptied their jugs of *kvas*, and some found places to nap in, while the children went in swimming.

The *starik* crumbed his bread into his porringer, mashed it with his spoon, poured water on from his tin basin, and, cutting off still more bread, he salted the whole plentifully; and, turning to the east, he said his prayer. Then he invited Levin: —

"*Nu-ka, barin*, my *tiurki!*"[1] said he, kneeling down before his porringer.

Levin found the *tiurka* so palatable that he decided not to go home to dinner. He dined with the *starik*, and their conversation turned on his domestic affairs, in which the *barin* took a lively interest, and in his turn told the old man about such of his plans and projects as would interest him. He felt as though the *starik* were more nearly related to him than his brother, and he could not help smiling at the feeling of sympathy which this simple-hearted man inspired.

When dinner was over, the *starik* offered another prayer, and arranged a pillow of fresh-mown grass, and composed himself for a nap. Levin did the same; and, in spite of the flies and insects tickling his heated face, he immediately went off to sleep, and did not wake until the sun came out on the other side of the laburnum bush, and shone brightly above his head. The *starik* was awake, but was sitting down cutting the children's hair.

[1] *Tiura*, diminutive *tiurka*, a bread-crumb soaked in *kvas*, or beer. The *starik* used water instead of *kvas*.

Levin looked around him, and did not know where he was. Every thing seemed changed. The mown field stretched away into immensity with its wind-rows of sweet-smelling hay, lighted and glorified in a new fashion by the oblique rays of the sun. The bushes had been cut down by the river: and the river itself, before invisible, but now shining like steel with its windings; and the busy peasantry; and the high wall of grass, where the field was not yet mowed; and the young vultures flying high above the field, — all this was absolutely new to him.

Levin calculated what his workmen had done, and what still remained to do. The work accomplished by the forty-two men was considerable. The whole field, which in the time of serfdom used to take thirty-two men two days, was now almost mowed: only a few corners with short rows were left. But he wanted to do still more: in his opinion, the sun was sinking too early. He felt no fatigue: he only wanted to do more rapid, and if possible better, work.

"Do you think we shall get Mashkin Hill mowed to-day?" he demanded of the *starik*.

"If God allows: the sun is still high. Will there be little sips of *vodka* for *the boys?*"

At supper-time, when the men rested again, and some of them were lighting their pipes, the *starik* announced to the boys, "Mow Mashkin Hill — extra *vodka!*"

"*Eka!* Come on, Sef! Let's tackle it lively. We'll eat after dark. Come on!" cried several voices; and, even while still munching their bread, they got to work again.

"*Nu!* Oh, keep up good hearts, boys!" said Sef, setting off almost on the run.

"Come, come!" cried the *starik*, hastening after them. "I am first. Look out!"

Old and young took hold in rivalry; and yet with all their haste, they did not spoil their work, but the wind-rows lay in neat and regular lines.

The triangle was finished in five minutes. The last mowers had just finished their line, when the first, throwing their *kaftans* over their shoulders, started down the road to the hill.

The sun was just going behind the forest, when, with rattling cans, they came to the little wooded ravine of Mashkin Verkh. The grass here was as high as a man's waist, tender, succulent, thick, and variegated with the flower called *Ivan-da-Marya*.

After a short parley, to decide whether to take it across, or lengthwise, an experienced mower, Prokhor Yermilin, a huge, black-bearded *muzhik*, went over it first. He took it lengthwise, and came back in his track; and then all followed him, going along the hill above the hollow, and skirting the wood. The sun was setting. The dew was already falling. Only the mowers on the ridge could see the sun; but down in the hollow, where the mist was beginning to rise, and behind the slope, they went in fresh, dewy shade. The work went on. The grass fell in high heaps: the mowers came close together as the rows converged, rattling their drinking-cups, sometimes hitting their scythes together, working with joyful shouts, rallying each other.

Levin still kept his place between his two companions. The *starik*, with sheepskin vest loosened, was gay, jocose, free in his movements.

In the woods, mushrooms were found lurking under the leaves. Instead of cutting them off with his scythe, as the others did, he bent down whenever he saw one, and, picking it, put it in his breast. "Still another little present for my old woman."

The tender and soft grass was easy to mow, but it was hard to climb and descend the steep sides of the ravine. But the *starik* did not let this appear. Always lightly swinging his scythe, he climbed with short, firm steps, though he trembled all over with the exercise. He let nothing escape him, not an herb or a mushroom; and he never ceased to joke with Levin and the *muzhiks*. Levin behind him felt that he would drop at every instant, and told himself that he should never climb, scythe in hand, this steep hillside, where even unencumbered it would be hard to go. But he persevered all the same, and succeeded. He felt as though some interior force sustained him.

VI.

They had finished mowing the Mashkin Verkh: the last rows were done, and the men had taken their *kaftans*, and were gayly going home. Levin mounted his horse, and regretfully took leave of his companions. On the hill-top he turned round to take a last look; but the evening's mist, rising from the bottoms, hid them from sight; but he could

hear their hearty, happy voices, as they laughed and talked, and the sound of their clinking scythes.

Sergéi Ivanovitch had long done his dinner, and, sitting in his room, was taking iced lemonade, and reading the papers and reviews, which had just come from the post, when Levin, with matted and disordered hair, and full of lively talk, joined him.

"Well! we mowed the whole field. *Ach!* How good, how delightful! And how has the day passed with you?" he asked, completely forgetting the unpleasant conversation of the evening before.

"*Bátiushki!*" exclaimed Sergéi Ivanovitch, looking at first not over-pleasantly at his brother. "How you look! *Da!* Shut the door, shut the door!" he cried. "You've let in more than a dozen!"

Sergéi Ivanovitch could not endure flies; and he never opened his bedroom windows before evening, and he made it a point to keep his doors always shut.

"Indeed, not a one! If you knew what a day I've had! And how has it gone with you?"

"First rate. But you don't mean to say that you have been mowing all day? You must be hungry as a wolf. Kuzma has your dinner all ready for you."

"No: I am not hungry. I ate yonder. But I'm going to have a bath."

"*Nu!* go ahead, and I'll join you," said Sergéi Ivanovitch, lifting his head, and gazing at his brother. "Hurry up," he said, arranging his papers, and getting ready to follow: he also felt enlivened, and unwilling to be away from his brother. "*Nu!* but where were you during the shower?"

"What shower? Only a drop or two fell. I'll be right back. And did the day go pleasantly with you? *Nu!* that's capital!" And Levin went to dress.

About five minutes afterwards the brothers met in the dining-room. Levin imagined that he was not hungry, and he sat down only so as not to hurt Kuzma's feelings; but when he once got to eating, he found it excellent. His brother looked at him with a smile.

"*Ach, da!* there's a letter for you," he said. "Kuzma, go and get it. *Da!* see that you shut the door."

The letter was from Oblonsky. Levin read it aloud. It was dated from Petersburg: —

"I have just heard from Dolly; she is at Yergushovo;

every thing is going wrong with her. Please go and see her, and give her your advice, — you who know every thing. She will be so glad to see you! She is all alone, wretched. Mother-in-law is abroad with the family."

"Certainly I will go to see her," said Levin. "Let us go together. She is a glorious woman: don't you think so?"

"And they live near you?"

"About thirty *versts*, possibly forty. But there's a good road. We can make good time."

"Like to very much," said Sergéi Ivanovitch enthusiastically. The sight of his brother irresistibly filled him with happiness. "*Nu!* what an appetite you have!" he added, as he saw his tanned, sunburned, glowing face and neck, as he bent over his plate.

"Excellent! You can't imagine how this sort of thing drives all foolish thoughts out of one's head. I am going to enrich medicine with a new term, *arbeitskur*" [labor-cure].

"*Nu!* you don't seem to need it much, it seems to me."

"Yes: it is a sovereign specific against nervous troubles."

"It must be looked into. I was coming to see you mow, but the heat was so insupportable that I did not go farther than the wood. I rested a while, and then I went to the village. I met your nurse there, and asked her what the *muzhiks* thought about you. As I understand it, they don't approve of you. She said, 'It ain't the gentry's work.' I think that, as a general thing, the peasantry form very definite ideas about what is becoming for the gentry to do, and they don't like to have them go outside of certain fixed limits."

"Maybe; but I never enjoyed any thing more in all my life," he said; "and I did not do anybody any harm, did I? And suppose it doesn't please them, what is to be done? Whose business is it?"

"Well, I see you are well satisfied with your day," replied Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"Very well satisfied. We finished the whole field; and I got so well acquainted with the *starik!* you can't imagine how he pleased me."

"*Nu!* you are satisfied with your day! So am I with mine. In the first place, I solved two chess problems, and one was a beauty. I'll show it to you. And then — I thought of our last evening's discussion."

"What? Our last evening's discussion?" said Levin, half closing his eyes, with a sensation of comfort and ease after his dinner, and entirely unable to recollect the subject of their discussion.

"I come to the conclusion that you are partly in the right. The discrepancy in our views lies in the fact that you assume personal interest as the moving power of our actions, while I claim that every man who has reached a certain stage of intellectual development must have for his motive the public interest. But you are probably right in saying that personal action, material activity, is concerned in these matters. Your nature is, as the French say, *primesautière* [off-hand]. You want strong, energetic activity, or nothing."

Levin listened to his brother; but he did not understand him at all, and did not try to understand. He feared, however, that his brother would ask him some question by which it would become evident that he was not listening.

"How is this, *druzhok?*" [little friend], asked Sergéi Ivanovitch, taking him by the shoulder.

"*Da!* of course. But, then, I don't set much store on my own opinions," replied Levin, smiling like a child, conscious of naughtiness. His thought was, "What was our discussion about? Of course; and I am right, and he is right, and all is charming. But I must go to the office, and give my orders." He arose and stretched himself.

"If you want to go out, let's go together," he said: "if you must go to the office, I'll go with you."

"*Ach, bátiushki!*" exclaimed Levin so bruskly, that his brother was startled.

"What's the matter?"

"Agafya Mikhaïlovna's hand," said Levin, striking his forehead. "I had forgotten all about her."

"She is much better."

"*Nu!* still, I must go to her. I'll be back before you get on your hat."

And he started to run down-stairs, his heels clattering on the steps.

VII.

While Stepan Arkadyevitch was off to Petersburg, to fulfil the duty so natural and unquestionable to functionaries, however other people may look upon it, of reporting to the min-

istry, and at the same time, being well supplied with money, was ready to enjoy himself at the races, and his friends' *datchas*, Dolly, with the children, was on her way to the country, in order to reduce the expenses as much as possible. She was going to their country-place at Yergushovo, an estate which had been a part of her dowry. It was where the wood had been sold in the spring, and was situated about fifty *versts* from Levin's Pokrovsky.

The old seignorial mansion of Yergushovo had long been in ruins, and the prince had contented himself with enlarging and repairing one of the L's. Twenty years before, when Dolly was a little girl, this L was spacious and comfortable, though, in the manner of all L's, it was built across the avenue, and towards the south. But now it was old, and out of repair. When Stepan Arkadyevitch went in the spring to sell the wood, his wife begged him to give a glance at the house, and have it made habitable. Stepan Arkadyevitch, like the guilty husband that he was, feeling desirous of making his wife's material existence as comfortable as possible, made haste to have the furniture covered with cretonne, to hang curtains, to clear up the garden, to plant flowers, and to build a bridge across the pond; but he had overlooked many more essential matters, and Darya Aleksandrovna was not slow to complain about it.

Although Stepan was a solicitous husband and a father, he was constantly forgetting that he had a wife and children, and his tastes remained those of a bachelor. When he got back to Moscow he took great pride in assuring his wife that every thing was in prime order, that he had arranged the house to perfection, and he advised her strongly to go there immediately. This emigration suited him in many ways: the children would enjoy the country, expenses would be lessened, and last, and most essential, he would be freer.

Darya Aleksandrovna, on her part, felt that it would be a good thing to take the children away after the scarlatina, for the youngest little girl gained very slowly. Moreover, she would be freed from the importunities of the butcher, the fish-dealer, and the baker, which troubled her. And finally the happy thought occurred, to invite her sister Kitty, who was coming home from abroad about the middle of the summer, and had been advised to take some cold baths. Kitty wrote her that nothing would delight her so much as to spend the rest of the summer with her at Yergushovo, that place

that was so full of happy childhood memories for both of them.

The first part of the time the country life was very tiresome to Dolly. She had lived there when she was a child. Viewed in the light of early recollections, she had expected it to be a refuge from all the trials of city life, and if it was not very gay or elegant, — and she hardly expected to find it so, — at least, it would be comfortable and inexpensive, and the children would be happy. But now, when she came there as mistress of the house, she found things contrary to her expectations.

On the morning after their arrival, it began to rain in torrents. The roof was leaking; and the water dripped in the corridor and the nursery, and the little beds had to be brought down into the parlor. It was impossible to find a cook. Among the nine cows in the barn, according to the dairy-woman's report, some were going to calve, and the rest were either too young or too old, and consequently they could not have butter, or even milk for the children. Not an egg was to be had. It was impossible to find a hen. They had for roasting or broiling, only tough old purple *roosters*. No *babui* were to be found to do the washing — all were at work in the fields. They could not drive, because one of the horses was balky, and wouldn't be harnessed. They had to give up bathing, because the bank of the river had been trodden into a quagmire by the cattle, and, moreover, it was too conspicuous. Walking near the house was not pleasant, because the tumble-down fences let the cattle into the garden, and there was in the herd a terrible bull which bellowed, and was reported to be ugly. In the house, there was not a clothes-press. The closet-doors either would not shut, or flew open when any one passed. In the kitchen, there were no pots or kettles. In the laundry, there were no tubs, or even any scrubbing-boards for the girls.

At first, therefore, Darya Aleksandrovna, not finding the rest and peace which she expected, fell into despair. Realizing her helplessness in such a terrible situation, she could not keep back her tears. The overseer, formerly a sergeant [*vakhmistr*], who, on account of his fine presence, had been promoted by Stepan Arkadyevitch from his place as Swiss, made no account of Darya Aleksandrovna's tribulations, but simply said in his respectful way, "Can't find anybody, the peasantry are so beastly!" and would not stir.

The situation seemed hopeless; but in the Oblonsky household, as in all well-regulated homes, there was one humble, but still important and useful, member, Matriona Filimonovna. She calmed the *baruina*, telling her that all would come out right, — that was her favorite expression, and Matvé had borrowed it from her, — and she went to work without fuss and without bother.

She had made the acquaintance of the *prikashchik's* wife, and on the very day of their arrival went to take tea with her under the acacias, and discussed with her the ways and means of the household. A sort of club, composed of Matriona Filimonovna, together with the *prikashchik's* wife, the *stárosta* [bailiff], and the book-keeper, was formed under the trees; and through their deliberations, the difficulties, one by one, disappeared, and every thing, as Matriona said, "came out all right." The roof was patched up; a cook was found in a friend of the *starosta's* wife; chickens were bought; the cows began to give milk; the garden-fence was repaired; the carpenter drove in hooks, and put latches on the closets, so that they would not keep flying open; the laundry was set to rights; and the ironing-board, covered with soldiers' cloth, was extended from the dresser across the back of a chair, and the smell of the ironing came up from below.

"*Nu, vot!*" said Matriona Filimonovna, pointing to the ironing-board. "There is no need of worrying."

They even went so far as to build a board bath-house on the river-bank, so that Lili could bathe. Darya Aleksandrovna's hope of a comfortable, if not a peaceful, country life became almost realized. Peaceful life was impossible to her with six children. If one had an ill turn, another was sure to follow suit, and something would happen to a third, and the fourth would show signs of a bad character, and so it always was. Rarely, rarely came even short periods of rest. But these very anxieties and troubles were the only chances of happiness that Darya Aleksandrovna had. If she had been shut off from this resource, she would have been a prey to her thoughts about a husband who no longer loved her. Besides, these same children, who worried her with their little illnesses and faults, drove away her sorrows by their pleasures and enjoyments. Her joys were so small, that they were almost invisible, like gold in sand; and in trying hours she saw only the sorrows, the sand: but there were also happy moments, when she saw only the joys, the

gold. In the quiet of the country, her joys became more and more frequent. Often, as she looked upon her little flock, she accused herself of a mother's partiality, but she could not help admiring them; she could not keep from saying to herself, that it was rare to meet such beautiful children, all six charming in their own ways; and she rejoiced in them, and was proud of them.

VIII.

Towards the end of May, when every thing was beginning to improve, she received her husband's reply to her complaints about her domestic tribulations. He wrote, asking pardon because he had not remembered every thing, and promised to come just as soon as he could. This had not yet come to pass; and at the end of June, Darya Aleksandrovna was still living alone in the country.

On Sunday, during the fast of St. Peter, Darya Aleksandrovna took all her children to the holy communion. In her intimate philosophical discussions with her sister, her mother, or her friends, she sometimes surprised them by the breadth of her views on religious subjects. She had gone through strange religious *metempsychoses*, and had come out into a faith which had very little in common with ecclesiastical dogmas; yet Dolly herself conformed strictly to all the obligations of the church, and obliged her family to do the same. She not only wished to let her example tell, but she felt it as a need of her soul. And now she was blaming herself because her children had not been to communion since the beginning of the year, and she resolved to accomplish this duty.

For several days she had been deciding what the children should wear: and now their dresses were arranged, all clean and in order; flutings and flounces were added, new buttons were put on, and ribbons were gathered in knots. Only Tania's dress, which had been intrusted to the English governess, was a source of anger to Dolly: the English governess, sewing it over again, put the seams across the shoulders in the wrong place, made the sleeves too short, and spoiled the whole garment. Tania was a sight to see, so badly did the dress fit her. Fortunately, it occurred to Matriona Filimonovna to set gores into the waist, and to put on a collar. The harm

was repaired, but they narrowly escaped a quarrel with the English governess.

All was now in readiness; and about ten o'clock in the morning, — for that was the hour that the priest had set for the communion, — the children, radiant with joy, were gathered on the steps before the two-seated *drozhky* waiting for their mother. Thanks to Matriona Filimonovna's watchful care, in place of the restive horse, the *prikashchik's* stallion had been harnessed to the *drozhky*. Darya Aleksandrovna appeared in a white muslin, and got into the carriage.

She had taken considerable pains with her toilet, and had dressed with care and emotion. In former times she had liked to dress well for the sake of being handsome and attractive; but as she got along in life, she lost her taste for affairs of the toilet, because it made her realize how her beauty had faded. But to-day she once more took especial pains to improve her personal appearance. But she did not dress for her own sake, or to enhance her beauty, but so that, as mother of these lovely children, she might not spoil the impression of the whole scene. And as she cast a final glance at the mirror, she was satisfied with herself. She was beautiful, — not beautiful in the same way as once she liked to be at the ball, but by reason of the purpose which inspired her.

There was no one at church except the *muzhiks* and the household servants; but she noticed, or thought she noticed, the attention that she and her children attracted as they went along. The children were handsome in their nicely trimmed dresses, and still more charming in their behavior. Little Alosha, to be sure, was not absolutely satisfactory: he kept turning round, and trying to look at the tails of his little coat, but nevertheless he was wonderfully pretty. Tania behaved like a little lady, and looked after the younger ones. But Lili, the smallest, was fascinating in her *naïve* delight at every thing that she saw; and it was hard not to smile when, after she had received the communion, she cried out, "*Please, some more!*"

After they got home, the children felt the consciousness that something solemn had taken place, and were very quiet and subdued. All went well in the house, till at lunch Grisha began to whistle, and, what was worse than all, refused to obey the English governess; and he was sent away without any tart. Darya Aleksandrovna would not have al-

lowed any punishment on such a day if she had been there; but she was obliged to uphold the governess, and confirm her in depriving Grisha of the tart. This was a cloud on the general happiness.

Grisha began to cry, saying that Nikolinka also had whistled, but they did not punish him; and that he was not crying about the tart, — that was no account, — but because they had not been fair to him. This was very disagreeable; and Darya Aleksandrovna, after a consultation with the English governess, decided to reason with Grisha, and went to get him. But then, as she went through the hall, she saw a scene that brought such joy to her heart, that the tears came to her eyes, and she herself forgave the culprit.

The little fellow was sitting in the drawing-room by the bay-window: near him stood Tania with a plate. Under the pretext of wanting some dessert for her dolls, she had asked the English governess to let her take her portion of the pie to the nursery; but instead of this, she had taken it to her brother. Grisha, still sobbing over the unfairness of his punishment, was eating the pie, and saying to his sister in the midst of his tears, "Take some too: we will eat to — together."

Tania, full of sympathy for her brother, and with the sympathy of having done a generous action, was eating her part with tears in her eyes. When they saw their mother, they were scared, but they felt assured by the expression of her face, that they were doing right: they ran to her with their mouths still full of pie, began to kiss her hands with their laughing lips, and their shining faces were stained with tears and jam.

"*Mátiushki!* my new white dress! Tania! Grisha!" exclaimed the mother, endeavoring to save her dress, but at the same time smiling at them with a happy, beatific smile.

Afterwards the new dresses were taken off, and the girls put on their frocks, and the boys their old jackets; and the *linéika* [two-seated *drozhky*] was brought out again, to the wrath of the *prikashchik*, whose stallion was put at the pole; and they started with joyful cries and shouts out after mushrooms, and to have a bath.

They soon filled a basket with mushrooms: even Lili found one. Always before Miss Hull had been obliged to find them for her; but now she herself found a huge birch *shliupik*, and

there was a universal cry of enthusiasm, "Lili has found a *shliupik!*"

Afterwards they came to the river, fastened the horses to the birch-trees, and had their bath. The coachman, Terenti, leaving the animals to switch away the flies with their tails, stretched himself out on the grass in the shade of the birches, and lighted his pipe, and listened to the shouts and laughter of the children in the bath-house.

Although it was rather embarrassing to look after all these children, and to keep them from mischief; though it was hard to remember, and not mix up all these stockings, shoes, and trousers for so many different legs, and to untie, unbutton, and then fasten again, so many strings and buttons, — still Darya Aleksandrovna always took a lively interest in the bathing, looking upon it as advantageous for the children, and never feeling happier than when engaged in this occupation. To fit the stockings on these plump little legs; to take them by the hand, and dip their naked little bodies into the water; to hear their cries, now joyful, now terrified; to see these eyes shining with joy and excitement, these splashing *cherubimtchiks*, — was to her a perfect delight.

When the children were about half dressed, the peasant-women, in Sunday attire, came along, and stopped timidly at the bath-house. Matriona Filimonovna hailed one of them, in order to give her some of the shirts to dry that had fallen into the river; and Darya Aleksandrovna talked with the *babui*. At first they laughed behind their hoods, and did not understand her questions; but little by little their courage returned, and they quite won Darya Aleksandrovna's heart by their sincere admiration of the children.

"*Ish tui!* ain't she lovely, now? White as sugar!" said one, pointing to Tania, and nodding her head. "But thin" —

"Yes: been sick."

"Look you," said still another, pointing to the youngest.

"You don't take him in?"

"No," said Darya Aleksandrovna proudly. "He is only three months old."

"You don't say!" ["*Ish tui!*"]

"And have you children?"

"Had four; two alive, boy and girl. I weaned the last before Lent.

"How old is he?"

"*Da!* Second year."

"And do you nurse him so long?"

"It's our way: three springs."

And then the *babu* asked Darya Aleksandrovna about her children and their illness; where was her husband? would she see him often?

Darya Aleksandrovna found the conversation with the *babui* so interesting, that she did not want to say good-by to them. And it was pleasant to her, to see how evidently all these women looked with admiration, because she had so many and such lovely children. The *babui* made Darya Aleksandrovna laugh, and piqued Miss Hull because she was evidently the cause of their unaccountable laughter. One of the young women gazed with all her eyes at Miss Hull, who was dressing last; and, when she put on the third petticoat, she could not restrain herself any longer, but burst out laughing. "*Ish tui!* she put on one, and then she put on another, and she hasn't got them all on yet!" and they all broke into loud ha-has.

IX.

Darya Aleksandrovna, with a *platok* on her head, and surrounded by all her little flock of bathers, was just drawing near the house when the coachman called out, "Here comes some *barin*, — Pokrovsky, it looks like!"

To her great joy, Darya Aleksandrovna saw that it was indeed Levin's well-known form in gray hat and gray overcoat. She was always glad to see him; but now she was particularly delighted, because he saw her in all her glory, and no one could appreciate her triumph better than Levin.

When he caught sight of her, it seemed to him that he saw the personification of the family happiness of his dreams.

"You are like a brooding-hen, Darya Aleksandrovna."

"*Ach!* how glad I am!" said she, extending her hand.

"Glad! But you did not let me know. My brother is staying with me; and I had a little note from Stiva, telling me you were here."

"From Stiva?" repeated Dolly, astonished.

"Yes. He wrote me that you were in the country, and thought that you would allow me to be of some use to you," said Levin; and suddenly, even while speaking, he became confused, and walked in silence by the *linéika*, pulling off, and biting, linden-twigs as he went. It had occurred to him

that Darya Aleksandrovna would doubtless find it painful to have a neighbor offer her the assistance which her husband should have given. In fact, Darya Aleksandrovna was displeased at the way in which Stepan Arkadyevitch had thrust his domestic difficulties upon a stranger. She perceived that Levin felt this, and she felt grateful to him for his tact and delicacy.

"Of course, I understood that it was a pleasant way of telling me that you would be glad to see me; and I was glad. Of course, I imagine that you, a city dame, find it savage here; and, if I can be of the least use to you, I am wholly at your service."

"Oh, no!" said Dolly. "At first it was rather hard, but now every thing is running beautifully. I owe it all to my old nurse," she added, pointing to Matriona Filimonovna, who, perceiving that they were speaking of her, gave Levin a pleasant, friendly smile. She knew him, and knew that he would make a splendid husband for the *baruishna*, as she called Kitty, and thus felt an interest in him.

"Will you get in? We will squeeze up a little," said she.

"No, I will walk. — Children, which of you will run with me to get ahead of the horses?"

The children were very slightly acquainted with Levin, and did not remember where they had seen him; but they had none of that strange feeling of timidity and aversion which children are often blamed for showing in the presence of their elders. The most shrewd and experienced man may easily become the dupe of dissimulation; but even the most innocent child seems to know it by intuition or instinct, though it be most carefully hidden. Whatever faults Levin had, he could not be accused of lack of sincerity; and, moreover, the children felt well inclined to him on account of the expressions of good will that they had seen on their mother's face. The two eldest instantly accepted his invitation, and ran with him as they would have gone with their nurse, or Miss Hull, or their mother. Lili also wanted to go with him: so he set her on his shoulder, and began to run.

"Don't be frightened, don't be frightened, Darya Aleksandrovna," he said, laughing gayly. "I won't hurt her, or let her fall."

And when she saw his strong, agile, and at the same time prudent and careful, movements, Dolly felt re-assured, and followed his course with pleasure.

There in the country, with the children and with Darya Aleksandrovna, with whom he felt thoroughly in sympathy, Levin entered into that boylike, happy frame of mind which was not unusual with him, and which Darya Aleksandrovna especially admired in him. He played with the children, and taught them gymnastic exercises; he jested with Miss Hull in his broken English; and he told Darya Aleksandrovna of his undertakings in the country.

After dinner, Darya Aleksandrovna, sitting alone with him on the balcony, began to speak of Kitty.

"Did you know? Kitty is coming here to spend the summer with me!"

"Indeed!" replied Levin, confused; and instantly, in order to change the subject, he added, —

"Then I shall send you two cows, shall I? And if you insist on paying, and have no scruples, then you may give me five rubles a month."

"No, excuse me. We shall get along."

"*Nu!* Then I am going to look at your cows; and, with your permission, I will give directions about feeding them. All depends on that."

And Levin, in order not to hear any thing more about Kitty, of whom more than any thing else he was anxious to hear, explained to Darya Aleksandrovna the whole theory of the proper management of cows, so systematized that cows became mere machines for the conversion of so much fodder into milk, and so on. He was afraid that his peace of mind, so painfully won, might be destroyed.

"Yes: but, in order to do all this, there must be some one to superintend it; and who is there?" asked Darya Aleksandrovna, not quite convinced.

Now that her domestic *régime* was satisfactory, through Matriona Filimonovna, she had no desire to make any changes: moreover, she had no faith in Levin's knowledge about rustic management. His reasonings about a cow being merely a machine to produce milk were suspicious. It seemed to her that such theories would throw housekeeping into discord: it even seemed to her that they might be dangerous. And that it was sufficient to do as Matriona Filimonovna did, — to give the two cows more fodder, and to prevent the cook from carrying dish-water from the kitchen to the dairy, — this was clear. But the theories about meal and ensilage for fodder were not clear,

but dubious; and the principal point was, that she wanted to talk about Kitty.

X.

"Kitty writes me that she is longing for solitude and repose," began Dolly after a moment's silence.

"Is her health better?" asked Levin with feeling.

"Thank the Lord, she is entirely well! I never believed that she had any lung-trouble."

"*Ach!* I am very glad," said Levin; and Dolly thought that she could read on his face the touching expression of inconsolable grief as he said it, and then looked at her in silence.

"Tell me, Konstantin Levin," said Darya Aleksandrovna with a friendly, and at the same time a rather mischievous, smile, "why are you angry with Kitty?"

"I? I am not angry with her," said Levin.

"Yes, you are. Why didn't you come to see any of us the last time you were in Moscow?"

"Darya Aleksandrovna," he exclaimed, blushing to the roots of his hair, "I beg of you, with your kindness of heart, not to think of such a thing! How can you not have pity on me when you know" —

"What do I know?"

"You know that I offered myself, and was rejected." And as he said this, all the tender feelings that Kitty's name had caused vanished at the memory of this injury.

"How could you suppose that I knew?"

"Because everybody knows it."

"There is where you are mistaken. I suspected it, but I knew nothing positive."

"Ah, *nu!* and so you know now!"

"All that I know is that she was keenly tortured by a memory to which she permitted no reference made. If she has made no confidences to me, then she has not to any one else. Now, what have you against her? Tell me!"

"I just told you all that there was."

"When was it?"

"When I was at your house the last time."

"But do you know? I will tell you," said Darya Aleksandrovna — "I am sorry for Kitty, very sorry. You suffer only in your pride" —

"Perhaps so," said Levin, "but" —

She interrupted him.

"But she, poor little one, I am very, very sorry for her. Now I understand all!"

"*Nu*, Darya Aleksandrovna, excuse me," said he, rising. "*Proshchaïte* [good-by], Darya Aleksandrovna, till we meet again."

"No! wait!" she cried, holding him by the sleeve: "wait! sit down!"

"I beg of you, I beg of you, let us not speak of this any more," said Levin, sitting down again; while a ray of that hope which he believed forever vanished, flashed into his heart.

"If I did not like you," said Dolly, her eyes full of tears, "if I did not know you as I do" —

The hope which he thought was dead, filled Levin's heart more and more.

"Yes, I understand all now," said Dolly: "you cannot understand this, you men, who are free in your choice; it is perfectly clear whom you love: while a young girl, with that feminine, maidenly modesty imposed on her, must see you men, but must wait till the word is spoken — and the young girl will be, must be, so timid that she will not know what to say."

"Yes, if her heart does not speak" —

"No; her heart speaks, but think for a moment: you men decide upon some girl, you visit her home, you watch, observe, and you make up your minds whether you are in love or not, and then, when you have come to the conclusion that you love her, you offer yourselves."

"*Nu!* we don't always do that."

"All the same, you don't propose until your love is fully ripe, or when you have made up your mind between two possible choices. But the young girl cannot make a choice. They pretend that she can choose, but she cannot: she can only answer yes or no."

"*Da!* the choice was between me and Vronsky," thought Levin; and the resuscitated dead love in his soul seemed to die for a second, giving his heart an additional pang.

"Darya Aleksandrovna," said he, "thus one chooses a dress or any trifling merchandise, but not love. Besides, the choice has been made, and so much the better; and it cannot be done again."

"*Ach!* pride, pride!" said Dolly, as though she would express her scorn for the degradation of his sentiments compared with those which only women are able to comprehend.

"When you offered yourself to Kitty, she was in just that situation where she could not give an answer. She was in doubt: the choice was you or Vronsky. She saw him every day: you she had not seen for a long time. If she had been older, it would have been different: if I, for example, had been in her place, I should not have hesitated. He has always been distasteful to me, and so that is the end of it."

Levin remembered Kitty's reply: "*No, this cannot be.*"

"Darya Aleksandrovna," said he dryly, "I am touched by your confidence in me; but I think you are mistaken. Right or wrong, this vanity which you so despise makes it impossible for me ever to think about Katerina Aleksandrovna; you understand? utterly impossible."

"I will say only one thing more. You must know that I am speaking to you of my sister, whom I love as my own children. I don't say that she loves you, but I only wish to say that her reply at that moment amounted to nothing at all."

"I don't know," said Levin, leaping suddenly to his feet. "If you only realized the pain that you cause me! It is just the same as if you had lost a child, and they came to you and said, 'He would have been like this, like this, and he might have lived, and you would have had so much joy in him — But he is dead, dead, dead'" —

"How absurd you are!" said Darya Aleksandrovna, with a melancholy smile at the sight of Levin's emotion. "*Da!* I understand better and better," she continued pensively. "Then you won't come to see us when Kitty is here?"

"No, I will not. Of course I will not avoid Katerina Aleksandrovna; but, when it is possible, I shall endeavor to spare her the affliction of my presence."

"You are very, very absurd," said Darya Aleksandrovna, looking at him affectionately. "*Nu!* let it be as though we had not said a word about it. — What do you want, Tania?" said she in French to her little girl, who came running in.

"Where is my little shovel, mamma?"

"I speak French to you, and you must answer in French."

The child tried to speak, but could not recall the French word for shovel. Her mother whispered it to her, and then

told her, still in French, where she should go to find it. This made Levin feel unpleasantly.

Every thing now seemed changed in Darya Aleksandrovna's household; even the children were not nearly so attractive as before.

"And why does she speak French to the children?" he thought. "How false and unnatural! Even the children feel it. Teach them French, and spoil their sincerity," he said to himself, not knowing that Darya Aleksandrovna had twenty times asked the same question, and yet, in spite of the harm that it did their simplicity, had come to the conclusion that this was the right way to teach them.

"But why are you in a hurry? Sit a little while longer."

Levin staid to tea; but all his gayety was gone, and he felt bored.

After tea he went out to give orders about harnessing the horses: and when he came in he found Darya Aleksandrovna in great disturbance, with flushed face, and tears in her eyes. During his short absence all the pleasure and pride that she took in her children had been ruthlessly destroyed. Grisha and Tania had quarrelled about a ball. Darya Aleksandrovna, hearing their cries, ran to them, and found them in a frightful state. Tania was pulling her brother's hair; and he, with angry face, was pounding his sister with all his might. When Darya Aleksandrovna saw it, something seemed to snap in her heart. A black cloud, as it were, came down on her life. She saw that these children of hers, of whom she was so proud, were not only ill trained, but were even bad, and inclined to the most evil and tempestuous passions.

This thought troubled her so that she could not speak or think, or even explain her sorrow to Levin. Levin saw that she was unhappy, and he did his best to comfort her, saying that this was not so very terrible, after all, and that all children got into fights; but in his heart he said, "No, I will not bother myself to speak French with my children. I shall not have such children. There is no need of spoiling them, and making them unnatural; and they will be charming. *Da!* my children shall not be like these."

He took his leave, and rode away; and she did not try to keep him longer.

XI.

Towards the middle of July, Levin received a visit from the *stárosta* of his sister's estate, situated about twenty *versts* from Pokrovsky. He brought the report about the progress of affairs, and about the hay-making. The chief income from this estate came from the prairies inundated in the spring. In former years the *muzhiks* rented these hayfields at the rate of twenty rubles a *desyatin*. But when Levin undertook the management of this estate, and examined the hay-crops, he came to the conclusion that the rent was too low, and he raised it to the rate of twenty-five rubles a *desyatin*. The *muzhiks* refused to pay this, and, as Levin suspected, drove away other lessees. Then Levin himself went there, and arranged to have the prairies mowed partly by day laborers, partly on shares. His *muzhiks* were greatly discontented with this new plan, and did their best to block it; but it succeeded, and even the very first year the yield from the prairies was doubled. For the second and the third summers the peasantry still resisted, but the harvesting went on in good order, and the present year they proposed to mow the prairies on thirds; and now the *starostu* came to announce that the work was done, and that he, fearing lest it should rain, had asked the accountant to make the division, and turn over to the proprietor the eighteen hay-cocks which were his share. By the unsatisfactory answer to his question why the hay had been mowed only on the largest prairie, by the *stárosta's* haste in declaring the division without orders, by the *muzhik's* whole manner, Levin was led to think that in this matter there was something crooked, and he concluded that it would be wise to go and look into it.

Levin reached the estate just at dinner-time; and, leaving his horse at the house of his brother's nurse, he went to find the old man at the apiary, hoping to obtain from him some light on the question of the hay-crop.

The loquacious, friendly old man, whose name was Parmenvitch, was delighted to see Levin, told him all about his husbandry, and gave him a long account of his bees, and how they swarmed this year; but when Levin asked him about the hay, he gave vague and unsatisfactory answers. And thus Levin's suspicions were more than ever strengthened. Thence he went to the prairie and examined the hay-

ricks, and found that they could not contain fifty loads each, as the *muzhiks* said. So he had one of the carts which they had used as a measure to be brought, and ordered all the hay from one of the ricks to be carried into the shed. The hay-rick was found to contain only thirty-two loads. Notwithstanding the *stárosta's* protestations that the hay was measured right, and that it must have got pressed down in the cart; notwithstanding the fact that he called God to witness that it was all done in the most righteous manner, — Levin replied, that, as the division had been made without his orders, he would not accept the hay-ricks as equivalent to fifty loads each. After long parleys, it was decided that the *muzhiks* should take eleven of these hay-ricks for their share, but that the master's should be measured over again. The colloquy did not come to an end until it was after the lunch-hour. When the division was going on, Levin, confiding the care of the work to the book-keeper, sat down on one of the hay-ricks which was marked by a laburnum stake, and enjoyed the spectacle of the prairie alive with the busy peasantry.

Before him lay the bend of the river, and on the banks he saw the peasant women, and heard their ringing voices as they gossipped, and moved in parti-colored groups, raking the scattered hay over the beautiful green-growing aftermath, into long wavering brown ramparts. Behind the *babui* came the *muzhiks* with pitchforks, who turned the windrows into huge high-crested hay-cocks. On one side in the corner of the prairie, all cleared of hay, came the creaking *telyégas* in a long line. One by one they were loaded with the share belonging to the *muzhiks*, and their places were taken by the horse-wagons heavy with the loads of fragrant hay.

"Splendid hay weather! Soon'll be all in," said the *starik*, sitting down near Levin. "Tea-leaves, not hay. Scatter it just like seeds for the chickens." Then, pointing to a hay-rick which the men were demolishing, the *starik* went on: "Since dinner, pitched up a good half of it. — Is that the last?" he shouted to a young fellow who, standing on the thills of a *telyéga*, and shaking his hempen reins, was driving by.

"The last, *bátiushka*," shouted back the young fellow, hauling in his horse. Then he looked down with a smile upon a happy-looking, rosy-faced *baba* who was sitting on the hay in the *telyéga*, and whipped up his steed again.

"Who is that? your son?" asked Levin.

"My youngest," said the *starik* with an expression of pride.

"What a fine fellow!"

"Not bad."

"Married yet?"

"Yes, three years come next *Filipovok*" [St. Philip's Day, Nov. 14].

"So? And are there children?"

"How? children? No, more's the pity. *Nu!* the hay, just tea-leaves," he added, wishing to change the subject.

Levin looked with interest at Vanka Parmenof and his young wife. Vanka was standing on the wagon, arranging, storing, and pressing down the fragrant hay which the handsome good-wife handed up to him. The young *baba* worked gayly, industriously, and skilfully. First she arranged it with her fork; then, with elastic and agile motions, she exerted all her strength upon it; and, bending over, she lifted up the great armful, and standing straight, with full bosom under the white chemise gathered with a red girdle, she handed it to her husband. Vanka, working as rapidly as he could, so as to relieve her of every moment of extra work, stretched out his arms wide, and caught up the load which she extended, and trampled it down into the wagon. Then, raking up what was left, the *baba* shook off the hay that had got into her neck, and, tying a red handkerchief around her broad white brow, she crept under the *telyéga* to fasten down the load. Vanka showed her how the ropes should be tied, and at some remark that she made burst into a roar of laughter. On the expressive faces of both could be seen the marks of strong young love newly awakened.

XII.

THE load was complete; and Vanka, jumping down, took his gentle, fat horse by the bridle, and joined the file of *telyégas* going to the village. The *baba* threw her rake on the load, and with firm step joined the other women who in a group followed the carts. The *babui*, with rakes on their shoulders, and dressed in bright-colored petticoats, began to sing in loud, happy voices. One wild, untrained voice would intone the folk-song (*pyésna*), and then fifty other young, fresh,

and powerful voices would take it up, and repeat it to the end.

The *babui*, singing their *pyésna*, passed by Levin; and it seemed to him, as he sat comfortably on his hay-rick, that they were like a cloud, big with tumultuous joy, ready to overwhelm him and carry him off, together with his hay and the other hay-ricks and the wagons. As he heard the rhythm of this wild song, with its accompaniment of whistles and shrill cries, the prairie, the far-away fields, — all things seemed to him to be filled with a strange, weird life and animation. This gayety filled him with envy. He would have liked to take part; but he could not thus express his joy of living, and he was obliged to lie still and look and listen. When the throng had passed out of sight, he was seized with a sense of his loneliness, of his physical indolence, of the hostility which existed between him and this life that he saw.

All of these *muzhiks*, even those who had quarrelled with him about the hay, or those whom he had injured if their intention was not to cheat him, saluted him gayly as they passed, and showed no anger for what he had done, or any remorse or even remembrance that they had tried to defraud him. All was swallowed up and forgotten in this sea of joyous, universal labor. God gave the day, God gave the strength; and the day and the strength consecrated the labor, and gave their own reward. For whom the work? Who would enjoy the work? These questions were secondary and of no account.

Levin had often looked with interest at this life, had often been tempted to become one with the people, living their lives; but to-day the impression of what he had seen in the bearing of Vanka Parmenof towards his young wife gave him for the first time a clear and definite desire to exchange the burdensome, idle, artificial, selfish existence which he led, for the laborious, simple, pure, and delightful life of the peasantry.

The *starik*, who had been sitting with him, had already gone home; the people were scattered; the neighbors had gone home: but those who lived at a distance were preparing to spend the night on the prairie, and getting ready for supper.

Levin, without being seen, still lay on the hay, looking, listening, and thinking. The peasantry gathered on the prairie scarcely slept throughout the short summer night.

At first there were gay gossip and laughter while everybody was eating; then followed songs and jests.

All the long, laborious day had left no trace upon them, except of its happiness. Just before the dawn there was silence everywhere. Nothing could be heard but the nocturnal sounds of the frogs croaking in the marsh, and the horses whinnying as they waited for the coming morning. Coming to himself, Levin stood up on the hay-rick, and, looking at the stars, saw that the night had gone.

"*Nu!* what am I going to do? How am I going to do this?" he asked himself, trying to give a shape to the thoughts and feelings that had occupied him during this short night.

These thoughts and feelings had run in three separate directions. First, it seemed to him that he must renounce his former way of living, which was useful neither to himself nor to anybody else. In comparison to it, the new life seemed to him simple and attractive. The second thought especially referred to the new life which he longed to lead. To renounce his useless intellectual culture was easy, especially when the simplicity and purity of his future life was so likely, as he thought, to restore him to calmness and quietude of mind. The third line of thought brought him to the question how he should effect the transition from the old life to the new, and in this regard there was nothing clear that presented itself to his mind. "I must have a wife. I must engage in work, and not solitary work. Shall I sell Pokrovsky? buy land? join the commune? marry a peasant woman? How can I do all this?" he asked himself, and no answer came. "However," he went on in his self-communings, "I have not slept all night, and my ideas are not very clear. I shall reduce them to order by and by. One thing is certain: this night has settled my fate. All my former dreams of family existence were rubbish, but this — all this is vastly simpler and better.

"How lovely!" he thought as he gazed at the delicate rosy clouds, colored like mother-of-pearl, which floated in the sky above him. "How charming every thing has been this lovely night! And when did that shell have time to form? I have been looking this long time at the sky, and only two white streaks were to be seen. *Da!* thus, without my knowing it, my views about life have been changed."

He left the prairie, and walked along the highway towards

the village. A cool breeze began to blow. At this moment, just before the dawn, every thing took on a gray and melancholy tint, as if to bring out into stronger relief the perfect triumph of light over the darkness.

Levin shivered with the chill. He walked fast, looking at the ground. "Who is that coming?" he asked himself, hearing the sound of bells. He raised his head. About forty steps from him he saw, coming towards him on the highway, a travelling-carriage, drawn by four horses. The horses, to avoid the ruts, pressed close against the pole; but the skilful *yamshchik* [driver], seated on one side of the box, drove so well that the wheels kept only on the smooth surface of the road.

Levin was so interested in this that he looked only at the carriage, and forgot about the occupants.

In one corner of the carriage an elderly lady was asleep; and by the window sat a young girl, only just awake, holding with both hands the ribbons of her white bonnet. Serene and thoughtful, filled with a lofty, complex life which Levin could not understand, she was gazing beyond him at the glow of the morning sky.

At the very instant that this vision flashed by him he caught a glimpse of her frank eyes. He recognized her, and a gleam of joy, mingled with wonder, shone upon his face.[1]

He could not be mistaken. Only she in all the world could have such eyes. In all the world there was but one being who could condense for him all the light and meaning of life. It was she: it was Kitty. He judged that she was on her way from the railway station to Yergushovo. And all the thoughts that had occupied Levin through his sleepless night, all the resolutions that he had made, vanished in a twinkling. Horror seized him as he remembered his resolution of marrying a *krestianka*. In that carriage which flashed by him on the other side of the road, and disappeared, was the only possible answer to his life's enigma which had tormented and puzzled him so long. She was now out of sight; the rumble of the wheels had ceased, and scarcely could he hear the bells. The barking of the dogs told him that the carriage was passing through the village. And now there remained only the lonely prairies, the distant village, and

[1] In the original it says that she recognized Levin, and the joy shone upon her face. But it is evident, from the conversation in chap. xi. book iii., that it could not have been so.

himself, an alien and a stranger to every thing, walking solitary on the deserted highway.

He looked at the sky, hoping to find there still the sea-shell cloud which he had admired, and which personified for him the movement of his thoughts and feelings during the night. But he could find nothing that resembled the pearl-like hues. There, at immeasurable heights, that mysterious change had already taken place. There was no sign of the sea-shell, but in its place there extended over the whole level extent of the heavens a tapestry of cirrhous clouds sweeping on and sweeping on. The sky was growing blue and luminous, and with tenderness and less of mystery it answered his questioning look.

"No," he said to himself, "however good this simple and laborious life may be, I cannot bring myself to it. I love her."

XIII.

No one except Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's most intimate friends suspected that this apparently cold and rational man had one weakness absolutely contradictory to the general consistency of his character. He could not look on with indifference when a child or a woman was weeping. The sight of tears caused him to lose his self-control, and destroyed for him his reasoning-faculties. His subordinates understood this, and warned women who came to present petitions not to allow their feelings to overcome them unless they wanted to injure their prospects. "He will fly into a passion, and will not listen to you," they said. And it was a fact that the trouble which the sight of weeping caused Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was expressed by hasty irritation. "I cannot, I cannot, do any thing for you. Please leave me," he would cry, as a general thing, in such cases.

When, on their way back from the races, Anna confessed her love for Vronsky, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, in spite of his anger against his wife, was conscious at the same time of this feeling of deep, soul-felt emotion which the sight of weeping always caused him. Knowing this, and knowing that any expression of it would be incompatible with the situation, he endeavored to restrain every sign of life, and therefore he did not move and did not look at her: hence arose that

strange appearance of deathlike rigidity in his face which so impressed Anna.

When they reached home, he helped her from the carriage; and, having made a great effort, he left her with ordinary politeness, saying those words which would not oblige him to follow any course. He simply said that to-morrow he would let her know his decision.

Anna's words, confirming his worst suspicions, caused a keen pain in his heart; and this pain was made still keener by the strange sensation of physical pity for her, caused by the sight of her tears. Yet, as he sat alone in his carriage, Aleksandrovitch felt, to his surprise and pleasure, as if an immense weight had been taken from his mind. It seemed to him that he was now freed from his doubts, his jealousy, and his pity.

He appreciated the feelings of a man who has been suffering long from the toothache, and at last has the tooth drawn. The pain is terrible, frightful, that sensation of an enormous body, greater than the head itself, which the forceps tears away; and the patient can hardly believe in his good fortune when the pain that has poisoned his life so long has suddenly ceased, and he can live, think, and interest himself in something besides his aching tooth. Such was Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's feeling. The pain had been strange and terrible, but now it was over. He felt that he could live again and think of something besides his wife.

"Without honor, without heart, without religion, a lost woman! This I always knew, although out of pity for her, I tried to blind myself," he said to himself. And he was perfectly sincere in his conviction that he had always been so perspicacious. He recalled many details of their past lives; and things which once seemed innocent in his eyes, now clearly came up as proofs that she had always been corrupt.

"I made a mistake when I joined my life to hers; but my mistake was not my fault, and I ought not to be unhappy. The guilty one," he said, "is not I, but she. But I have nothing more to do with her. She does not exist for me."

He ceased to think of the misfortunes that would befall her, as well as his son, for whom also his feelings underwent a similar change. The one essential thing was the question, how to make his escape from this wretched crisis in a fashion at once wise, correct, and honorable for himself, and having

cleared himself satisfactorily from the mud which she had spattered him withal, owing to her evil conduct, henceforth pursue his own path of honorable, active, and useful life.

"Must I make myself wretched because a despicable woman has committed a sin? All I want, is to find a way out from the situation in which she has brought me. And I will find it," he added, getting more and more determined. "I am not the first, nor the second." And not speaking of the historical examples, beginning with "La Belle Hélène" of Menelaus, which had recently been brought to all their memories, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went over in his mind a whole series of contemporary episodes, where husbands of the highest position had been obliged to mourn the faithlessness of their wives.

"Darialof, Poltavsky, Prince Karibanof, Count Paskudin, Dramm (yes, even Dramm, honorable, industrious man as he is), Semenof, Tchagin, Sigonin. Suppose we apply the unjust epithet *ridicule* to these people; but I never saw any thing in this except their misfortune, and I always pitied them," thought Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, although this also was absolutely false, and he had never felt any pity of this sort, and had only plumed himself the more as he had heard of wives deceiving their husbands.

"This disgrace is liable to strike any one, and now it has struck me. The main thing is, to know how to find a practical way of settling the difficulty." And he called to mind the different ways in which all the men had behaved.

"Darialof fought a duel" —

Duelling had often been a subject of consideration to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch when he was a young man, and for the reason that he was a timid man, and he knew it. He could not think without a shudder of having a pistol levelled at him, and never in his life had he made any practice with fire-arms. This instinctive horror caused him to think many times about duelling, and he tried to accustom himself to the thought that he might be obliged some time to expose his life to this danger. Afterwards, when he reached a high social position, these impressions faded away; but his habit of distrusting his courage was so strong, that, at this time, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch long deliberated about the matter, turning it over on all sides, and questioning the expediency of a duel, although he knew perfectly well that in any case he should not fight.

"The state of our society is still so savage," he said, — "though it is not so in England, — that very many" —

And in these *many*, to whom such a solution was satisfactory, there were some for whose opinions Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had the very highest regard. "Looking at the duel on all sides, to what result does it lead? Let us suppose that I challenge!" And here Alekséi Aleksandrovitch drew a vivid picture of the night that he would spend after the challenge; and he imagined the pistol drawn upon him, and he shuddered, and made up his mind that he could never do such a thing. "Let us suppose that I challenge him, that I learn how to shoot," he forced himself to think, "that I am standing, that I pull the trigger," he said to himself, shutting his eyes, "and suppose I kill him;" and he shook his head, to drive away these absurd notions. "What sense would there be in causing a man's death, in order to re-establish relations with a sinful woman and her son? Would the question be settled in any such way? But suppose — and this is vastly more likely to happen — that I am the one killed or wounded. I, an innocent man, the victim, killed or wounded? Still more unreasonable, worse than that, the challenge to a duel on my part would be absurd, and not an honorable action: besides, don't I know beforehand that my friends would never allow me to fight a duel? would never permit the life of a government official, who is so indispensable to Russia, to be exposed to danger? What would happen? I should seem to people to be anxious to win notoriety by a challenge that could lead to no result. It would be dishonorable, it would be false, it would be an act of deception towards others and towards myself. A duel is not to be thought of, and no one expects it of me. My sole aim should be to preserve my reputation, and not to suffer any unnecessary interruption of my activity." The service of the state, always important in the eyes of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, now appeared to him of extraordinary importance.

Having decided against the duel, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch began to discuss the question of divorce — a second expedient which had been employed by several of the men whom he had in mind. Examples of divorces in high life were well known to him, but he could not name a single case where the aim of the divorce had been such as he proposed. The husband in each case had sold or given up the faithless wife; and the guilty party, who had no right to a second

marriage, had entered into relations, imagined to be sanctioned, with a new husband. As to legal divorce, which proposed as its end the punishment of the faithless woman, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch came to the conclusion, as he reasoned about it, that it was impossible. The coarse, brutal proofs demanded by the law would be, in the complex conditions of his life, out of the question for him to furnish: even had they existed, and he could make public use of them, the scandal that would ensue would cause him to fall lower in public opinion than the guilty wife.

Divorce, moreover, broke off absolutely all dealings between wife and husband, and united her to her paramour. But in Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's heart, in spite of the indifference and scorn which he affected to feel towards his wife, there still remained one very keen sentiment, and that was his unwillingness for her to unite her lot absolutely with Vronsky, so that her fault would turn out to her advantage. This thought was so painful to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, that he almost groaned aloud with mental pain; and he got up from his seat, changed his place, and with stern countenance deliberately wrapped his woolly plaid around his thin and chilly legs.

Besides formal divorce, there could still be separation, as in the case of Karibanof, Paskudin and that gentle Dramm, but this measure had almost the same disadvantages as the other: it was practically to throw his wife into Vronsky's arms. "No: it is impossible — impossible," he muttered, again trying to wrap himself up. "I cannot be unhappy, but neither ought she or he to be happy."

The sensation of jealousy which had pained him while he was still ignorant, came back to him at this moment as he thought of his wife's words; but it was followed by a different one, — the desire not only that she should not triumph, but that she should receive the reward for her sins. He did not express it, but in the depths of his soul he desired that she should be punished for the way in which she had destroyed his peace and honor.

After passing in review the disadvantages of the duel, the divorce, and the separation, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch came to the conclusion that there was only one way to escape from his trouble, and that was to keep his wife under his protection, shielding his misfortune from the eyes of the world, employing all possible means to break off the illicit relationship,

and — what he did not avow to himself, though it was the principal point — punishing his wife's fault.

"I must let her know, that, in the situation into which she has brought our family, I have come to the conclusion that the *statu quo* is the only way that seems advisable on all sides; and that I will agree to preserve, under the strenuous condition that she fulfil my will, and absolutely break off all relations with her paramour."

Having made this resolution, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch brought up arguments which sanctioned it in his eyes. "Only by acting in this manner, do I conform absolutely with the law of religion," he said to himself; "only by this reasoning, do I refuse to send away the adulterous woman; and I give her the chance of amending her ways, and likewise, — painful as it will be to me, — I consecrate, as it were, my powers to her regeneration and salvation."

Though Alekséi Aleksandrovitch knew that he could have no influence over his wife, and that the attempts which he should make to convert his wife would be illusory, still, during the sad moments that he had been passing through, he had not for an instant thought of finding a foot-hold in religion, until now, when he felt that his determination was in accordance with religion: then this religious sanction gave him full comfort and satisfaction. He was consoled with the thought that no one would have the right to blame him for having, in such a trying period of his life, acted in opposition to the religion whose banner he bore aloft in the midst of universal indifference.

He even went so far at last as to see no reason why his relations with his wife should not remain as they had always been. Of course, it would be impossible for him to feel great confidence in her; but he saw no reason why he should ruin his whole life, and suffer personally, because she was a bad and faithless wife.

"*Da!* the time will come," he thought, "the time that solves all problems; and our relations will be brought into the old order, so that I shall not feel the disorder that has broken up the current of my life. She must be unhappy, but I do not see why it is necessary for me to be unhappy too."

XIV.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch on his way back to Petersburg not only fully decided on the line of conduct which he should adopt, but even composed in his head a letter to be sent to his wife. When he reached his house, he glanced at the official papers and letters left in charge of the Swiss, and ordered them to be brought into the library. "Shut the door, and let no one in," said he in reply to a question of the Swiss, emphasizing the last order with some satisfaction, which was an evident sign that he was in a better state of mind.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch walked up and down the library once or twice, cracking his knuckles; and then coming to his huge writing-table, on which his *valet-de-chambre*, before he went out, had placed six lighted candles, he sat down, and began to examine his writing-materials. Then, leaning his elbow on the table, he bent his head to one side, and after a moment of reflection he began to write. He wrote in French without addressing her by name, employing the pronoun *vous* [you], which seemed to him to have less coldness and indifference than the corresponding character in Russian.

"At our last interview, I expressed the intention of communicating to you my resolution concerning the subject of our conversation. After mature deliberation, I propose to fulfil my promise. This is my decision: however improper your conduct may have been, I do not acknowledge that I have the right to break the bonds which a power Supreme has consecrated. The family cannot be at the mercy of a caprice, of an arbitrary act, even of the crime of one of the parties; and our lives must remain unchanged. This must be so for my sake, for your sake, for the sake of our son. I am persuaded that you have been penitent, that you still are penitent, for the fact that obliges me to write you; that you will aid me to destroy, root and branch, the cause of our estrangement, and to forget the past. In the opposite case, you must comprehend what awaits you, you and your son. I hope to have a complete understanding with you at our coming interview. As the summer season is nearly over, you would oblige me by returning to the city as soon as possible, certainly not later than Tuesday. All the necessary measures for your transportation will be taken. I beg you to take notice that I attach a very particular importance to your attention to my demand.

"A. KARÉNIN.

"P.S. I enclose in this letter money, which you may need at this particular time."

He re-read his letter, and was satisfied. The sending of the money seemed to him a specially happy thought. There was not an angry word, not a reproach, neither was there any weakness, in it. The essential thing was the golden bridge for their reconciliation. He folded his letter, pressed it with a huge paper-cutter of massive ivory, enclosed it in an envelope together with the money, and rang the bell, feeling that sensation of satisfaction which the perfect working of his epistolary arrangements always gave him.

"Give this letter to the courier for delivery to Anna Arkadyevna to-morrow."

"I will obey your excellency. Will you have tea here in the library?"

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch decided to have his tea brought to him in the library; and then, still playing with the paper-cutter, he went towards his arm-chair, near which was a shaded lamp, and a French work on cuneiform inscriptions which he had begun. Above the chair, in an oval gilt frame, hung a portrait of Anna, the excellent work of a distinguished painter. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch looked at it. Two eyes, impenetrable to him as they had been on the evening of their attempted explanation, returned his gaze ironically and insolently. Every thing about this remarkable portrait seemed to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch insupportably insolent and provoking, from the black lace on her head and her dark hair, to the white, beautiful hands and the slender fingers covered with rings. After gazing at this portrait for a moment, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch shuddered, his lips trembled, and with a "*brr*" he turned away. Sitting down, he opened his book. He tried to read, but he could not regain the keen interest which he had felt before in the cuneiform inscriptions. His eyes looked at the book, but his thoughts were elsewhere. He was thinking, not of his wife, but of a complication which had recently arisen in important matters connected with his official business, and which at present formed the chief interest of his service. He felt that he was more than ever master of this question, and that he could without self-conceit claim that the conception which had taken root in his mind in regard to the causes of this complication, furnished the method of freeing it from all difficulties, confirmed him in his official career, put down his enemies, and thus enabled him to do a signal service to the state. As soon as his servant had brought his tea, and left the room, Alekséi Aleksan-

drovitch got up, and went to his writing-table. He took the portfolio which contained his business papers, seized a pencil, and, with a faintly sarcastic smile of self-satisfaction, buried himself in the perusal of the documents relative to the difficulty under consideration. The distinguishing trait of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch as a government official, — the one characteristic trait which separated him from all other government *employés*, and which had contributed to his success no less than his moderation, his uprightness, and his self-confidence, — was his thorough-going detestation of "red tape," and his sincere desire to avoid, so far as he could, unnecessary writing, and to go straight on in accomplishing needful business with all expedition and economy. It happened, that, in the famous Commission of the 2d of June, the question was raised in regard to the flooding of the fields in the Government of Zaraï, which formed a part of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's jurisdiction; and this question offered a striking example of the few results obtained by official correspondence and expenditure. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch knew that it was a worthy object. The matter had come to him by inheritance from his predecessor in the ministry, and, in fact, had already cost much money, and brought no results. When he first took his place in the ministry, he had wished immediately to put his hand to this work, but he did not feel as yet strong enough; and he perceived that it touched too many interests, and was imprudent: then afterwards, having become involved in other matters, he entirely forgot about it. The fertilization of the Zaraï fields, like all things, went in its own way by force of inertia. Many people got their living through it, and one family in particular, a very agreeable and musical family: two of the daughters played on stringed instruments. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch knew this family, and had been nuptial godfather[1] when one of the elder daughters was married.

The opposition to this affair, raised by his enemies in another branch of the ministry, was unjust, in the opinion of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, because in every ministry there are such cases of impropriety which no one ever thinks of bothering with. But since they had thrown down the gauntlet, he had boldly accepted the challenge by demanding the appointment of a special Commission for examining and

[1] *Posazhónnui otéts*, — a man who takes the father's place in the Russian wedding ceremony.

verifying the labors of the Commissioners on the fertilization of the Zaraï fields; and that he might give no respite to these gentlemen, he also demanded a special Commission for investigating the status and organization of the foreign populations. This last question had likewise been raised by the Committee of the 2d of June, and was energetically supported by Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, on the ground that no delay should be allowed in relieving the deplorable situation of these alien tribes. The most lively discussion arose among the ministries. The ministry, hostile to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, proved that the position of the foreign populations was flourishing; that to meddle with them would be to injure their well-being; and that, if any fault could be found in regard to the matter, it was due to the neglect of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch and his ministry, in not carrying out the measures prescribed by law. In order to avenge himself, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch demanded, first, the appointment of a Committee, whose duty should be to study on the spot the condition of the foreign populations. Secondly, in case their condition should be found such as the official data in the hands of the Committee represented, that a new scientific Commission should be sent to study into the causes of this sad state of things, with the aim of settling it from the (*a*) political, (*b*) administrative, (*c*) economical, (*d*) ethnographical, (*e*) physical, and (*f*) religious point of view. Thirdly, that the hostile ministry should be required to furnish the particulars in regard to the measures taken during the last ten years, to relieve the wretched situation in which these tribes were placed. And fourthly and finally, to explain the fact that they had acted in absolute contradiction to the fundamental and organic law, Volume T, page 18, with reference to Article 36, as was proved by an act of the Committee under numbers 17,015 and 18,308 of the 5th of December, 1863, and the 7th of June, 1864.

A flush of animation covered Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's face as he rapidly wrote down for his own use a digest of these thoughts. After he had covered a sheet of paper, he rang a bell, and sent a messenger to the Chancellor of State, asking for a few *data* which were missing. Then he got up, and began to walk up and down the room, looking again at the portrait with a frown and a scornful smile. Then he resumed his book about the cuneiform inscriptions, and found that his interest of the evening before had come back

to him. He went to bed about eleven o'clock; and as he lay, still awake, he passed in review the events of the day, and they no longer appeared to him in the same gloomy aspect.

XV.

Though Anna obstinately and angrily contradicted Vronsky when he told her that her position was impossible, yet in the bottom of her heart she felt that it was false and dishonorable, and she longed with all her soul to escape from it. When, in a moment of agitation, she avowed all to her husband as they were returning from the races, notwithstanding the pain which it cost her, she felt glad. After Alekséi Aleksandrovitch left her, she kept repeating to herself, that, at least, all was now explained, and that henceforth there would be no more need of falsehood and deception. This new state of things might be bad, but it would be definite, and at least not equivocal. The pain which her words had cost her husband and herself would have its compensation in this new state of affairs. That very evening Vronsky came to see her, but she did not tell him what had taken place between her husband and herself, although it was needful to tell him, in order that the affair might be definitely settled.

The next morning when she awoke, her first memory was of the words that she had spoken to her husband; and they seemed to her so odious, that she could not imagine now how she could have brought herself to say such brutal things, and she could not conceive what the result of them would be. But the words were irrevocable, and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had departed without replying. "I have seen Vronsky since, and I did not tell him. Even at the moment that he went away, I wanted to hold him back, and to speak; but I did not, because I felt how strange it was that I did not tell him at the first moment. Why did I have the desire, and yet not speak?" And in reply to this question, she felt her face burn, and she realized that it was shame that kept her from speaking. Her position, which in the evening seemed to her so clear, suddenly presented itself in its true color, and more inextricable than ever. She began to fear the dishonor about which she had not thought before. When she considered what her husband might do to her, the most terrible

ideas came to her mind. It occurred to her that at any instant the sheriff[1] might appear to drive her out of house and home, that her shame would be proclaimed to all the world. She asked herself where she could go if they drove her from home, and there was no reply.

When she thought of Vronsky, she imagined that he did not love her, and that he was already beginning to tire of her, and that she could not impose herself upon him, and she felt angry with him. It seemed to her that the words which she spoke to her husband, and which she incessantly repeated to herself, were spoken so that everybody could hear them, and had heard them. She could not bring herself to look in the faces of those with whom she lived. She could not bring herself to ring for her maid, and still less to go down and meet her son and his governess.

The maid came, and stood long at the door, listening: finally she decided to go to her without a summons. Anna looked at her questioningly, and a look of fear came into her face. The maid apologized, saying that she had come because she thought she heard the bell. She brought a dress and a note. The note was from Betsy, and said that Liza Merkálova and the Baroness Stolz with their adorers, Kaluzhsky and the old man Stremof, were coming to her house today for a game of croquet. "Come and look on, please, as a study of manners. I shall expect you," was the conclusion of the note.

Anna read the letter, and sighed profoundly.

"Nothing, nothing, I need nothing," said she to Annushka, who was arranging the toilet-articles on her dressing-table. "Go away. I will dress myself immediately, and come down. I need nothing."

Annushka went out: yet Anna did not begin to dress, but sat in the same attitude, with bent head and folded hands; and occasionally she would shiver, and begin to make some gesture, to say something, and then fall back into listlessness again. She kept saying, "*Bozhe moï! Bozhe moï!*" but the words had no meaning in her mind. The thought of seeking a refuge from her situation in religion, although she never doubted the faith in which she had been trained, seemed to her as strange as to go and ask help of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch himself. She knew beforehand that the refuge offered by religion was possible only by the absolute renun-

[1] *Upravlyaiushchy*, — literally director, steward.

ciation of all that represented to her the reason for living. She suffered, and was frightened besides, by a sensation that was new to her experiences hitherto, and which seemed to her to take possession of her inmost soul. She seemed to feel double, just as sometimes eyes, when weary, see double. She knew not whether she feared the future, or desired the past; and what she desired, she did not know.

"*Ach!* what am I doing?" she cried, suddenly feeling a pain in both temples; and she discovered that she had taken her hair in her two hands, and was pulling it. She got up, and began to walk the floor.

"The coffee is served, and *Mamzel* and Serozha are waiting," said Annushka, coming in again, and finding her mistress still undressed.

"Serozha? what is Serozha doing," suddenly asked Anna, remembering, for the first time this morning, the existence of her son.

"He is naughty, I think," said Annushka.

"How naughty?"

"He took one of the peaches from the corner cupboard, and ate it all by himself, as it seems."

The thought of her son suddenly called Anna from the impassive state in which she had been sunk. The sincere, though somewhat exaggerated, *rôle* of devoted mother, which she had taken upon herself for a number of years, came back to her mind, and she felt that in this relationship she had a stand-point independent of her relation to her husband and Vronsky. This stand-point was — her son. In whatever situation she might be placed, they would not deprive her of him. Her husband might drive her from him, and put her to shame; Vronsky might turn his back upon her, and resume his former independent life, — and here again she felt the feeling of bitter reproach, — but she could not leave her son. She had an aim in life; and she must act, act at once, and take every measure to preserve her relation towards him, so that they could not take him from her. She must take her son, and go off. She must calm herself, and get away from this tormenting situation. The very thought of an action having reference to her son, and of going away with him, no one knows where, already gave her consolation.

She dressed in haste, went down-stairs with firm steps, and entered the parlor, where, as usual, she found lunch ready, and Serozha and the governess waiting for her. Serozha,

all in white, was standing with bended head near a table under the window, with the expression of concentrated attention which she knew so well, and in which he resembled his father. Bending over, he was busy with some flowers that he had brought in.

The governess put on a very stern expression. Serozha, as soon as he saw his mother, uttered a sharp cry, which was a frequent custom of his,—"Ah, mamma!" Then he stopped, undecided whether to run to his mother, and let the flowers go, or to finish his bouquet, and to go with them.

The governess bowed, and began a long and circumstantial account of the naughtiness that Serozha had committed; but Anna did not hear her. She was thinking whether she should take her with them. "No, I will not. I will go alone with my son."

"Yes, he is very naughty," said Anna; and, taking the boy by the shoulder, she looked at him with a gentle, not angry, face, and kissed him. "Leave him with me," said she to the wondering governess; and, not letting go his arm, she sat down to the table where the coffee was waiting.

"Mamma — I — I — didn't," stammered Serozha, trying to judge by his mother's expression what fate was in store for him after the peach.

"Serozha," she said as soon as the governess had left the room, "this was naughty. You will not do it again, will you? Do you love me?"

She felt that the tears were standing in her eyes. "Can I not love him?" she asked herself, touched by the boy's happy and radiant face. "And can he join with his father to punish me? Will he not have pity on me?" The tears began to course down her face; and, in order to hide them, she got up quickly, and hastened, almost running, to the terrace.

Clear, cool weather had succeeded the stormy rains of the last few days.

In spite of the warm sun which shone on the thick foliage of the trees, it was cool in the shade.

She shivered both from the coolness and from the sentiment of fear which seized her with new force.

"Go, go and find Mariette," said she to Serozha, who had followed her; and then she began to walk up and down on the straw carpet which covered the terrace. She stopped and looked at the tops of the aspens, washed bright by the

rain, which were gleaming in the warm sun. It seemed to her that every thing, this sky and this foliage, was without pity for her. And again, as before breakfast, she felt that mysterious sense in her inmost soul that she was in a dual state.

"I must not, must not think," she said to herself. "I must have courage. Where shall I go? When? Whom shall I take? *Da!* to Moscow by the evening train, with Annushka and Serozha and only the most necessary things. But first I must write to them both." And she hurried back into the house to her library, sat down at the table, and wrote her husband, —

"After what has passed, I cannot longer remain in your house. I am going away, and I shall take my son. I do not know the laws, and so I do not know with which of us the child should remain; but I take him with me, because without him I cannot live. Be generous: let me have him."

Till this moment she wrote rapidly and naturally; but this appeal to a generosity which she had never seen in him, and the need of ending her letter with something affecting, brought her to a halt.

"I cannot speak of my fault and my repentance, because"— Again she stopped, unable to find the right words. "No," she said, "I can say nothing;" and, tearing up this letter, she began another, in which she excluded any appeal to his generosity.

She had to write a second letter, to Vronsky. "I have confessed to my husband," she began; and she sat long in thought, without being able to write more. This was so coarse, so unfeminine! "And then, what can I write to him?" Again she felt her face burn as she remembered how calm he was, and she felt so vexed with him that she tore the note into little bits. "I cannot write," she said to herself: and, closing her desk, she went up-stairs to tell the governess and the domestics that she was going to Moscow that evening; and she began to make her preparations.

XVI.

In all the rooms of the *datcha*, the *dvorniks*, the gardeners, the *valets*, were packing up the things. Cupboards and commodes were cleared of their contents. Twice they had gone

to the shop for packing-cord; half the things were wrapped up in newspapers. Two trunks, travelling-bags, and a bundle of plaids, were standing in the hall. A carriage and two *izvoshchiks* were waiting in front of the house. Anna, who in the haste of departure had somewhat forgotten her torment, was standing by her library-table, and packing her bag, when Annushka called her attention to the rumble of a carriage approaching the house. Anna looked out of the window, and saw on the steps Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's courier ringing the front-door bell.

"Go and see who it is," said she, and then sat down in her chair; and, folding her hands on her knees, she waited with calm resignation. A lackey brought her a fat packet directed in the handwriting of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"The courier was ordered to wait an answer," said he.

"Very well," she replied; and as soon as he left the room she opened the packet with trembling fingers. A roll of fresh, new bank-notes, in a wrapper, fell out first. But she unfolded the letter and read it, beginning at the end. "All the necessary measures for your transportation will be taken. . . . I attach a very particular importance to your attention to my demand," she read. She took it up a second time, read it all through, and once and again she read it from beginning to end. When she was through, she felt chilled, and had the consciousness that some terrible and unexpected weight was crushing her which she could not throw off.

That very morning she regretted her confession, and would gladly have taken back her words. But this letter treated her words as though they had not been spoken, — gave her what she desired. And yet it seemed to her more cruel than any thing that she could have imagined.

"Right, he is right!" she murmured. "Of course he is always right: he is a Christian, he is magnanimous! *Nu!* the low, vile man! No one understands, no one knows, him but me; and I cannot explain it. People say, 'He is a religious, moral, upright, honorable, intellectual man.' But they have not seen what I have seen; they don't know how for eight years he has crushed my life, crushed every thing that was vital in me; how he has never once thought of me as a living woman who must love. They don't know how at every step he has insulted me, and was all the more self-satisfied. Have I not striven with all my powers to lead a useful life? Have I not done my best to love him, to love his

son when I could not love my husband? But the time came when I could no longer deceive myself. I find that I am a living being; that I am not to blame; that God has made me so; that I must love and live. And now what? He might kill me, he might kill him, and I could understand, I could forgive it. But no, he —

"Why should I not have foreseen what he would do? He does exactly in accordance with his despicable character: he stands upon his rights. But I, poor unfortunate, am sunk lower and more irreclaimably than ever towards ruin. 'You must comprehend what awaits you, you and your son,'" she repeated to herself, remembering a sentence in his letter. "It is a threat that he means to rob me of my son, and doubtless their wretched laws allow it. But, indeed, I do not see why he said that. He has no belief in my love for my son; or else he is deriding — as he always does, in his sarcastic manner — is deriding this feeling of mine, for he knows that I will not abandon my son — I cannot abandon him; that without my son, life would be unsupportable, even with him whom I love; and that to abandon my son, and leave him, I should fall, like the worst of women. This he knows, and knows that I should never have the power to do so. 'Our lives must remain unchanged,'" she continued, remembering another sentence in the letter. "This life was a torture before; but as time went on, it became worse than ever. What will it be now? And he knows all this, — knows that I cannot repent because I breathe, because I love; he knows that nothing except falsehood and deceit can result from this: but he must needs prolong my torture. I know him, and I know that he swims in perjury like a fish in water. But no: I will not give him this pleasure. I will break this network of lies in which he wants to enwrap me. Come what may, any thing is better than lies.

"But how? *Bozhe moï! Bozhe moï!* Was there ever woman so unhappy as I?

"No, I will break it! I will break it!" she cried, striving to keep back the tears that would come. And she went to her writing-table to begin another letter. But in the lowest depths of her soul she felt that she had not the power to break the network of circumstances, — that she had not the power to escape from the situation in which she was placed, false and dishonorable though it was.

She sat down at the table; but, instead of writing, she

folded her arms on the table, and bowed her head upon them, and began to weep like a child, with heaving breast and convulsive sobs. She wept because her visions about the new order of things had vanished forever. She knew that now all things would go on as before, and even worse than before. She felt that her position in society, which she had slighted, and but a short time before counted as dross, was dear to her; that she should never have the strength to abandon it for the shameful position of a woman who has deserted her husband and son, and joined her lover. She felt that she should never be stronger than herself and her prejudices. She never would know what freedom to love meant, but would be always a guilty woman, constantly threatened by surprise, deceiving her husband for the disgraceful society of an independent stranger, with whose life she could never join hers. She knew that this would be so, and yet at the same time it was so terrible that she could not acknowledge, even to herself, how it would end. And she wept, pouring out her heart as a child sobs who has been punished.

The steps of a lackey approaching made her tremble; and, hiding from him her face, she pretended to be writing.

"The courier would like his answer," said the lackey.

"His answer? Oh, yes!" said Anna. "Let him wait. I will ring.

"What can I write?" she asked herself. "How decide by myself alone? What do I know? What do I want? Whom do I love?" Again it seemed to her that in her soul she felt the dual nature. She drove this thought away, and seized upon the first duty that lay at hand, so that, by forgetting herself, she might not think of this dual nature, which terrified her.

"I must see Alekséi" (thus in thought she called Vronsky): "he alone can tell me what I must do. I will go to Betsy's. Perhaps I shall find him there." She completely forgot that on the evening before, when she told him that she was not going to the Princess Tverskaïa's, he said that he had no wish to go there either.

She went to the table again, and wrote her husband, —

"I have received your letter. A."

She rang, and gave it to the lackey.

"We are not going," said she to Annushka, who was just coming in.

"Not going at all?"

"No, but don't unpack before to-morrow; and have the carriage wait. I am going to the princess's."

"What dress shall you wear?"

XVII.

THE company which was to meet at the Princess Tverskaia's, where Anna was invited, was made up of two ladies and their adorers. These two ladies were the leading representatives of a new and exclusive *coterie* in Petersburg, and called, in imitation of an imitation, *les sept merveilles du monde* [the seven wonders of the world]. Both of them belonged to the highest society, but to a circle absolutely hostile to that in which Anna moved. The old Stremof, one of the influential men of the city, and Liza Merkálova's lover, belonged to the faction hostile to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. Anna, on account of this hostility, did not care to go to Betsy's, and therefore declined her invitation; but now she decided to go, hoping to find Vronsky there.

She reached the Princess Tverskaia's before the other guests.

The moment that she arrived, Vronsky's *valet*, who with his curly whiskers might have been taken for a *kammer-junker*, was at the door, and, raising his cap, he stepped aside to let her pass. When she saw him she remembered that Vronsky had told her that he was not coming, and judged that he had sent his excuses. As she was taking off her wraps in the hall, she heard the *valet*, who rolled his r's like a *kammer-junker*, say, "From the count to the princess." It occurred to her to ask him where his *barin* was. It occurred to her to go back and write him a note, asking him to come to her, or to go and find him herself. But she could not follow out any of these plans, for the bell had already announced her presence, and one of the princess's lackeys was waiting at the door to usher her into the rooms beyond.

"The princess is in the garden. Word has been sent to her," said a second lackey in the second room.

Her position of uncertainty, of darkness, was just the same as at home. It was worse rather, because she could not make any decision, she could not see Vronsky, and she was obliged to remain in the midst of strange and lively society,

diametrically opposed to her. But she wore a toilet which she knew was very becoming. She was not alone: she was surrounded by that solemn atmosphere of indolence so familiar; and, on the whole, it was better to be there than at home. She would not be obliged to think what she would do. Things would arrange themselves.

Betsy came to meet her in a white toilet of the most exquisite elegance; and she greeted her, as usual, with a smile. The Princess Tverskaïa was accompanied by Tushkiévitch, and a young relative who, to the great delight of the provincial family to which she belonged, was spending the summer with the famous princess.

Apparently there was something unnatural in Anna's appearance, for Betsy immediately remarked upon it.

"I did not sleep well," replied Anna, looking furtively at the lackey, who was coming, as she supposed, to bring the princess Vronsky's note.

"How glad I am that you came!" said Betsy. "I am just up, and I should like to have a cup of tea before the others come. And you," she said, addressing Tushkiévitch, "had better go with Maska and try the *kroket-gro-und*, which has just been clipped. We will have time to talk a little while taking our tea. *We'll have a cosey chat*, won't we?" she added in English, addressing Anna with a smile, and taking her hand.

"All the more willingly, because I can't stay long. I must call on old Vrede: I have been promising for a hundred years to come and see her," said Anna, to whom the lie, though contrary to her nature, seemed not only simple and easy, but even pleasurable. Why she said a thing that she forgot the second after, she herself could not have told; she said it at haphazard, so that, in case Vronsky were not coming, she might have a way of escape, and find him elsewhere: and why she happened to select the name of old Fréilina Vrede rather than any other of her acquaintances was likewise inexplicable. But, as events proved, out of all the possible schemes for meeting Vronsky, this was the best.

"No, I shall not let you go," replied Betsy, scrutinizing Anna's face. "Indeed, if I were not so fond of you, I should be tempted to be vexed with you: anybody would think that you were afraid of my compromising you. — Tea in the little *salon*, if you please," said she to the lackey,

with a snap of the eyes such as was habitual with her; and, taking the letter, she began to read it.

"Alekséi disappoints us (*Alexis nous fait faux bond*). He writes that he cannot come," said she in French, and in a tone as simple and unaffected as though it had never entered her mind that Vronsky was of any more interest to Anna than as a possible partner in a game of croquet. Anna knew that Betsy knew all; but, as she heard Betsy speak of him now, she almost brought herself to believe for a moment that she did not know.

"Ah!" she said simply, as though it was a detail that did not interest her. "How," she continued, still smiling, "could your society compromise me?"

This manner of hiding a secret, this playing with words, had for Anna, as it has for all women, a great charm. And it was not the necessity of secrecy, or the reason for secrecy, but the process itself, that gave the pleasure.

"I cannot be more Catholic than the Pope," she said. "Stremof and Liza Merkálova, they are the cream of the cream of society. They are received everywhere. But *I*"—she laid special stress on the *I*—"I have never been severe and intolerant. I simply have not had time."

"No. But perhaps you prefer not to meet Stremof? Let him break lances with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch in committee-meetings: that does not concern us. But in society he is as lovely a man as I know, and a terrible hand at croquet. But you shall see him. And you must see how well he plays the absurd part of old lover to Liza. He is very charming. Don't you know Safo Stoltz? She — is the latest, absolutely the latest style."

While Betsy was saying these words, Anna perceived, by her joyous, intelligent eyes, that she saw her embarrassment, and was trying to put her at her ease. They had gone into the little library.

"I must write a word to Alekséi." And Betsy sat down at her writing-table, and hastily penned a few lines. Then she took out an envelope. "I wrote him to come to dinner. One of my ladies has no partner. See if I am imperative enough. Excuse me if I leave you a moment. Please seal it and direct it: I have some arrangements to make."

Without a moment's hesitation, Anna took Betsy's seat at the table, and added these words to her note: "I must see you without fail. Come to the Vrede Garden. I will be

there at six o'clock." She sealed the letter; and Betsy, coming a moment later, despatched it at once.

The two ladies took their tea in the cool little *salon*, and had indeed a *cosey* chat. They talked about the coming guests, and expressed their judgments upon them, beginning with Liza Merkálova.

"She is very charming, and I have always liked her," said Anna.

"You ought to like her. She adores you. Yesterday evening, after the races, she came to see me, and was in despair not to find you. She says that you are a genuine heroine of a romance, and that if she were a man, she would commit a thousand follies for your sake. Stremof told her she did that, even as she was."

"But explain to me one thing that I never understood," said Anna, after a moment of silence, and in a tone that clearly showed that she did not ask an idle question, but that what she wanted explained was more serious than would appear. "Explain to me, what are the relations between her and Prince Kaluzhsky, the man that they call Mishka. I have rarely seen them together. What is their relation?"

A look of amusement came into Betsy's eyes, and she looked keenly at Anna.

"It's a new kind," she replied. "All these ladies have adopted it."

"Yes, but what are her relations with Kaluzhsky?"

Betsy, to Anna's surprise, broke into a gale of irresistible laughter.

"But you are trespassing on the Princess Miagkaïa's province: it is the question of an *enfant terrible*," said Betsy, trying in vain to restrain her gayety, but again breaking out into that contagious laughter which is the peculiarity of people who rarely laugh. "But you must ask them," she at length managed to say, with the tears running down her cheeks.

"*Nu!* you laugh," said Anna, in spite of herself joining in her friend's amusement; "but I have never been able to understand it at all, and I don't understand what *rôle* the husband plays."

"The husband? Liza Merkálova's husband carries her plaid, and is always at her beck and call. But the real meaning of the affair no one cares to know."

"Are you going to Rolandaki's *frazdnik*?" [festival], said Anna, wishing to change the conversation.

"I don't think so," replied Betsy; and not looking at her companion, she carefully poured the fragrant tea into little transparent cups. Then, having handed one to Anna, she rolled a cigarette, and putting it into a silver holder she began to smoke.

"You see, my position is the best," she began seriously, holding her cup in her hand. "I understand you, and I understand Liza. Liza is one of these *naïve*, childlike natures, who cannot distinguish between ill and good, — at least, she was so when she was young, and now she knows that this simplicity is becoming to her. Now perhaps she is *naïve* on purpose," said Betsy with a cunning smile. "But all the same, it becomes her. You see, some people look on life from its tragic side, and make themselves miserable; and others look on it simply, and even gayly. Possibly you are inclined to look on things too tragically."

"How I should like to know others as well as I know myself!" said Anna with a serious and pensive look. "Am I worse than others, or better? Worse, I think."

"You are like a child, an *enfant terrible*," was Betsy's comment. "But here they are!"

XVIII.

Steps were heard, and a man's voice, then a woman's voice and laughter, and immediately after the expected guests came in, — Safo Stoltz, and a young man called Vaska for short, whose face shone with exuberant health. It was evident that truffles, burgundy, and rich blood-making viands had accomplished their perfect work. Vaska bowed to the two ladies as he came in, but the glance which he vouchsafed them lasted only a second. He followed Safo into the drawing-room, and he followed her through the drawing-room, as though he had been tied to her, and he kept his brilliant eyes fastened upon her as though he wished to devour her. Safo Stoltz was a blonde with black eyes. She wore shoes with enormously high heels, and she came in with slow, vigorous steps, and shook hands energetically, like a man.

Anna had never before met with this new celebrity, and was struck, not only by her beauty, but by the extravagance of her toilet and the boldness of her manners. On her head was a veritable scaffolding of false and natural hair of

a lovely golden hue, and of a height corresponding to the mighty proportions of her protuberant and very visible bosom. Her dress was so tightly pulled back, that at every movement it outlined the shape of her limbs; and involuntarily the question arose, where under this enormous, tottering mountain, did her neat little body, so exposed above, and so tightly laced below, really end?

Betsy made haste to present her to Anna.

"Can you imagine it? We almost ran over two soldiers," she began instantly, winking, smiling, and kicking back her train. "I was coming with Vaska— *Ach, da!* You are not acquainted." And she introduced the young man by his family name, laughing at her mistake in calling him Vaska before strangers. Vaska bowed a second time to Anna, but said nothing to her. He turned to Safo. "The wager is lost. We came first," said he. "You must pay."

Safo laughed still more.

"Not now, though."

"All right: I'll take it by and by."

"Very well, very well! *Ach, da!*" she suddenly cried out to the *khozyáika* (the hostess). "I — I forgot — stupid that I was! I bring you a guest: here he is."

The young guest whom Safo presented, after having forgotten him, was a guest of such importance, that, notwithstanding his youth, all the ladies rose to receive him.

This was Safo's new adorer; and, just as Vaska did, he followed her every step.

Immediately after came Prince Kaluzhsky and Liza Merkálova with Stremof. Liza was a rather thin brunette, with an Oriental, indolent type of countenance, and with ravishing, and as everybody said, impenetrable, eyes. The style of her dark dress was absolutely in keeping with her beauty. Anna noticed it, and approved. Liza was as quiet and unpretentious as Safo was loud and obstreperous.

But Liza, for Anna's taste, was vastly more attractive. Betsy, in speaking of her to Anna, ridiculed her affectation of the manner of an innocent child; but when Anna saw her, she felt that this was not fair. Liza was really an innocent, gentle, and sweet-tempered woman, a little spoiled. To be sure, her morals were the same as Safo's. She also had in her train two adorers, one young, the other old, who devoured her with their eyes. But there was something about her better than her surroundings: she was like a diamond of

the purest water surrounded by glass. The brilliancy shone out of her lovely, enigmatical eyes. The wearied and yet passionate look of her eyes, surrounded by dark circles, struck one by its absolute sincerity. Any one looking into their depths would seem to know her completely; and to know her, was to love her. At the sight of Anna, her face suddenly lighted up with a happy smile.

"*Ach!* How glad I am to see you!" she said, as she went up to her. "Yesterday afternoon at the races I wanted to get to you, but you had just gone. I was so anxious to see you yesterday especially! Too bad, wasn't it?" said she, gazing at Anna with a look which seemed to disclose her whole soul.

"*Da!* I never would have believed that any thing could be so exciting," replied Anna with some color.

The company now began to get ready to go to the lawn.

"I am not going," said Liza, sitting down near Anna. "You aren't going, are you? What pleasure can any one find in croquet?"

"But I am very fond of it," said Anna.

"*Vot!* how is it that you don't get *ennuyée?* To look at you is a joy. You live, but I vegetate."

"How vegetate? *Da!* they say you have the gayest society in Petersburg," said Anna.

"Perhaps those who are not of our circle are still more *ennuyée*. But we, it seems to me, are not happy, but are bored, terribly bored."

Safo lighted a cigarette, and went to the lawn with the two young people. Betsy and Stremof staid at the tea-table.

"How bored?" asked Betsy. "Safo says she had a delightful evening with you yesterday."

"*Ach!* how unendurable it was!" said Liza. "They all came to my house after the races, and it was all so utterly monotonous. They sat on sofas the whole evening. How could that be delightful? No; but what do you do to keep from being bored?" she asked again of Anna. "It is enough to look at you! You are evidently a woman who can be happy or unhappy, but never *ennuyée*. Now explain what you do."

"I don't do any thing," said Anna, confused by these persistent questions.

"That is the best way," said Stremof, joining the conversation.

Stremof was a man fifty years old, rather gray, but well preserved, very ugly, but with a face full of character and intelligence. Liza Merkálova was his wife's niece, and he spent with her all his leisure time. Though an enemy of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch in politics, he endeavored, now that he met Anna in society, to act the man of the world, and be exceedingly amiable to his enemy's wife.

"The very best way is to do nothing," he continued with his wise smile. "I have been telling you this long time, that, if you don't want to be bored, you must not think that it is possible to be bored; just as one must not be afraid of not sleeping if he is troubled with insomnia. This is just what Anna Arkadyevna told you."

"I should be very glad if I had said so," said Anna, "because it is not only witty, it is true."

"But will you tell me why it is not hard to go to sleep, and not hard to be free from *ennui?*"

"To sleep, you must work; and to be happy, you must also work."

"But how can I work when my labor is useful to no one? But to make believe, I neither can nor will."

"You are incorrigible," said he, not looking at her, but turning to Anna again. He rarely met her, and could not well speak to her except in the way of small talk; but he understood how to say light things gracefully, and he asked her when she was going back to Petersburg, and whether she liked the Countess Lidia Ivanovna. And he asked these questions with that manner that showed his desire to be her friend, and to express his consideration and respect.

"No, don't go, I beg of you," said Liza, when she found that Anna was not intending to stay. Stremof added his persuasions.

"Too great a contrast," said he, "between our society and old Vrede's; and then, you will be for her only an object for slander, while here you will only awaken very different sentiments, quite the opposite of slander and ill-feeling."

Anna remained for a moment in uncertainty. This witty man's flattering words, the childlike and *naïve* sympathy shown her by Liza Merkálova, and all this agreeable social atmosphere, so opposed to what she expected elsewhere, caused her a moment of hesitation. Could she not postpone the terrible moment of explanation? But remembering what she had suffered alone at home when trying to decide, re-

membering the pain that she had felt when she pulled her hair with both hands, not knowing what she did, so great was her mental anguish, she took leave, and went.

XIX.

Vronsky, in spite of his worldly life and his apparent frivolity, was a man who detested confusion. Once, when still a lad in the School of Pages, he found himself short of money, and met with a refusal when he tried to borrow. He vowed that thenceforth he would not expose himself to such a humiliation again, and he kept his word. Therefore, in order to keep his affairs in order, he made, more or less often, according to circumstances, but at least five times a year, an examination of his affairs. He called this "straightening his affairs," or, in French, *faire sa lessive.*

The morning after the races, Vronsky woke late, and without stopping to shave, or take his bath, put on his *kitel* [soldier's linen frock], and, placing his money and bills and paper on the table, proceeded to the work of settling his accounts. Petritsky, knowing that his comrade was likely to be irritable when engaged in such occupation, quietly got up, and slipped out without disturbing him.

Every man whose existence is complicated readily believes that the complications and tribulations of his life are a personal and private grievance peculiar to himself, and never thinks that others are subjected to the same troubles that he himself is. Thus it seemed to Vronsky. And not without inward pride, and not without reason, he felt that, until the present time, he had done well in avoiding the embarrassments to which every one else would have succumbed. But he felt that now it was necessary for him to examine into his affairs, so as not to be embarrassed.

First, because it was the easiest to settle, Vronsky investigated his pecuniary status. He wrote in his fluent, delicate hand, a schedule of all his debts, and found that the total amounted to seventeen thousand rubles, and some odd hundreds, which he let go for the sake of clearness. Counting up his available money, he had only eighteen hundred rubles, with no hope of more until the new year. Vronsky next made a classification of his debts, and put them into three categories: first, the urgent debts, or, in other words,

those that required ready money, so that, in case of requisition, there might not be a moment of delay. These amounted to four thousand rubles, — fifteen hundred for his horse, and twenty-five hundred as a guaranty for his young comrade, Venevsky, who had, in Vronsky's company, lost this amount in playing with a *shuler* [one who cheats at cards]. Vronsky, at the time, did not want to hand over the money, though he had it with him; but Venevsky and Yashvin insisted on paying it, rather than Vronsky, who had not been playing. This was all very well; but Vronsky knew that in this disgraceful affair, in which his only share was to be guaranty for Venevsky, it was necessary to have these twenty-five hundred rubles ready to throw at the rascal's head, and not to have any words with him. Thus, he had to reckon the category of urgent debts as four thousand rubles.

In the second category, were eight thousand rubles of debts, and these were less imperative. These were what he owed on his stable account, for oats and hay, to his English trainer, and other incidentals. At a pinch, two thousand would suffice. The remaining debts were to his tailor, and other furnishers; and they could wait. In conclusion, he found that he needed for immediate use, six thousand rubles, and he had only eighteen hundred.

For a man with an income of a hundred thousand rubles, — as people supposed Vronsky to have, — these debts would be a mere *bagatelle;* but the fact was, that he had not an income of a hundred thousand rubles. The large paternal estate, realizing two hundred thousand rubles a year, had been divided between the two brothers. But when the elder brother, laden with debts, married the Princess Varia Tchirkovaïa, the daughter of a Dekabrist,[1] who brought him no fortune, Alekséi yielded him his share of the inheritance, reserving only an income of twenty-five thousand rubles. He told his brother that this would be sufficient for him until he married, which he thought would never happen. His brother, the colonel of one of the most expensive regiments in the service, could not refuse this gift. His mother, who possessed an independent fortune, gave her younger son a yearly allowance of twenty thousand rubles; and Alekséi spent the whole. Afterwards the countess, angry with him on account of his departure from Moscow, and his disgrace-

[1] The Dekabrists were the revolutionists of December, 1825, the time of the accession of the Emperor Nicholas.

ful *amour*, ceased to remit to him his allowance. So that Vronsky, living on a forty-five-thousand-ruble footing, now found himself reduced to only twenty-five thousand. He could not apply to his mother to help him out of his difficulty, for the letter which he had just received from her angered him by the allusions which it contained: she was ready, it said, to help him along in society, or to advance him in his career, but not in this present life which was scandalizing all the best people. His mother's attempt to bribe him wounded him in the tenderest spot in his heart, and he felt more coldly towards her than ever. He could not retract his magnanimous promise given to his brother; although he felt now, in view of his rather uncertain relationship with Madame Karénina, that his magnanimous promise had been given too hastily, and that, even though he were not married, the hundred thousand rubles might stand him in good stead. He was prevented from retracting his promise only by the memory of his brother's wife, the gentle, excellent Varia, who always made him understand that she should not forget his generosity, and never cease to appreciate it. It would be as impossible as to strike a woman, to steal, or to lie. There was only one possible and practicable thing, and Vronsky adopted it without a moment's hesitation, — to borrow ten thousand rubles of a usurer, which would offer no difficulties, to reduce his expenses, and to sell his race-horses. Having decided upon this, he wrote a letter to Rolandaki, who had many times offered to buy his stud. Then he sent for his English trainer and the usurer, and devoted the money which he had on hand to various accounts. Having finished this labor, he wrote a cold and sharp note to his mother; and then taking from his portfolio Anna's last three letters, he re-read them, burned them, and, remembering his last conversation with her, fell into deep meditation.

XX.

Vronsky's life was especially happy, because he had formed a special code of rules, which never failed to regulate what he ought to do, and what he ought not to do.

This code applied to a very small circle of duties, but they were strictly determined; and as Vronsky never had occasion to go outside of this circle, he had never been obliged

to hesitate about his course of action. This code prescribed unfailingly, that it was necessary to pay gambling-debts, but not his tailor's bills; that it was not possible to tell lies, except to women; that the only persons legitimately open to deceit were husbands; that insults could be committed, but never pardoned.

All these precepts might be wrong and illogical, but they were indispensable; and, while fulfilling them, Vronsky felt that he was calm, and had the right to hold his head high. Since his intimacy with Anna, however, Vronsky began to perceive that his code was not complete on all sides; and, as the condition of his life had changed, he no longer found any reply to his doubts, and even began to hesitate about the future.

Until the present time his relations with Anna and her husband had been, on his part, simple and clear: they were in harmony with the code which guided him. She was an honorable woman, who had given him her love, and he loved her, and therefore she had every imaginable right to his respect, even more than if she had been his legal wife. He would have given his right hand sooner than permit himself a word or an allusion that might wound her, or any thing that could seem derogatory to the esteem and respect upon which, as a woman, she ought to count.

His relations with society were not less clearly defined. All might know or suspect his relations with her, but no one should dare to speak of it. At the first hint, he was prepared to cause the speaker to hold his peace, and to respect the imaginary honor of the woman whom he loved.

Still more clear were his relations to the husband: from the first moment when Anna gave him her love he prescribed to her his own law, without fear of contradiction. The husband was merely a useless, disagreeable person. Without doubt, he was in an awkward position; but what could be done about it? The only right that was left him was to seek satisfaction with arms in their hands, and for this Vronsky was wholly willing.

These last few days, however, had brought new complications, and Vronsky was not prepared to settle them. Only the evening before, Anna had confessed that she was in trouble; and he knew that she expected him to make some move, but the ruling principles of his life gave him no clew as to what he ought to do. At the first moment, when she

told him her situation, his heart bade him elope with her. He said this, but now on reflection he saw clearly that it would be better not to do so; but at the same time he was alarmed and perplexed.

"If I urge her to leave her husband, it would mean, — unite her life with mine. Am I ready for that? How can I elope with her when I have not any money? Let us admit that I can get it; but how can I take her away while I am connected with the service? If I should decide upon this, I should have to get money, and throw up my commission."

And he fell into thought. The question of resigning, or not, brought him face to face with another interest of his life known only to himself, though it formed the principal spur to his action.

Ambition had been the dream of his childhood and youth, a dream which he did not confess to himself, but which was nevertheless so strong that it fought with his love. His first advances in society, and in his military career, had been brilliant, but two years before he had made a serious blunder. Wishing to show his independence, and to cause a sensation, he refused a promotion offered him, imagining that his refusal would put a still higher value upon him. But it seemed that he was too confident, and since then he had been neglected. He found himself reduced *nolens volens* to the position of an independent man, who asked for nothing, and could not take it amiss if he were left in peace to amuse himself as he pleased. In reality, as the year went on, and since his return from Moscow, his independence weighed upon him. He felt that many people were beginning to think that he was incapable of doing any thing, instead of a good, honorable fellow, capable of doing any thing, but not caring to.

His relations with Madame Karénina, by attracting attention to him, for a time calmed the gnawings of the worm of ambition, but lately this worm had begun to gnaw with renewed energy. Serpukhovskoï — the friend of his childhood, belonging to his own circle, a chum of his in the School of Pages, who had graduated with him, who had been his rival in the class-room and in gymnasium, in his pranks and in his ambitions — had just returned from Central Asia, where he had advanced two steps (two *tchins*) on the ladder of promotion, and won honors rarely given to such a young

general. He was now in Petersburg, and people spoke of him as a new rising star of the first magnitude.

Just Vronsky's age, and his intimate friend, he was a general, and was expecting an appointment which would give him great influence in the affairs of the country; while Vronsky, though he was independent and brilliant, and loved by a lovely woman, was only a cavalry captain, whom they allowed to remain as he was, and do as he pleased.

"Of course," he said to himself, "I am not envious of Serpukhovskoï; but his promotion proves that a man like me only needs to bide his time in order to make a rapid rise in his profession. It is scarcely three years ago that he was in the same position as I am now. If I left the service, I should burn my ships. If I stay in the service, I lose nothing: did she not herself tell me that she did not want to change her position? And can I, sure of her love, be envious of Serpukhovskoï?"

And, slowly twisting his mustache, he arose from the table, and began to walk up and down the room. His eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy; and he was conscious of that calm, even, and joyous state of mind that he always felt after regulating his accounts. All was now clear and orderly as ever. He shaved, took a cold-water bath, dressed, and prepared to go out.

XXI.

"I was coming for you," said Petritsky, entering the room. "Your accounts took a long time to-day, didn't they? Are you through?"

"All through," said Vronsky, smiling only with his eyes, and continuing to twist the ends of his mustache deliberately, as though, after this work of regulation were accomplished, any rash and quick motion might destroy it.

"You always come out of this operation as from a bath," said Petritsky. "I come from Gritska's. They are waiting for you."

Their colonel's name was Demin, but they all called him Gritska, the diminutive of Grigorie.

Vronsky looked at his comrade without replying: his thoughts were elsewhere.

"*Da!* then that music is at his house?" he remarked, hearing the well-known sounds of waltzes and polkas, played by

a military band at some distance. "What is the celebration?"

"Serpukhovskoï has come."

"Ah!" said Vronsky, "I did not know it." The smile in his eyes was brighter than ever. He had himself elected to sacrifice his ambition to his love, and again he argued that he was happy in his choice. He therefore could feel neither envy at Serpukhovskoï, nor vexation because he, returning to the regiment, had not come first to see him.

"Ah! I am very glad."

Colonel Demin lived in a vast seignorial mansion. When Vronsky arrived, he found all the company assembled on the lower front balcony. What first struck his eyes as he reached the door were the singers of the regiment, in summer *kitels*, grouped around a keg of *vodka*, and the healthy, jovial face of the colonel surrounded by his officers. He was standing on the front step of the balcony, screaming louder than the music, which was playing one of Offenbach's quadrilles. He was giving some orders and gesticulating to a group of soldiers on one side. A group of soldiers, the *vákhmistr* [sergeant], and a few non-commissioned officers, reached the balcony at the same instant with Vronsky. The colonel, who had been to the table, returned with a glass of champagne to the front steps, and proposed the toast,—

"To our old comrade, the brave general Prince Serpukhovskoï. Hurrah!"

Behind the colonel came Serpukhovskoï, smiling, with a glass in his hand.

"You are always young, Bondarenko," said he to the *vákhmistr*, a ruddy-cheeked soldier lad, who stood directly in front of him, in the front row.

Vronsky had not seen Serpukhovskoï for three years. He had grown older, and wore whiskers, but his regular and handsome features were not more striking than the nobility and gentleness of his whole bearing. The only change that Vronsky noted in him was the slight but constant radiance which can generally be seen in the faces of people who have succeeded, and made everybody else believe in their success. Vronsky had seen it in other people, and now he detected it in Serpukhovskoï.

As he descended the steps he caught sight of Vronsky, and a smile of joy irradiated his face. He nodded to him, lifting his wine-cup as a greeting, and at the same time to signify

that first he must drink with the *vákhmistr*, who, standing perfectly straight, had puckered his lips for the kiss.

"*Nu!* here he is!" cried the colonel; "but Yashvin was telling me that you were in one of your bad humors."

Serpukhovskoï, having kissed the *vákhmistr's* moist, fresh lips, wiped his mouth with his handkerchief, and came to Vronsky. "*Nu!* how glad I am!" he said, shaking hands, and drawing him to one side.

"Bring him along," cried the colonel to Yashvin, pointing to Vronsky, and descending to join the soldiers.

"Why didn't you come to the races yesterday? I expected to see you," said Vronsky to Serpukhovskoï, studying his face.

"I did come, but too late. Excuse me," he said; and, turning to his adjutant, "Please have this distributed with my thanks: only have it get to the men."

And he hurriedly took out of his pocket-book three hundred-ruble notes, and handed them to him.

"Vronsky, will you have something to eat or drink?" asked Yashvin. "Hey! bring something to the count here. There, now, drink this."

The feasting at the colonel's lasted a long time. They drank a great deal. They toasted Serpukhovskoï, and carried him on their shoulders. Then the colonel and Petritsky danced a Russian dance, while the regimental singers made the music; and when he was tired, he sat down on a bench near the door, and tried to prove to Yashvin, Russia's superiority over Prussia, especially in cavalry-charges; and the gayety calmed down for a moment. Serpukhovskoï went into the house to wash his hands, and found Vronsky in the lavatory. Vronsky was pouring on the water. He had taken off his *kitel*, and was sousing his head and his handsome neck under the faucet, and rubbing them with his hands. When he had finished his ablutions, he sat down by Serpukhovskoï on a *divantchik* [a small sofa], and a conversation very interesting to both parties arose between them.

"I have learned all about you through my wife," said Serpukhovskoï. "I am glad that you see her so often."

"She is a friend of Varia's, and they are the only women in Petersburg that I care to see," said Vronsky with a smile. He smiled because he foresaw on what subject the conversation would turn, and it was not displeasing to him.

"The only ones?" repeated Serpukhovskoï, also smiling.

"Yes; and I, too, know all about you, but not through your wife only," said Vronsky, cutting short, by the suddenly stern expression of his face, the allusion; "and I am very glad at your success, but not the least surprised. I expected even more."

Serpukhovskoï smiled again. This flattering opini him pleased him, and he saw no reason to hide it.

"I on the contrary, I confess frankly, expected less. But I am glad, very glad. I am ambitious: it is my weakness, and I confess it."

"Perhaps you wouldn't confess it if you weren't successful," suggested Vronsky.

"I think so," replied Serpukhovskoï. "I will not say that life would not be worth living without it, but it would be tiresome. Of course I may deceive myself, but it seems to me that I possess the qualifications necessary to the sphere of activity which I have chosen, and that in my hands power of any sort soever would be better placed than in the hands of many whom I know," said Serpukhovskoï, with the radiant expression of success; "and therefore, the nearer I am to power, the more contented I feel."

"Perhaps this is true for you, but not for everybody. I used to think so, and yet I live, and no longer find that ambition is the only aim of existence."

"*Vot ono! vot ono!*" cried Serpukhovskoï, laughing. "I began by saying that I heard about you, about your refusal — of course I approved of you. There is a way for every thing; and I think that your action itself was well, but you did not do it in the right way."

"What is done, is done; and you know I never go back on what I have done. Besides, I am very well fixed."

"Very well — for a time. But you will not be contented so forever. I do not refer to your brother. He — a very good fellow — just like this host of ours. Hark! hear that?" he added, hearing the shouts and hurrahs. "He may be happy, but this will not satisfy you."

"I don't say that I am satisfied."

"*Da!* and not this alone. Such men as you are necessary!"

"To whom?"

"To whom? to society; to Russia. Russia needs men; she needs a party; otherwise all is going, and will go, to the dogs."

"What do you mean? — Bertenef's party against the Russian communists?"

"No," said Serpukhovskoï, with a grimace of vexation that he should be accused of any such nonsense. "*Tout ça est une blague!* [All that is fudge]. This always has been, and always will be. There aren't any communists. But intriguing people must needs invent some malignant dangerous party. It's an old joke. No, a powerful party is needed, of independent men, like you and me."

"But why" — Vronsky named several influential men — "but why aren't they among the independents?"

"Simply because they had not, through birth, an independent position, or a name, and have not lived near the sun, as we have. They can be bought by money or honors. And to maintain themselves, they must invent a direction; and they must follow this direction, to which they do not attach any meaning, or which may even be bad. And all this direction is only a means for providing them a home at the expense of the crown and certain salaries. *Cela n'est pas plus fin que ça* [That is all that it amounts to] when you look at their cards. Maybe I am worse or more foolish than they, though I don't see why I ought to be worse than they. But I have, and you have, the one inestimable advantage, that it is harder to buy us. And men of this stamp are more than ever necessary."

Vronsky listened attentively, not only because of the meaning of his words, but because of their connection with Serpukhovskoï's own case, who was about to engage in the struggle, and was entering into that official world, with its sympathies and antipathies, while he was occupied only with the interests of his squadron. Vronsky perceived how strong Serpukhovskoï might be, with his unfailing aptitude for invention, his quickness of comprehension, his intellect, and fluent speech, so rarely met with in the circle in which he lived. And, shameful as it was, he felt a twinge of envy.

"All that I need for this, is the one essential thing," said he, — "the desire for power. I had it, but it is gone."

"Excuse me: I don't believe you," said Serpukovskoï, smiling.

"No: it is true, true — *now* — to speak sincerely," persisted Vronsky.

"Yes; true *now*, — that is another affair; this *now* will not last forever."

"Perhaps."

"You say *perhaps;* and I tell you *certainly* not," continued Serpukhovskoï, as though he divined his thought "And that is why I wanted to see you. You declined, as you felt was necessary. I understand that; but it is not necessary for you to stick to it [*perseverirovat*]. All I ask of you is *carte blanche* for the future. I am not your patron; and yet why should I not take you under my protection? Have you not often done as much for me? I hope that our friendship stands above that. *Da!*" said he, smiling at him tenderly, like a woman. "Give me *carte blanche.* Come out of your regiment, and I will push you so that it won't be known."

"But understand that I want nothing except that all should be as it has been."

Serpukhovskoï arose, and stood facing him. "You say that all must be as it has been. I understand you; but listen to me. We are of the same age: maybe you have known more women than I." His smile and his gesture told Vronsky that he would touch gently and delicately on the tender spot. "But I am married; and, in faith, as some one or other wrote, he who knows only his wife, and loves her, understands all women better than if he had known a thousand."

"Coming directly," cried Vronsky to an officer who looked in at the room, and said he was sent by the colonel.

Vronsky now felt curious to hear and to know what Serpukhovskoï would say to him.

"And this is my idea: Women are the principal stumbling-block in the way of a man's activity. It is hard to love a woman, and to do any thing else. There is only one way to love with comfort, and without hinderance; and that is, to marry. And how to explain to you what I mean," continued Serpukhovskoï, who was fond of metaphors, — "*da!* suppose you had to carry a *fardeau* [burden]: your hands are of no good until they fasten the *fardeau* on your back. And so it is with marriage. And I found this out when I got married. My hands suddenly became free. But to carry this *fardeau* without marriage, your hands will be so full that you can't do any thing. Look at Mazankof, Krupof. They ruined their careers through women."

"But what women!" said Vronsky, remembering the French woman and the actress on whom these two men had thrown themselves away.

"The higher the woman is in the social scale, the greater the difficulty. It is just the same as — not to carry your *furdeau* in your hands, but to tear it from some other man."

"You have never loved," murmured Vronsky, looking straight ahead, and thinking of Anna.

"Perhaps; but you think of what I have told you. And one thing more: women are all more material than men. We make something immense out of love, but they are all *terre-à-terre*" [of the earth, earthy].

"Right away, right away!" he cried to the lackey, who was coming into the room. But the lackey was not a messenger for him, as he supposed. The lackey brought Vronsky a note.

"A man brought this from the Princess Tverskaïa."

Vronsky hastily read the note, and grew red in the face.

"I have a headache. I am going home," said he to Serpukhovskoï.

"*Nu, proshchaï!* will you give me *carte blanche?*"

"We will talk about it by and by. I will meet you in Petersburg."

XXII.

It was already six o'clock; and in order not to miss his appointment, or to go with his own horses, which everybody knew, Vronsky engaged Yashvin's hired carriage, and told the *izvoshchik* to drive with all speed. It was a spacious old carriage, with room for four. He sat in one corner, stretched his legs out on the empty seat, and began to think.

The confused consciousness of the order in which he had regulated his affairs; the confused recollection of the friendship and flattery of Serpukhofskoï, who assured him that he was an indispensable man; and most of all, the expectation of the coming interview, — conspired to give him a keen sense of the joy of living. This impression was so powerful that he could not restrain his joy. He stretched his legs, threw one knee over the other, felt for the contusion that his fall had given him the evening before, and drew several long breaths with full lungs.

"Good, very good," said he to himself. Oftentimes before he had felt a pleasure in the possession of his body, but never had he so loved it, or loved himself, as now. It was even pleasurable to feel the slight soreness in his leg, pleas-

urable was the *mouse-like* sensation of motion on his breast when he breathed.

This same bright, cool, August day, which so painfully impressed Anna, stimulated, vitalized him, and refreshed his face and neck, which still burned from the re-action after his bath. The odor of brilliantine from his whiskers seemed pleasant to him in this fresh atmosphere. Every thing that he saw from the carriage-window seemed to him in this cool, pure air, in this pale light of the dying day, fresh, joyous, and healthful, like himself. And the house-tops shining in the rays of the setting sun, the outlines of the fences and the edifices along the ways, and the shapes of occasional pedestrians and carriages hurrying hither and thither, and the motionless leaves, and the lawns, and the fields with their straight-cut rows of potato-hills, and the oblique shadows cast by the houses and the trees, and even by the potato-hills, — all was as beautiful as an exquisite landscape just from the master's hand, and freshly varnished.

"Make haste, make haste!" he shouted, pushing up through the window a three-ruble note to the driver, who turned round, and looked down towards him.

The *izvoshchik's* hand arranged something about the lantern, then he applied the *knout* to his horses, and the carriage whirled rapidly over the even pavement.

"I need nothing, nothing, but this pleasure," he thought, as his eyes rested on the knob of the bell, fastened between the windows, and he imagined Anna as she seemed when last he saw her. "The farther I go, the more I love her. — Ah! here is the garden of the Vrede *dutcha*. Where shall I find her? How? Why did she make this appointment? and why did she write on Betsy's note?" This struck him for the first time, but he had no time to think about it. He stopped the driver before they reached the drive-way, and, getting out of the carriage, he went up the walk which led to the house. There was no one on the avenue; but going a little farther, and looking straight ahead, he saw her. Her face was covered with a thick veil; but with a joyful glance, he recognized her immediately, by her graceful motion as she walked, by the slope of her shoulders, and the pose of her head, and he felt as though an electric shock had passed through him. With new strength he felt the joy of life and of action, even from the movements of his limbs to the easy motion of respiration. When they neared each other, she eagerly seized his hand.

"You are not angry because I asked you to come? I absolutely needed to see you," she said; and the serious and stern closing of the lips, which he saw under the veil, quickly put an end to his jubilant spirits.

"I angry? but why did you come? when?"

"No matter about that," said she, taking Vronsky's arm. "Come: I must have a talk with you."

He perceived that something had happened, and that their interview would not be joyful. While with her, he could not control his will. Though he did not know what her agitation portended, yet he felt that it had taken possession of him also.

"What is it? What is the matter?" he asked, pressing her arm, and trying to read her thoughts by her face.

She went a few steps in silence, so as to get her breath; then she suddenly halted.

"I did not tell you last evening," she began, breathing fast and painfully, "that, coming home with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, I confessed to him every thing — I said that I could not be his wife — and I told him all."

He listened, leaning towards her, as though he wished to lighten for her the difficulty of this confidence; but as soon as she finished speaking, he suddenly drew himself up, and his face assumed a haughty and stern expression.

"*Da! da!* that was better, a thousand times better," he said. But she did not heed his words, she read his thoughts on his expressive face. She could not know that the expression of his face arose from the first thought that came into his mind, — the thought that the duel must now be fought. Never had the thought of a duel entered her head, and the interpretation which she gave to the sudden change in his appearance was quite different.

Since the arrival of her husband's letter, she felt in the bottom of her heart that all would remain as before; that she should not have the strength to sacrifice her position in the world, to abandon her son, and join her lover. The morning spent with the Princess Tverskaïa confirmed her in this. But the interview with Vronsky seemed to be of vital importance. She hoped that it might change their relations and save her. If, when they first met, he had said decidedly, passionately, without a moment's hesitation, "Leave all, and come with me," she would have even abandoned her son, and gone with him. But their meeting had been the opposite

of what she expected: he seemed, if any thing, vexed and angry.

"It was not hard for me at all. It came of its own accord," she said, with a touch of irritation; "and here"— she drew her husband's letter from her glove.

"I understand, I understand," interrupted Vronsky, taking the letter, but not reading it, and trying to calm Anna. "The one thing I wanted, the one thing I prayed for — to put an end to this situation, so that I could devote my whole life to your happiness."

"Why do you say that to me?" she asked. "Can I doubt it? If I doubted"—

"Who are those?" asked Vronsky abruptly, seeing two ladies coming in their direction. "Perhaps they know us." And he hastily drew Anna with him down a side alley.

"*Ach!* it is all the same to me," she said. Her lips trembled, and it seemed to Vronsky that her eyes looked at him from under her veil with strange hatred.

"As I said, in all this affair, I cannot doubt you. But here is what he wrote me. Read it." And again she halted. Again, as when he first learned of Anna's rupture with her husband, Vronsky, beginning to read this letter, involuntarily abandoned himself to the impression awakened in him by the thought of his relations to the deceived husband. Now that he had the letter in his hand, he imagined the challenge which he would receive the next day, and the duel itself, at the moment when, with the same cool and haughty expression which now set his face, he would stand in front of his adversary, and, having discharged his weapon in the air, would wait the outraged husband's shot. And Serpukhovskoï's words flashed through his mind, "Better not tie yourself down;" and he felt the impossibility of explaining them to her.

After he read the note, he raised his eyes to her, and there was indecision in his look. She instantly perceived that he had thought this matter over before. She knew that whatever he said to her, he would not say all that he thought. And her last hope vanished. This was not what she had desired.

"You see what sort of a man he is," said she with faltering voice. "He"—

"Excuse me, but I am glad of this," said Vronsky, interrupting. "For Heaven's sake, let me speak," he quickly

added, begging her with his look to give him time to finish what he began to say. "I am glad, because this cannot, and never could, go on as he imagines."

"Why can't it?" demanded Anna, holding back her tears, and not attaching any importance to what he said, for she felt that her fate was already settled.

It was in Vronsky's mind to say, that after the duel, which he felt was inevitable, this situation must be changed; but he said something quite different.

"It cannot go on so. I hope that now you will leave him. I hope"—he stumbled and grew red—"that you will allow me to take charge of our lives, and regulate them. To-morrow"—

She did not allow him to finish.

"And my son!" she cried. "Do you see what he writes? I must leave him; but I cannot, and I will not, do that."

"But which is better,—to leave your son, or to continue this humiliating situation?"

"For whom is it a humiliating situation?"

"For all of us, and especially for you."

"You say humiliating! Don't say that. For me that word has no meaning," said she with trembling voice. She could not bear now to have him tell her a falsehood. Her love for him was trembling in the balance, and she wished to love him. "You must know that for me, on that day when I first loved you, every thing was transformed. For me there was one thing, and only one thing,—your love. If it is mine, then I feel myself so high, so firm, that nothing can be humiliating to me. I am proud of my position, because —proud that—proud"— She did not say why she was proud. Tears of shame and despair choked her utterance. She stopped, and began to sob.

He also felt that something rose in his throat. For the first time in his life he felt ready to cry. He could not have said what affected him so. He was sorry for her, and he felt that he could not help her; and, more than all, he knew that he was the cause of her unhappiness, that he had done something abominable.

"Then a divorce is impossible?" he asked gently. She shook her head without replying. "Then, could you not take your son, and leave him?"

"Yes; but all this depends on him now. Now I must go

to him," she said dryly. Her presentiment that all would be as before was verified.

"I shall be in Petersburg Tuesday, and every thing will be decided."

"Yes," she repeated. "But we shall not speak any more about that."

Anna's carriage, which she sent away with the order to come back for her at the railing of the Vrede Garden, was approaching. Anna took leave of Vronsky, and went home.

XXIII.

The Commission of the 2d of June, as a general thing, held its sittings on Monday. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch entered the committee-room, bowed to the members and the president as usual, and took his place, laying his hand on the papers made ready for him. Among the number were the data which he needed, and the notes on the proposition that he intended to submit to the Commission. These notes, however, were not necessary. His grasp of the subject was complete, and he did not need to refresh his memory as to what he was going to say. He knew that when the time came, and he was face to face with his adversary, vainly endeavoring to put on an expression of indifference, his speech would come of itself in better shape than he could now determine. He felt that the meaning of his speech was so great that every word would have its importance. Meantime, as he listened to the reading of the report, he put on a most innocent and inoffensive expression. No one seeing his white hands, with their swollen veins, his delicate, long fingers doubling up the two ends of the sheet of white paper lying before him, and his expression of weariness, as he sat with head on one side, would have believed it possible, that, in a few moments, from his lips would proceed a speech which would raise a real tempest, cause the members of the Commission to outdo each other in screaming, and oblige the president to call them to order. When the report was finished, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, in his weak, shrill voice, said that he had a few observations to make in regard to the situation of the foreign tribes. Attention was concentrated upon him. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch cleared his throat, and not looking at his adversary, but, as he always did at the beginning of his speeches,

addressing the person who sat nearest in front of him, who happened to be a little, insignificant old man, without the slightest importance in the Commission, began to deliver his views. When he reached the matter of the fundamental and organic law, his adversary leaped to his feet, and began to reply. Stremof, who was also a member of the Commission, and also touched to the quick, arose to defend himself; and the session proved to be excessively stormy. But Alekséi Aleksandrovitch triumphed, and his proposition was accepted. The three new commissions were appointed, and the next day in certain Petersburg circles this session formed the staple topic of conversation. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's success far outstripped his anticipations.

The next morning, which was Tuesday, Karénin, on awaking, recalled with pleasure his success of the day before; and he could not repress a smile, although he wanted to appear indifferent, when his chief secretary, in order to be agreeable, told him of the rumors which had reached his ears in regard to the proceedings of the commission.

Occupied as he was with the secretary, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch absolutely forgot that the day was Tuesday, the day set for Anna Arkadyevna's return; and he was surprised and disagreeably impressed when a domestic came to announce that she had come.

Anna reached Petersburg early in the morning. A carriage had been sent for her in response to her telegram, and so Alekséi Aleksandrovitch might have known of her coming. But when she came, he did not go to receive her. She was told that he had not come down yet, but was busy with his secretary. She bade the servant announce her arrival, and then went to her *boudoir*, and began to unpack her things, expecting that he would come to her. But an hour passed, and he did not appear. She went to the dining-room, under the pretext of giving some orders, and spoke unusually loud, thinking that he would join her there. But still he did not come, though she heard him go out from the library, and take leave of the secretary. She knew that he generally went out after his conference; and so she wanted to see him, so that their plan of action might be decided.

She went into the hall, and finally decided to go to him. She stepped into the library. Dressed in his uniform, ap-

parently ready to take his departure, he was sitting at a little table, on which his elbows rested. He was wrapped in melancholy thought. She saw him before he noticed her, and she knew that he was thinking of her.

When he caught sight of her, he started to get up, reflected, and then, for the first time since Anna had known him, he blushed. Then quickly rising, he advanced towards her, not looking at her face, but at her forehead and hair. He came to her, took her by the hand, and invited her to sit down.

"I am very glad that you have come," he stammered, sitting down near her, and evidently desiring to talk with her. Several times he began to speak, but hesitated.

Although she was prepared for this interview, and had made up her mind to defend herself, and accuse him, she did not know what to say, and pitied him. And so the silence lasted some little time.

"Serozha well?" at length he asked; and, without waiting for an answer, he added, "I shall not dine at home today: I have to go right away."

"I intended to start for Moscow," said Anna.

"No: you did very, very well to come home," he replied, and again was silent.

Seeing that it was beyond his strength to begin the conversation, she herself began: —

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," said she, looking at him, and not dropping her eyes under his gaze, which was still concentrated on her head-dress, "I am a guilty woman; I am a wicked woman; but I am what I have been, — what I told you I was, — and I have come to tell you that I cannot change."

"I do not ask for that," he replied instantly, in a decided voice, and looking with an expression of hate straight into her eyes. "I presupposed that." Under the influence of anger, he apparently regained control of all his faculties. "But as I told you then, and wrote you" (he spoke in a sharp, shrill voice), "I now repeat, that I am not obliged to have it thrust into my face. I ignore it. Not all women are so good as you are, to hasten to give their husbands such very *pleasant* news." He laid a special stress on the word "pleasant" [*priatnoe*]. "I will ignore it for the present, so long as the world does not know, — so long as my name is not dishonored. I, therefore, only warn you

that our relations must remain as they always have been, and that only in case of your *compromising* yourself, shall I be forced to take measures to protect my honor."

"But our relations cannot remain as they have been," she said with timid accents, looking at him in terror.

As she once more saw his undemonstrative gestures, heard his mocking voice with its sharp, childish tones, all the pity that she had begun to feel for him was driven away by the aversion that he inspired, and she had only a feeling of fear, which arose from the fact that she did not see any light in regard to their relations.

"I cannot be your wife, when I" — she began.

He laughed with a cold and wicked laugh.

"It must needs be that the manner of life which you have chosen is reflected in your ideas. I have too much esteem or contempt, or rather I esteem your past, and despise your present, too much for me to accept the interpretation which you put upon my words."

Anna sighed, and bowed her head.

"Besides, I do not understand how you, having so much independence," he continued, getting rather excited, "and telling your husband up and down of your infidelity, and not finding any thing blameworthy in it, as it seems, how you can find any thing blameworthy either in the fulfilment of a wife's duties to her husband."

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch! What do you require of me?"

"I require that I may never meet this man here, and that you comport yourself so that neither the *world* nor our *servants* can accuse you — that you do not see him. It seems to me, that this is little. And in doing this, you will enjoy the rights and fulfil the obligations of an honorable wife. This is all that I have to say to you. Now it is time for me to go. I shall not dine at home."

He got up, and went to the door. Anna also arose. He silently bowed, and allowed her to pass.

XXIV.

THE night spent by Levin on the hay-rick was not without its reward. The way in which he administered his estate aroused against him all sorts of interests. Notwithstanding the excellent crops, never, or at least it seemed to him

that never, had there been such failure, and such unfriendly relations between him and the *muzhiks*, as this year; and now the reasons for this failure, and this animosity, were especially clear to him. The pleasure which he found in work itself, the resulting acquaintance with the *muzhiks*, the envy which seized him when he saw them and their lives, the desire to lead such a life himself, which on that night had been not visionary but real, the details necessary to carry out his desire, — all this taken together had so changed his views in regard to the management of his estate, that he could not take the same interest as before, and he could not help seeing how these unpleasant relations with the laborers met him at every new undertaking. The herd of improved cows, like Pava; all the fertilized and ploughed lands; nine equal fields well planted; the ninety *desyatins*, covered with oderiferous dressing; the deep-drills and other improvements, — all was excellent so far as it only concerned himself and the people who were in sympathy with him. But now he clearly saw — and his study of the books on rural economy, in which the principal element was found to be the laborer, may have helped him to this conclusion — that this present manner of carrying on his estate was only a cruel and wicked struggle between him and the laborers, in which on one side, on his side, was a constant effort to carry out his aspirations for the accomplishment of better models, and on the other side, the natural order of things. In this struggle, he saw that on his side, there were effort and lofty purpose, and on the other, no effort or purpose, and that the result was that the estate went from bad to worse: beautiful tools were destroyed, beautiful cattle and lands ruined. The principal objection was the energy absolutely wasted in this matter; but he could not help thinking now, when his thought was laid bare, that the aim of his energies was itself unworthy. In reality, where lay this quarrel? He defended every penny of his own, — and he could not help defending them, because he was obliged to use his energies to the utmost, otherwise he would not have wherewithal to pay his laborers, — and they defended their right to work lazily and comfortably, in other words, as they had always done. It was for his interests that every laborer should do his very best; above all, should strive not to break the winnowing-machines, the horse-rakes, so that he might accomplish what he was doing. But the laborer wanted to do his work as easily as possible, with long breathing-spaces for

doing nothing and napping and meditating. The present year, Levin found this at every step. He sent to mow the clover for fodder, meaning the bad *desyatins*, where there promised to be bare spaces mixed with grass, and not fit for seed; and they would cut his best *desyatins*, reserved for seed, and allege as excuse that it was the *prikashchik's* orders; and they vexed him the more because the fodder was perfectly easy to distinguish, but he knew that they took this because on these *desyatins* it was easier work. He sent the winnowing-machine out, and they broke it on the first trial, because some *muzhik* found it disagreeable to sit on the trestle while the vans were flying over his head. And they told him, "Don't vex yourself about it: the *babui* will soon winnow it." They had to give up using the new-fangled ploughs, because the laborer could not get it through his head to let down the shares; or else bore down so that he tired the horses out, and spoiled the land. The horses got into the wheat-field, because not one *muzhik* was willing to be night-watchman: and notwithstanding the express commands to the contrary, the laborers took turns on the night-guard; and Vanka, who had been working all day, fell asleep, and acknowledging his mistake, said, "*Volya vasha*" [Do with us as you please]. Three of the best heifers were lost because they were let into the clover-patch without water, and no one would believe that the clover would hurt them; but they told him for his consolation, that one hundred and twelve head had died in the neighborhood in three days.

All this was done, not because there was enmity against Levin or his estate. On the contrary, he knew that they loved him, called him by a title which meant in their lips the highest praise [*prostoï barin*]. But they did these things simply because they liked to work gayly and idly; and his interests seemed not only strange and incomprehensible, but also fatally opposed to their own true interests. For a long time Levin had been feeling discontented with his situation. He saw that his canoe was leaking, but he could not find the leaks; and he did not hunt for them, perhaps on purpose to deceive himself. Nothing would have been left him if he had allowed his illusions to perish. But now he could not longer deceive himself. His farming was not only no longer interesting, but was disgusting to him, and he could not put his heart in it any more.

To this was added the fact that Kitty Shcherbatskaïa was not more than thirty *versts* away, and he wanted to see her, and could not.

Darya Aleksandrovna Oblonskaïa, when he called upon her, invited him to come, — to come with the express purpose of renewing his offer to her sister, who, as she pretended to think, now cared for him. Levin himself, after he caught the glimpse of Kitty Shcherbatskaïa, felt that he had not ceased to love her; but he could not go to the Oblonskys', because he knew that she was there. The fact that he had offered himself, and she had refused him, put an impassable bar between them. "I cannot ask her to be my wife, because she could not be the wife of the man whom she wanted," he said to himself. The thought of this made him cold and hostile towards her. "I have not the strength to go and talk with her without a sense of reproach, to look at her without angry feelings; and she would feel the same towards me, only more so. And besides, how can I go there now, after what Darya Aleksandrovna told me? How can I help showing that I know what she told me? That I go with magnanimity, — to pardon her, to be reconciled to her! I, in her presence, play the *rôle* of a pardoning and honor-conferring lover to her! — Why did Darya Aleksandrovna tell me that? I might meet her accidentally, and then all would go of itself; but now it is impossible, impossible!"

Darya Aleksandrovna sent him a note, asking the loan of a side-saddle for Kitty. "They tell me you have a saddle," she wrote: "I hope that you will bring it yourself."

This was too much for him. How could a sensible woman of any delicacy so lower her sister? He wrote ten notes, and tore them all up, and then sent the saddle without any reply. To write that he would come was impossible, because he could not come: to write that he could not come because he was busy, or was going away somewhere, was still worse. So he sent the saddle without any reply; and, with the consciousness that he was doing something disgraceful, on the next day, leaving the now disagreeable charge of the estate to the *prikashchik*, he set off to a distant district to see his friend Sviazhsky, who lived surrounded by a beautiful hunting-ground, and who had lately invited him to fulfil an old project of making him a visit. The woodcock-marshes in the district of Surof had long attracted Levin, but on account of his farm-work he had always put off this visit. Now he

was glad to go from the neighborhood of the Shcherbatskys, and especially from his estate, and to hunt, which for all his tribulations was always a sovereign remedy.

XXV.

In the district of Surof there are neither railways nor post-roads; and Levin took his own horses, and went in a *tarantás* [travelling-carriage].

When he was half way, he stopped to get a meal at the house of a rich *muzhik*. The host, who was a bald, robust old man, with a great red beard, growing gray on the cheeks, opened the gate, crowding up against the post to let the *troïka* enter. Pointing the coachman to a place under the shed in his large, neat, and orderly new court-yard, the *starik* invited Levin to enter the room. A neatly clad young girl, with goloshes on her bare feet, was washing up the floor of the new tabernacle. When she saw Levin's dog, she was startled, and screamed, but was re-assured when she found that the dog would not bite. With her bare arm she pointed Levin to the guest-room, then, bending over again, she hid her handsome face, and kept on with her scrubbing.

"Want the *samovar?*" she asked.

"Yes, please."

The guest-room was large, with a Dutch stove and a partition. Under the sacred images stood a table ornamented with different designs, a bench, and two chairs. At the entrance was a cupboard with dishes. The window-shutters were closed; there were few flies; and it was so neat that Levin took care that Laska, who had been flying over the road, and was covered with splashes of mud, should not soil the floor, and bade her lie down in the corner near the door. Levin went to the back of the house. A good-looking girl in goloshes, swinging her empty pails on the yoke, ran to get him water from the well.

"Lively there," gayly shouted the *starik* to her; and then he turned to Levin. "So, *sudar* [sir], you are going to see Nikolaï Ivanovitch Sviazhsky? He often stops with us," he began to say in his garrulous style, as he leaned on the balustrade of the steps. But just as he was in the midst of telling about his acquaintance with Sviazhsky, again the gate creaked on its hinges, and the workmen came in from the

fields with their ploughs and horses. The roan horses attached to the *sokhas* were fat and in good condition. The laborers evidently belonged to the family: two were young fellows, and wore cotton chintz shirts [*rubákha*], and caps. The other two were hired men, and wore sheepskins: one was an old man, the other middle-aged.

The *starik* left Levin standing on the porch, and began to help unhitch the horses.

"What have you been ploughing?"

"The potato-fields. We've done one lot. — You, Fiodot, don't bring the gelding, but leave him at the trough: we'll hitch up another."

"Say, *bátiushka*, shall I tell 'em to take out the ploughshares, or to bring 'em?" asked a big-framed, healthy-looking lad, evidently the *starik's* son.

"Put 'em in the drags," replied the *starik*, coiling up the reins, and throwing them on the ground.

The handsome girl in goloshes came back to the house with her brimming pails swinging from her shoulders. Other *babui* appeared from different quarters, some young and comely, others old and ugly, with children and without children.

The *samovar* began to sing on the stove. The workmen and the men of family, having taken out their horses, came in to dinner. Levin, sending for his provisions from the *tarantás*, begged the *starik* to take tea with him.

"*Da tchtó!* already drunk my tea," said the *starik*, evidently flattered by the invitation. "However, for company's sake" —

At tea Levin learned the whole history of the *starik's* domestic economy. Ten years before, the *starik* had rented of a lady one hundred and twenty *desyatins*, and the year before had bought them; and he had rented three hundred more of a neighboring land-owner. A small portion of this land, and that the poorest, he sublet; but four hundred *desyatins* he himself worked, with the help of his sons and two hired men. The *starik* complained that all was going bad; but Levin saw that he complained only for form's sake, and that his affairs were flourishing. If they were bad he would not have bought land for five hundred rubles, or married off his three sons and his nephew, or built twice after his *izba* was burned, and each time better. Notwithstanding the *starik's* complaints, it was evident that he felt pride in his prosperity,

pride in his sons, in his nephew, his daughters, his horses, his cows, and especially in the fact that he owned all this domain. From his conversation with the *starik* Levin learned that he believed in modern improvements. He planted many potatoes; and his potatoes, which Levin saw in the storehouse, he had already dug and brought in, while on Levin's estate they had only begun to dig them. He used the plough on the potato-fields, as he had ploughs which he got from the proprietor. He sowed wheat. The little detail that the *starik* sowed rye, and fed his horses with it, especially struck Levin. Levin had seen this beautiful fodder going to ruin, and had wished to harvest it; but he found it impossible to accomplish it. The *muzhik* used it, and could not find sufficient praise for it.

"How do the women [*babionki*] do it?"

"Oh! they pile it up on one side, and then the *telyéga* comes to it."

"But with us proprietors every thing goes wrong with the hired men," said Levin as he filled his teacup and offered it to him.

"Thank you," replied the *starik*, taking the cup, but refusing the sugar, pointing to the lumps which lay in front of him.

"How to get along with workmen?" said he. "One way. Here's Sviazhsky, for example. We know what splendid land — but they don't get decent crops. All comes from lack of care."

"*Da!* but how do you do with your workmen?"

"It's all among ourselves. We watch every thing. Lazybones, off they go! We work with our own hands."

"*Bátiushka*, Finogen wants you to give him the tar-water," said a *baba* in goloshes, looking in through the door.

"So it is, *sudar*," said the *starik*, rising; and, having crossed himself many times before the *ikons* [sacred pictures], he once more thanked Levin, and left the room.

When Levin went into the dark *izba* to give orders to his coachman, he found all the "men-folks" sitting down to dinner. The *babui* were on their feet helping. The healthy-looking young son, with his mouth full of *kasha*, got off some joke, and all broke into loud guffaws; and more hilariously than the others laughed the *baba* in goloshes, who was pouring *shchi* into a tureen.

It well might be that the jolly face of the *baba* in the

goloshes co-operated powerfully with the whole impression of orderliness which this peasant home produced on Levin: but the impression was so strong that Levin could never get rid of it; and all the way from the *starik's* to Sviazhsky's, again and again he thought of what he had seen at the farm-house, as something deserving special attention.

XXVI.

Sviazhsky was marshal [*predvodítel*] in his district. He was five years older than Levin, and had been married some time. His sister-in-law was a very sympathetic young lady; and Levin knew, as marriageable young men usually know such things, that her friends wanted her to find a husband. Although he dreamed of marriage, and was sure that this lovable young lady would make a charming wife, he would sooner have been able to fly to heaven than to marry her, even if he had not been in love with Kitty Shcherbatskaïa. The fear of being looked upon as a suitor took the edge from his pleasure in his prospective visit, and made him hesitate about accepting his friend's invitation. Sviazhsky's domestic life was in the highest degree interesting, and Sviazhsky himself was an interesting type of the proprietor devoted to the affairs of the province. He was a thorough-going liberal; but there was great discrepancy between the opinions which he professed, and his manner of living and acting. He despised the nobility, whom he charged with hostility to emancipation; and he regarded Russia as a rotten country, whose wretched government was scarcely better than Turkey; and yet he had accepted public office, and attended faithfully to his duties. He never even went out without donning his official cap, with its red border and cockade. He declared that human existence was endurable only abroad, where he was going to live at the first opportunity; but at the same time he carried on in Russia a very complicated estate[1] in the most perfect style, and was interested in all that was going on in Russia, and was fully up with the times. The Russian *muzhik*, in his eyes, stood between man and monkey; but, when the elections came, he gave his hand to the peasants by preference, and listened to them with the utmost

[1] *Khozyáïstvo* includes household economy, the outside interests, farming, mills, — every thing connected with an estate. The master of an estate is called *khozyáin*, the mistress *khozyáïka*, — terms often used for host and hostess.

attention. He believed neither in God nor the Devil; but he showed great concern in ameliorating the condition of the clergy, and saw that his village church was kept in repair. In regard to the emancipation of women, and especially their right to work, he held the most pronounced and radical ideas; but he lived in perfect harmony with his wife, and took entire direction of the family affairs, so that his wife did nothing, and could do nothing, except in co-operation with him, in order to pass the time as agreeably as possible.

In spite of the contradictions in his character, Levin did his best to comprehend him, looking upon him as a living conundrum; and through their social relations he tried to enter this strange man's inner consciousness. The hunting which Sviazhsky gave him was poor: the marshes were dry, and the woodcock scarce. Levin walked all day, and got only three birds; but the compensation was a ravenous appetite, capital spirits, and that intellectual excitement which violent physical exercise always gave him.

In the evening, as they sat at the tea-table, Levin found himself next the *khozyáika*, a lady of medium stature and light complexion, all radiant with smiles and dimples. Levin endeavored, through her, to unravel the enigma which her husband's character afforded him; but he could not get full control of his thoughts, because opposite him sat the pretty sister-in-law in a dress worn, as it seemed to him, for his especial benefit, with a square corsage cut rather low in front, and giving a glimpse of a very white bosom. He did his best not to look at her, but his eyes were constantly attracted to her; and he felt ill at ease, and his constraint was shared by the young lady herself. But the *khozyáika* seemed not to notice it, and kept up a lively conversation.

"You say that my husband does not take an interest in Russian affairs?" she asked. "On the contrary, he was happy when he was abroad, but not so happy as he is here. Here he feels that he is in his sphere. He has so much to do, and he takes especial pains to interest himself in every thing. *Ach!* you have not been to see our school?"

"Yes, I have, — that little house covered with ivy?"

"Yes: that is Nastia's work," said she, glancing at her sister.

"Do you yourself teach?" asked Levin, trying to look at Nastia's face, but feeling, that, in spite of him, he would seem to be looking at the parted dress.

"Yes, I teach, and intend to; but we have an excellent school-mistress."

"No, thank you, I will not take any more tea," said Levin. He felt that he was committing a solecism; but he could not keep up the conversation, and he rose in confusion. "I am very much interested in what they are saying." And he went to the other end of the table, where the *khozyáïn* was talking with two landed proprietors. Sviazhsky was sitting with his side towards the table, twirling his cup around with one hand, and with the other stroking his long beard. His bright black eyes were fixed with keen amusement on one of the proprietors, a man with a white mustache, who was complaining bitterly about the peasantry. Levin saw that Sviazhsky had an answer ready for the worthy gentleman's comical complaints, and could reduce his arguments to powder if his official position did not compel him to respect the proprietor's.

The proprietor with the white mustache was evidently a narrow-minded country gentleman, an inveterate opponent of the emancipation, and an old-style farmer. Levin could see the signs of it in his old-fashioned shiny coat, in his keen, angry eyes, in his well-balanced Russian speech, in his authoritative, slow, and studied manner, and his imperious gestures with his large, handsome hand ornamented with a single wedding-ring.

XXVII.

"If it only weren't a pity to abandon what has been done, — cost so much labor, — it would be better to give up, sell out, go abroad, and hear 'La Belle Hélène,' like Nikolaï Ivanovitch," the old proprietor was saying; while his intelligent face lighted up with a smile.

"*Da vot!* but still you don't sell out," said Nikolaï Ivanovitch Sviazhsky: "so you must be well off, on the whole."

"I am well off in one way, because I have a home of my own, and don't hire or board. Besides, one always hopes that the peasantry will improve. But would you believe it, — this drunkenness, this laziness! Every thing goes to destruction. No horses, no cows. They starve to death. But try to help them, — take them for farm-hands: they

manage to ruin you; yes, even before a justice of the peace!"[1]

"But you, too, can complain to the justice of the peace," said Sviazhsky.

"What! I complain? *Da!* not for the world! All such talk shows that complaints are idle. Here, at the mill, they took their handsel, and went off. What did the justice of the peace do? Acquitted them. Your only chance is to go to the communal court, — to the *starshiná*. The *starshiná* will have the man thrashed for you. But for him, sell out, fly to the ends of the world!"

The proprietor was evidently trying to tease Sviazhsky; but Sviazhsky not only did not lose his temper, but was much amused.

"*Da vot!* we carry on our estates without these measures," said he, smiling. "I, Levin, he."

He pointed to the other proprietor.

"Yes; but ask Mikhaïl Petrovitch how his affairs are getting along. Is that a rational way [*khozyáistvo*]?" demanded the proprietor, especially accenting the word "rational" [*ratsionalnoe*].

"My way is very simple," said Mikhaïl Petrovitch, "thank the Lord! My whole business lies in seeing that the money is ready for the autumn taxes. The *muzhiks* come, and say, '*Bátiushka*, help us, father.' *Nu!* all these *muzhiks* are neighbors: I pity 'em. *Nu!* I advance 'em the first third. Only I say, 'Remember, children, I help you; and you must help me when I need you, — sowing the oats, getting in the hay, harvesting.' *Nu!* I get along with them as with my own family. To be sure, there are some among them who haven't any conscience."

Levin, who knew of old about these patriarchal traditions, exchanged glances with Sviazhsky; and, interrupting Mikhaïl Petrovitch, he said, "How would you advise?" addressing the old proprietor with the gray mustache. "How do you think one's estate [*khozyáistvo*] ought to be managed?"

"*Da!* manage it just as Mikhaïl Petrovitch does, — either give half the land to the *muzhiks*, or go shares with them.

[1] In the Russian *mir*, or commune, the *starshiná*, or elder, is the chief elected every three years. Before the emancipation of the serfs, in 1861, each commune had its district court [*volostnóï sud*], the decisions of which were often very ridiculous. Among the reforms instituted by the Emperor Alexander II. was the so-called justice of the peace, — more properly, judge of the peace [*mirovói sudyá*], — an innovation which at first caused much opposition among the peasantry. See Wallace's "Russia," and Leroy Beaulieu's "L'Empire des Tsars."

That is possible; but, all the same, the wealth of the country is growing less and less. Places on my lands which in the time of serfage, under good management [*khozyáïstvo*], produced ninefold, now produce only threefold. Emancipation has ruined Russia."

Sviazhsky looked at Levin with scornful amusement in his eyes, and was just making a gesture to express his disdain: but Levin listened to the old proprietor's words without any feeling of scorn; he understood them better than he understood Sviazhsky. Much that the old man said in his complaint, that Russia was ruined by the emancipation, seemed to him true, though his experience did not go so far back. The proprietor evidently expressed his honest thought, — a thought which arose, not from any desire to show an idle wit, but from the conditions of his life, which had been spent in the country, where he could see the question practically from every side.

"The fact is," continued the old proprietor, who evidently wished to show that he was not an enemy of civilization, "all progress is accomplished by force alone. Take the reforms of Peter, of Catharine, of Alexander; take European history itself, — and all the more for progress in agriculture. The potato, for instance, — to have potatoes introduced into Russia took force. We have not always ploughed with ploughs; but to get them introduced into our domains took force. Now, in our day, we proprietors, who had seignorial rights, could conduct our affairs to perfection: drying-rooms and winnowing-machines and improved carts — all sorts of tools — we could introduce, because we had the power; and the *muzhiks* at first would oppose, and then would imitate us. But now, by the abrogation of serfage, they have taken away our authority; and so our estates [*khozyáïstvo*], now that every thing is reduced to the same level, must necessarily sink back to the condition of primitive barbarism. This is my view of it."

"*Da!* but why? If that were rational, then you could keep on with your improvements by hiring help," said Sviazhsky.

"Not without authority. How could I? allow me to ask."

"This — this is the working-force, the chief element in the problem before us," thought Levin.

"With hired men."

"Hired men will not work well, or work with good tools. Our laborers know how to do only one thing, — to drink like pigs, and, when they are drunk, to spoil every thing that you let them have. They water your horses to death, tear your nice harnesses, take the tires off your wheels and sell them for drink, stick bolts into your winnowing-machines so as to make them useless. Every thing that is not done in their way makes them sick at the stomach. And thus the affairs of our estates go from bad to worse. The lands are neglected, and go to weeds, or else are given to the *muzhiks*. Instead of producing millions of *tchetverts* [5.775 English bushels] of wheat, you can raise only a few hundred thousand. The public wealth is diminishing. If they were going to free the serfs, they should have done it gradually."

And he developed his own scheme, wherein all difficulties would have been avoided. This plan did not interest Levin, and he returned to his first question, with the hope of inducing Sviazhsky to tell what he seriously thought about it.

"It is very true that the level of our agriculture is growing lower and lower, and that in our present relations with the peasantry, it is impossible to carry on our estates rationally," he said.

"I am not of that opinion," said Sviazhsky seriously. "I deny that, since serfage was abolished, agriculture has decayed; and I argue that in those days it was very wretched, and very low. We never had any machines, or good cattle, or decent supervision. We did not even know how to count. Ask a proprietor: he could not tell you what a thing cost, or what it would bring him."

"Italian book-keeping!" said the old proprietor ironically. "Reckon all you please, and get things mixed as much as you please, there will be no profit in it."

"Why get things mixed up? Your miserable flail, your Russian *topchatchek*, will break all to pieces: my steam-thresher will not break to pieces. Then your wretched nags; how are they? A puny breed that you can pull by the tails, comes to nothing; but our *percherons* are vigorous horses, they amount to something. And so with every thing. Our agriculture [*khozyáistvo*] always needed to be pushed."

"*Da!* but it would need some power, Nikolaï Ivanuitch. Very well for you; but when one has one son at the university, and several others at school, as I have, he can't afford to buy *percherons*.

"There are banks on purpose."

"To have my last goods and chattels sold under the hammer. No, thank you!"

"I don't agree that it is necessary or possible to lift the level of agriculture much higher," said Levin. "I am much interested in this question; and I have the means, but I cannot do any thing. And as for banks, I don't know whom they profit. And up to the present time, whatever I have spent on my estate, has resulted only in loss. Cattle — loss; machines — loss."

"That is true," said the old proprietor with the gray mustache, laughing with hearty satisfaction.

"And I am not the only man," Levin continued. "I call to mind all those who have made experiments in the 'rational manner.' All, with few exceptions, have come out of it with losses. *Nu!* you say that your estate [*khozyáistvo*] is — profitable?" he asked, seeing in Sviazhsky's face that transient expression of embarrassment which he noticed when he wanted to penetrate farther into the reception-room of Sviazhsky's mind.

However, this question was not entirely fair play on Levin's part. The *khozyáika* told him at tea that they had just had a German expert up from Moscow, who, for five hundred rubles' fee, agreed to put the book-keeping of the estate in order; and he found that there had been a net loss of about three thousand rubles.

The old proprietor smiled when he heard Levin's question about the profits of Sviazhsky's management. It was evident that he knew about the state of his neighbors' finances.

"May be unprofitable," replied Sviazhsky. "This only proves that either I am a poor economist [*khozyáin*], or I sink my capital to increase the revenue."

"*Ach!* revenue!" cried Levin, with horror. "Maybe there is such a thing as revenue in Europe, where the land is better for the labor spent upon it; but with us, the more labor spent on it, the worse it is — that is because it exhausts it — so there is no revenue."

"How, no revenue? It is a law?"

"Then we are exceptions to the law. The word revenue [*renta*] has no clearness for us, and explains nothing, but rather confuses. No; tell me how revenue" —

"Won't you have some curds? — Masha, send us some

curds or some raspberries," said Sviazhsky to his wife. "Raspberries have lasted unusually late this year."

And, with his usual jovial disposition of soul, Sviazhsky got up and went out, evidently assuming that the discussion was ended, while for Levin it seemed that it had only just begun.

Levin was now left with the old proprietor, and continued to talk with him, endeavoring to prove that all the trouble arose from the fact that we did not try to understand our laborer's habits and peculiarities. But the old proprietor, like all people accustomed to think alone and for himself, found it difficult to enter into the thought of another, and clung firmly to his own opinions. He declared that the Russian *muzhik* was a pig, and loved swinishness, and that it needed force to drive him out of his swinishness, or else a stick; but we are such liberals that we have swapped off the thousand-year-old stick for these lawyers and jails, where the good-for-nothing, stinking *muzhik* gets fed on good soup, and has his pure air by the cubic foot.

"Why," asked Levin, wishing to get back to the question, "do you think that it is impossible to reach an equilibrium which will utilize the forces of the laborer, and render them productive?"

"That will never come about with the Russian people: there is no authority," replied the proprietor.

"How could new conditions be found?" asked Sviazhsky, who had been eating his curds, and smoking a cigarette, and now approached the two disputants. "All the needful forms are ready for use, and well learned. That relic of barbarism, the primitive commune where each member is responsible for all, is falling to pieces of its own weight; the seignorial right has been abolished; now there remains only free labor, and its forms are right at hand, — the day-laborer, the journeyman, the farmer, — and, now get rid of that if you can!"

"But Europe is weary of these forms."

"Yes, and perhaps will find new ones, and will progress probably."

"This is all I say about that," said Levin. "Why should we not seek for them on our side?"

"Because it is just the same as if we should try to find new ways of building railroads. They are all ready, they are thought out."

"But if they do not suit us? if they are hurtful?" Levin demanded.

And again he saw the frightened look in Sviazhsky's eyes.

"*Da!* this: we throw up our caps, we follow wherever Europe leads! All this I know; but tell me, are you acquainted with all this is doing in Europe about the labor question?"

"No; very little."

"This question is now occupying the best minds in Europe. Schulze Delitzsch and his school, then all this prodigious literature on the labor question, the tendencies of the advanced liberal Lassalle, the organization of Mülhausen, — this is all a fact, you must know."

"I have an idea of it, but it's very vague."

"No, you only say so: you know all this as well as I do. I don't set up to be a professor of social science, but these things interest me; and I assure you, if they interest you, you should go into them."

"But where do they lead you?" —

"Beg pardon."

The two *pomyéshchiks* got up; and Sviazhsky, again arresting Levin just as he was about to carry out his intention of sounding the depths of his mind, went out with his guests.

XXVIII.

Levin spent the evening with the ladies, and found it unendurably stupid. His mind was stirred, as never before, at the thought of the disgust that he felt in the administration of his estate. It seemed to him not exclusively his own affair, but a public trust which concerned Russia, and that an organization of labor, in such a manner as he saw at the *muzhik's* on the highway, was not an illusion, but a problem to be solved. And it seemed to him that he could settle this problem, and that he must attempt to do it.

Levin bade the ladies good-night, promising to give them the next morning for a horseback ride to see some interesting slides in the Crown woods. Before going to bed he went to the library, to get some of the books on the labor question which Sviazhsky had recommended. Sviazhsky's library was an enormous room, all lined with book-shelves, and having two tables, one a massive writing-table, standing in

the centre of the room, and the other round, and laden with recent numbers of journals and reviews, in various languages, arranged about the lamp. Near the writing-table was a cabinet [*stoïka*], holding drawers with gilt lettering for the reception of all sorts of papers.

Sviazhsky got the volumes, and sat down in a rocking-chair.

"What is that you are looking at?" he asked of Levin, who was standing by the round table, and turning the leaves of a review. Levin held up the review. "Oh, yes! there is a very interesting article there. "It appears," he added with gay animation, "that the principal culprit in the partition of Poland was not Frederic after all. It appears" — and he gave with that clearness which was characteristic of him, a digest of these new and important discoveries. Levin, who was now more interested in the labor question than in any thing, listened to his friend, and asked himself, "What is he in reality? and why, why does the partition of Poland interest him?" When Sviazhsky was through, Levin could not help saying, "*Nu!* and what of it?" But there was nothing to say. It was interesting simply from the fact that it "appeared." But Sviazhsky did not explain, and did not care to explain, why it was interesting to him.

"*Da!* but the irascible old proprietor interested me very much," said Levin, sighing. "He's sensible, and a good deal of what he says is true."

"*Ach!* don't speak of it! he is a confirmed slaveholder at heart, like all the rest of them."

"With you at their head" —

"Yes, only I am trying to lead them in the other direction," replied Sviazhsky, laughing.

"His argument struck me very forcibly," said Levin. "He is right when he says that our affairs, that the 'rational management,'[1] cannot succeed; that the only kind that can succeed is the money-lending kind of the other proprietor, or, in other words, the most simple. Who is to blame for it?"

"We ourselves, of course. *Da!* even then it is not true that it does not succeed. It succeeds with Vasíltchikof."

"The mill" —

"But what is there surprising about it? The peasantry stand on such a low plane of development, both materially and morally, that it is evident that they must oppose all that

[1] *Ratsionálnoe khozyáïstvo.*

is strange to them. In Europe the 'rational management' succeeds because the people are civilized. In the first place, we must civilize our peasantry, — that's the point."

"But how will you civilize them?"

"To civilize the people, three things are necessary, — schools, schools, and schools."

"But you yourself say that the peasantry stand on a low plane of material development. What good will schools do in that respect?"

"Do you know, you remind me of a story of the advice given a sick man: 'You had better try a purgative.' He tries it: grows worse. 'Apply leeches.' He tries it: grows worse. '*Nu!* then pray to God.' He tries it: grows worse. So it is with you. I say political economy: you say you're worse for it. I suggest socialism: worse still. Education: still worse."

"*Da!* But what can schools do?"

"They will create other necessities."

"But this is just the very thing I could never understand," replied Levin vehemently. "In what way will schools help the peasantry to better their material condition? You say that schools — education — will create new needs. So much the worse, because they will not have the ability to satisfy them; and I could never see how a knowledge of addition and subtraction and the catechism could help them to better themselves materially. Day before yesterday I met a *baba* with a baby at the breast, and I asked her where she had been. She said, 'To the *babka's:*[1] the child was distressed, and I took him to be cured.' — 'How did the *babka* cure the child?' — 'She sat him on the hen-roost, and muttered something.'"

"*Nu, vot!*" cried Sviazhsky, laughing heartily. "You yourself confess it. In order to teach them that they can't cure children by setting them on hen-roosts, you must" —

"*Ach*, no!" interrupted Levin, with some vexation. "Your remedy of schools for the people, I compared to the *babka's* method of curing. The peasantry are wretched and uncivilized: this we see as plainly as the *baba* saw her child's distress because he was crying. But that schools can raise them from their wretchedness is as inconceivable as the hen-roost cure for sick children. You must first remedy the cause of the misery."

[1] *Babka*, diminutive of *baba*, — a peasant grandmother; popular name for the midwife.

"*Nu!* In this at least you agree with Spencer, whom you do not like. He says that civilization can result from increased happiness and comfort in life, from frequent ablutions, but not by learning to read and cipher" —

"*Nu, vot!* I am very glad, or rather very sorry, if I am in accord with Spencer. But this I have felt for a long time: it can't be done by schools; only by economical organization, in which the peasantry will be richer, will have more leisure. Then schools will come."

"Nevertheless, schools are obligatory now all over Europe."

"But how would you harmonize this with Spencer's ideas?" asked Levin.

But into Sviazhsky's eyes again came the troubled expression; and he said with a smile, "No, this story of the *baba* was capital! Is it possible that you heard it yourself?"

Levin saw that there was no connection between this man's life and his thoughts. Evidently it was of very little consequence to him where his conclusions led him. Only the process of reasoning was what appealed to him; and it was unpleasant when this process of reasoning led him into some stupid, blind alley.

All the impressions of this day, beginning with the *muzhik* on the highway, which seemed somehow to give a new basis to his thoughts, filled Levin's mind with commotion. Sviazhsky and his inconsequential thoughts; the testy old proprietor, perfectly right in his judicious views of life, but wrong in despising one entire class in Russia, and perhaps the best; his own relations to his work, and the confused hope of setting things right at last, — all this caused him a sensation of trouble and alarmed expectation.

Going to his room, lying under the feather-bed which exposed his arms and legs every time he moved, Levin could not get to sleep. His conversation with Sviazhsky, though many good things were said, did not interest him; but the old proprietor's arguments pursued him. Levin involuntarily remembered every word that he said, and his imagination supplied the answer.

"Yes, I ought to have said to him, 'You say that our management is not succeeding because the *muzhik* despises all improvements, and that force must be applied to them. But if our estates were not retrograding, even where these improvements are not found, you would be right; but they

advance only where the work is carried on in consonance with the customs of the laborers, as at the house of the *starik* on the highway. Our failure to carry on our estates profitably, results either from our fault or that of the laborers.'"

And thus he carried on a train of thought which led him to an examination of what plan would best suit both the laborer and the proprietor. The thought of co-operation came over him with all its force. Half the night he did not sleep, thinking of his new plans and schemes. He had not intended to leave so soon, but now he decided to go home on the morrow. Moreover, the memory of the young lady with the open dress came over him with a strange shame and disgust. But the main thing that decided him was his desire to establish his new project before the autumn harvests, so that the *muzhiks* might reap under the new conditions. He had decided entirely to reform his method of administration.

XXIX.

The carrying-out of Levin's plan offered many difficulties; but he persevered, though he recognized that the results obtained would not be in proportion to the labor involved. One of the principal obstacles which met him was the fact that his estate was already in running-order, and that it was impossible to come to a sudden stop and begin anew. He had to wind the machine up by degrees.

When he reached home in the evening, he summoned his *prikashchik*, and explained to him his plans. The *prikashchik* received with undisguised satisfaction all the details of this scheme so far as they showed that all that had been done hitherto was absurd and unproductive. The *prikashchik* declared that he had long ago told him so, but that his words had not been heard. But when Levin proposed to share the profits of the estate with the laborers, on the basis of an association, the *prikashchik* put on an expression of melancholy, and immediately began to speak of the necessity of bringing in the last sheaves of wheat, and commencing the second ploughing; and Levin felt that now was not a propitious time. On conversing with the *muzhiks* about his project of dividing with them the products of the earth, he quickly perceived that they were too much occupied with their daily

tasks to comprehend the advantages and disadvantages of his enterprise.

A keen *muzhik*, Ivan the *skotnik*, to whom Levin proposed to share in the profits of the cattle, seemed to comprehend and to approve; but every time that Levin went on to speak of the advantages that would result, Ivan's face grew troubled, and, without waiting to hear Levin out, he would hurry off to attend to some work that could not be postponed, — either to pitch the hay from the pens, or to draw water, or to clear away the manure.

The chief obstacle consisted in the inveterate distrust of the peasants, who would not believe that a proprietor could have any other aim than to despoil them. Whatever reasoning he might employ to convince them, they still held to their conviction that his real purpose was hidden. They, on their side, made many words; but they carefully guarded against telling what they intended to do. Levin remembered the angry proprietor when the peasants demanded, as the first and indispensable condition for their new arrangements, that they should never be bound to any of the new agricultural methods, or to use the improved tools. They agreed that the new-fashioned plough worked better, that the weed-extirpator was more successful; but they invented a thousand excuses not to make use of them. Whatever regret he felt at giving up processes, the advantages of which were self-evident, he let them have their way; and by autumn the new arrangement was in working-order, or at least seemed to be.

At first Levin intended to give up his whole domain to the new association of workmen. But very soon he found that this was impracticable; and he made up his mind to limit it to the cattle, the garden, the kitchen-garden, the hay-fields, and some lands, situated at some distance, which for eight years past had been lying fallow. Ivan, the keen *skotnik*, formed an association [*artel*] composed of members of his family, and took charge of the cattle-yard. The new field was taken by the shrewd carpenter Feodor Rézunof, who joined with him seven familles of *muzhiks;* and the *muzhik* Shuraef entered into the same arrangements for superintending the gardens.

It was true that matters were not carried on in the cattle-yard any better than before, and that Ivan was obstinate in his mistakes about feeding the cows and churning the butter, and found it impossible to comprehend or take any interest

in the fact that henceforth his wages would be represented by a proportion of the profits of the association. It was true that Rézunof did not give the field a second ploughing, as he had been advised to do. It was true that the *muzhiks* of this company, although they had agreed to take this work under the new conditions, called this land, not common land, but shared-land, and that Rézunof did not complete the barn that he had agreed to build before winter. It was true that Shuraef tried to give away the products of the gardens to the other *muzhiks*, seeming to be under the impression that the land had been given to him. But, in spite of all these drawbacks, Levin still persevered, hoping to be able to show his associates at the end of the year that the new order of things could bring excellent results.

All these changes in the administration of the estate, together with his work in the library on his new book, so filled his time that he scarcely ever went out, even to hunt.

Towards the end of August the Oblonskys returned to Moscow, as he learned through the man that brought back the saddle. The memory of his rudeness in not answering Darya Aleksandrovna's note, or going to call upon them, caused him a pang of shame; and he felt that his conduct toward Sviazhsky had not been much more gentlemanly: but he was too busy to have time to think of his remorse. His reading absorbed him. He finished the books which Sviazhsky loaned him, and others on political economy and socialism, which he sent for. Among the writers on political economy, Mill, which he studied first, interested him, but seemed to him to offer nothing applicable to the agrarian situation in Russia. Modern socialism did not satisfy him any more. Either they were beautiful but impracticable fancies, such as he dreamed when he was a student, or modifications of that situation of things applicable to Europe, but offering no solution for the agrarian question in Russia. Political economy said that the laws in which the happiness of Europe was developed and would develop were universal and fixed; socialistic teachings said that progress according to these laws would lead to destruction; but there was nothing that he could find that cast the light on the means of leading him and all the Russian *muzhiks* and agriculturists, with their millions of hands and of *desyatins*, to more successful methods of reaching prosperity. As he went on reading, it occurred to him that it would be an advantage to

go abroad and study on the spot certain special questions, so as not to be always sent from one authority to another,—to Kaufman, to Le Bois, to Michelet.

He saw clearly now that Kaufman and Michelet could not answer these questions for him. He knew what he wanted. He saw that Russia possessed an admirable soil and admirable workmen, and that in certain cases, as with the *muzhik* by the highway, the land and the workmen could produce abundantly, but that, when capital was spent upon them in the European manner, they produced scarcely any thing. This contrast could not be the result of chance. The Russian people he thought destined to colonize these immense spaces, cling to their traditions and to their own ways and customs; and who is to say that they are wrong? And he wanted to demonstrate this theory in his book, and put it into practice on his land.

XXX.

Towards the end of September the lumber was brought for the construction of a barn on the *artel* land, and the butter was sold, and showed a profit. The new administration, on the whole, worked admirably, or at least it seemed so to Levin. But in order to put the theories into a clear light, and to view all the different sides of political economy, he felt that it was necessary to go abroad, and to learn, from practical observation, all that might be of use to him in regard to the relations of the people to the soil. He was only waiting for the delivery of the wheat to get his money, and make the journey. But the autumn rains set in, and a part of the wheat and potatoes were not as yet garnered. All work was at a standstill, and it was impossible to deliver the wheat. The roads were impracticable, two mills were washed away, and the situation seemed to be growing worse and worse.

But on the morning of the 30th of September the sun came out; and Levin, hoping for a change in the weather, sent the *prikashchik* to the merchant to negotiate for the sale of the wheat.

He himself went out for a tour of inspection of the estate, in order to make the last remaining arrangements for his journey. Having accomplished all that he wished, he returned at nightfall, wet from the rivulets that trickled

down his neck from his leather coat and inside his high boots, but in a happy and animated frame of mind. The storm towards evening had increased; but he put up with all the difficulties of the way, and, under his *bashluik*, he felt happy and comfortable. His talks with the peasants over the whole district convinced him that they were beginning to get used to his arrangements; and an old *dvornik* [hostler], at whose house he stopped to get dry, evidently approved of his plan, and wanted to join the association for the purchase of cattle.

"All it requires is obstinate perseverance, and I shall come out of it all right," thought Levin. "I am not working for myself alone; but the question concerns the good of all. The whole way of managing on estates, the condition of all the people, may be changed by it. Instead of misery, universal well-being, contentment; instead of unfriendliness, agreement and union of interests: in a word, a bloodless revolution, but a mighty revolution, beginning in the little circuit of our district, then reaching the province, Russia, the whole world! The thought is so just that it cannot help being fruitful. *Da!* this goal is worth working for. And the fact that I, Kostia Levin, my own self, a man who went to a ball in a black necktie, and was rejected by a *Shcherbatsky*, a stupid and a good-for-nothing, that is neither here nor there. — I believe that Franklin felt that he was just such a good-for-nothing, and had just as little faith in himself, when he took himself into account. And, indeed, he had his Agafya Mikhaïlovna also, to whom he confided his secrets."

With such thoughts, Levin reached home in the dark. The *prikashchik*, who had been to the merchant, came and handed him the money from the sale of the wheat. The agreement with the *dvornik* was drawn up; and then the *prikashchik* told how he had seen wheat still standing in the field by the road, while his one hundred and sixty stacks, already brought in, were nothing in comparison to what others had.

After supper Levin sat down in his chair, as usual, with a book; and as he read he began to think of his projected journey, especially in connection with his book. His mind was clear, and his ideas fell naturally into flowing periods, which expressed the essence of his thought. "This must be written down," he said to himself. He got up to go to

his writing-table; and Laska, who had been lying at his feet, also got up, and, stretching herself, looked at him, as though asking where he was going. But he had no time for writing; for the *natchalniks* came for their orders, and he had to go to meet them in the anteroom.

After giving them their orders, or rather, having made arrangements for their morrow's work, and having received all the *muzhiks* who came to consult with him, Levin went back to his library, and sat down to his work. Laska lay under the table: Agafya Mikhaïlovna, with her knitting, took her usual place.

After writing some time, Levin suddenly arose, and began to walk up and down the room. The memory of Kitty and her refusal, and the recent glimpse of her, came before his imagination with extraordinary vividness.

"*Da!* why trouble yourself?" asked Agafya Mikhaïlovna. "*Nu!* why do you stay at home? You had better go to the warm springs if your mind is made up."

"I am going day after to-morrow, Agafya Mikhaïlovna; but I had to finish up my business."

"*Nu!* your business, indeed! Haven't you given these *muzhiks* enough already? And they say, 'Our *barin* is after some favor from the Tsar;' and strange it is. Why do you work so for the *muzhiks?*"

"I am not working for them: I am doing for myself."

Agafya Mikhaïlovna knew all the details of Levin's plans, for he had explained them to her, and he had often had discussions with her; but now she entirely misapprehended what he said to her.

"For your own soul it is certainly important; to think of that is above every thing," said she with a sigh. "Here is Parfen Denisitch: although he could not read, yet may God give us all to die as he did! They confessed him and gave him extreme unction."

"I did not mean that," said he: "I mean that I am working for my own profit. It would be more profitable to me if the *muzhiks* would work better."

"*Da!* you will only have your labor for your pains. The lazy will be lazy. Where there's a conscience, there'll be work: if not, nothing will be done."

"*Nu! da!* But don't you yourself say that Ivan is beginning to look out for the cows better?"

"I say this one thing," replied Agafya Mikhaïlovna, evi-

dently following a thought that was not new to her: "You must get married, that's what."

Agafya Mikhaïlovna's observation about the very matter that pre-occupied him angered him and insulted him. He frowned, and, without replying, sat down to his work again. Occasionally he heard the clicking of Agafya Mikaïlovna's needles; and, remembering what he did not wish to remember, he would frown.

At nine o'clock the sound of bells was heard, and the heavy rumbling of a carriage on the muddy road.

"*Nu!* here's some visitors coming to see you: you won't be bored any more," said Agafya Mikhaïlovna, rising, and going to the door. But Levin stepped ahead of her. His work did not progress now, and he was glad to see any guest.

XXXI.

As Levin went down-stairs he heard the sound of a familiar cough; but the sound was somewhat mingled with the noise of footsteps, and he hoped that he was mistaken. Then he saw the tall but bony figure which he knew so well. But even now, when there seemed to be no possibility of deception, he hoped still that he was mistaken, and that this tall man who was divesting himself of his *shuba*, and coughing, was not his brother Nikolaï.

Levin loved his brother, but it was always extremely disagreeable to live with him. Now especially, when Levin was under the influence of the thoughts and suggestions awakened by Agafya Mikhaïlovna, and was in a dull and melancholy humor, the presence of his brother was indeed an affliction. Instead of a gay, healthy visitor, some stranger, who, he hoped, would drive away his perplexities, he was obliged to receive his brother, who knew him through and through, who could read his most secret thoughts, and who would oblige him to share them with him. And this he disliked above all things.

Angry with himself for his unworthy sentiments, Levin ran down into the vestibule; and, as soon as he saw his brother, the feeling of personal discomfort instantly disappeared, and was succeeded by a feeling of pity. His brother Nikolaï was more feeble than he had ever seen him before. He was like a skeleton covered with skin.

He was standing in the vestibule trying to unwind a scarf from his long, thin neck; and, when he saw Levin, he smiled with a strangly melancholy smile. When he saw his brother's humble and pitiful smile, he felt a choking sensation.

"*Vot!* I have come to you," said Nikolaï in a thick voice, and not for a second taking his eyes from his brother's face. "I have been wanting to come for a long time; *da!* I was so ill. Now I am very much better," he added, rubbing his beard with his great bony hand.

"Yes, yes," replied Levin; and, as he touched his brother's shrivelled cheeks with his lips, and saw the gleam of his great, strangely brilliant eyes, he felt a sensation of fear.

Some time before this, Konstantin Levin had written his brother, that, having disposed of the small portion of their common inheritance, consisting of personal property, a sum of two thousand rubles was due as his share.

Nikolaï said that he had come to get this money, and especially to see the old nest; to put his foot on the natal soil, so as to get renewed strength, like the heroes of ancient times. Notwithstanding his tall, stooping form, notwithstanding his frightful emaciation, his movements were, as they had always been, quick and impetuous. Levin took him to his room.

Nikolaï changed his dress, and took great pains with his toilet, which in former times he neglected. He brushed his coarse, thin hair, and went up-stairs radiant. He was in the same gay and happy humor that Konstantin had seen when he was a child. He even spoke of Sergéi Ivanovitch without bitterness. When he saw Agafya Mikhailovna, he jested with her, and questioned her about the old servants. The news of Parfen Denisitch made a deep impression upon him. A look of fear crossed his face, but he instantly recovered himself.

"He was very old, was he not?" he asked, and quickly changed the conversation. "*Da!* I am going to stay a month or two with you, and then go back to Moscow. You see, Miagkof has promised me a place, and I shall enter the service. Now I have turned over a new leaf entirely," he added. "You see, I have sent away that woman."

"Marya Nikolayevna? How? What for?"

"*Ach!* she was a wretched woman! She caused all *sorts* of tribulations." But he did not tell what the tribulations were. He could not say that he had sent Marya Nikolayevna away because she made his tea too weak, still less because she insisted on treating him as an invalid.

"Then, besides, I wanted to begin an entirely new kind of life. I think, like everybody else, that I have committed follies: but the present, — I mean the last one, — I don't regret it, provided only I get better; and better, thank the Lord! I feel already."

Levin listened, and tried, but tried in vain, to find something to say. Apparently Nikolaï suspected something of the sort: he began to ask him about his affairs; and Konstantin, glad that he could speak, frankly related his plans and his experiments in reform.

Nikolaï listened, but did not show the least interest.

These two men were so related to each other, and there was such a bond between them, that the slightest motion, the sound of their voices, spoke more clearly than all the words that they could say to each other.

At this moment both were thinking the same thought, — Nikolaï's illness and approaching death; and all else was idle words. Neither of them dared make the least allusion to it, and therefore all that was said was in reality untrue. Never before had Levin been so glad for an evening to end, for bed-time to come. Never, even when obliged to pay official visits, had he felt so false and unnatural as this evening. And the consciousness of this unnaturalness, and his regret, made him more unnatural still. His heart was breaking to see his beloved dying brother; but he was obliged to dissemble, and to talk about what his brother was going to do.

As at this time the house was damp, and only one room was warm, Levin offered to let his brother share his room.

Nikolaï went to bed, and slept the uneasy sleep of an invalid, turning restlessly from side to side. Sometimes, when it was hard for him to breathe, he would cry out, "*Ach! Bozhe moï!*" Sometimes, when the dampness choked him, he would grow angry, and cry out, "Ah, the Devil!" Levin could not sleep as he listened to him. His thoughts were varied, but they always returned to one theme, — death.

Death, the inevitable end of all, for the first time appeared to him with irresistible force. And death was here, with this beloved brother, who groaned in his sleep, and called

now upon God, now upon the Devil. It was with him also: this he felt. Not to-day, but to-morrow; not to-morrow, but in thirty years: was it not all the same? And what this inevitable death was, — not only did he not know, not only had he never before thought about it, but he had not wished, had not dared, to think about it.

"Here I am working, wanting to accomplish something, but I forgot that all must come to an end, — death."

He was lying in bed in the darkness, holding his knees, scarcely able to breathe, so great was the tension of his mind. The more he thought, the more clearly he saw that from his conception of life he had omitted nothing except this one little factor, death, which might come, and end all, and that there was no help against it — not the least. "*Da!* this is terrible, but so it is!

"*Da!* but I am still alive. Now, what can be done about it? what can be done?" he asked in despair. He lighted a candle, and softly arose, and went to the mirror, and began to look at his face and his hair. "*Da!*" on the temples a few gray hairs were to be seen. He opened his mouth. His teeth showed signs of decay. He doubled up his muscular arms. "*Da!* much strength. But this poor Nikolinka, who is breathing so painfully with the little that is left of his lungs, also had at one time a healthy body." And suddenly he remembered how when they were children, and were put to bed, they would wait until Feodor Bogdanuitch got out of the door, and then begin a pillow-fight, and laugh, laugh so unrestrainedly, that not even the fear of Feodor Bogdanuitch could quench this exuberant gayety of life. "But now there he lies in bed with his poor hollow chest — and I — ignorant why, and what will become of me" —

"*Kha! kha!* ah! what the Devil are you doing? Why don't you go to sleep?" demanded his brother's voice.

"I don't know; insomnia, I guess."

"But I have been sleeping beautifully. I have not had any sweat at all. Just feel, — no sweat."

Levin felt of him, then he got into bed again, put out the candle, but it was long before he went to sleep. Still in his mind arose this new question, how to live so as to be ready for the inevitable death?

"*Nu!* he is dying! *Nu!* he will die in the spring. *Nu!* how to aid him? What can I say to him? What do I know about it? I had even forgotten that there was such a thing."

Levin had long been acquainted with the fact that oftentimes the gentleness and excessive humility of some people are abruptly transformed into unreasonableness and peremptoriness. He foresaw that this would be the case with his brother; and in fact, Nikolaï's sweet temper was not of long duration. On the very next morning he awoke in an extremely irritable temper, and immediately began to stir up his brother by touching him in the most tender spot.

Levin was conscious of his fault, but he could not be frank. He felt that if they had not dissimulated their thoughts, but had spoken from their very hearts, they would have looked into each other's eyes, and he would have said only this: "You are going to die, you are going to die;" and Nikolaï would have answered only this: "I know that I am dying, and I am afraid, afraid, afraid." And they would have said more if they had spoken honestly from their hearts. But as this sincerity was not possible, Konstantin endeavored, always without success, to speak of indifferent subjects; and he felt that his brother divined his insincerity, and was therefore irritated and angry, and found fault with all that he said.

On the third day Nikolaï began to discuss the question of his brother's reforms, and to criticise them, and in a spirit of contrariety to confound his scheme with communism.

"You have only taken your idea from some one else; and you distort it, and want to apply it to what is not suited to receive it."

"*Da!* but I tell you that the two have nothing in common. I have no thought of copying communism, which denies the right of property, of capital, of inheritance; but I do not disregard these *stimuli.*" Levin would have preferred to use some other word, but at this time he found himself, in spite of him, compelled to use non-Russian words. "All I want is, to regulate labor."

"In other words, you borrow a foreign idea: you take away from it all that gives it force, and you pretend to make it pass as new," said Nikolaï, angrily twitching at his necktie.

"*Da!* my idea has not the slightest resemblance" —

"This idea," interrupted Nikolaï, smiling ironically, and with an angry light in his eyes, — "communism, — has at least one attractive feature, — and you might call it a geometrical one, — it has clearness and logical certainty. Maybe it is a Utopia. But let us agree that it can produce a new

form of work by making a *tabula rasa* of the past, so that there shall not be property or family, but only freedom of labor. But you don't accept this" —

"But why do you confound them? I never was a communist."

"But I have been: and I believe that if communism is premature, it is, at least, reasonable; and it is as sure to succeed as Christianity was in the early centuries."

"And I believe that labor is an elemental force, which must be studied from the same point of view as the natural sciences, to learn its constitution and" —

"*Da!* this is absolutely idle. This force goes of itself, and takes different forms, according to the degrees of its enlightenment. Everywhere this order has been followed, — slaves, then *metayers*, free labor, and, here in Russia, there is the farm, the *arend* [leased farms], manufactures. — What more do you want?"

Levin took fire at these last words, the more because he feared in his secret soul that his brother was right in blaming him for wanting to discover a balance between communism and the existing forms.

"I am trying to find a form of labor which will be profitable for all, — for me and the workingman," he replied warmly.

"That is not what you wish to do; it is simply this: you have, all your life long, sought to be original; and you want to prove that you are not *exploiting* the *muzhik*, but are working for a principle."

"*Nu!* since you think so — let's quit," replied Konstantin, feeling the muscles of his right cheek twitch involuntarily.

"You never had any convictions, and you only wanted to flatter your conceit."

"*Nu!* that is very well to say, — but let's quit this."

"Certainly I will stop. You go to the Devil! and I am very sorry that I came."

Levin tried in vain to calm him. Nikolaï would not listen to a word, and persisted in saying that they had better separate; and Konstantin saw that it was not possible to live with him.

Nikolaï had already made his preparations to depart, when Konstantin came to him, and begged him, in a way that was not entirely natural, for forgiveness, if he had offended him.

"Ah, now! here's magnanimity," said Nikolaï, smiling.

"If you are very anxious to be in the right, then let us agree that this is sensible. You are right, but I am going all the same."

At the last moment, however, as Nikolaï kissed his brother, a strange look of seriousness came on him. "Kostia," he said, "don't lay it up against me." And his voice trembled.

These were the only words which were spoken sincerely. Levin understood what they meant. "You see and know that I am miserable, and we may not meet again." And the tears came into his eyes. Once more he kissed his brother, but he could not find any thing to say.

On the third day after his brother's departure, Levin went abroad. At the railway station he met Shcherbatsky, Kitty's cousin, and astonished him greatly by his melancholy.

"What is the matter?" asked Shcherbatsky.

"*Da!* nothing, except that there is little happiness in this world."

"Little happiness? Just come with me to Paris instead of going to some place like Mulhouse. I'll show you how gay it is."

"No, I am done for. I am ready to die."

"What a joke!" said Shcherbatsky, laughing. "I am just learning how to begin."

"I felt the same a little while ago, but now I know that my life will be short." Levin said what he honestly felt at this time. All that he saw before him was death. But still he was just as much interested as ever in his projects of reform. It was necessary to keep his life occupied till death should come. Darkness seemed to cover every thing; but he felt that the only way for him to pass through the darkness was to occupy himself with his labors of reform, and he clung to them with all the force of his character.

PART IV.

I.

KARÉNIN and his wife continued to live under the same roof, to meet every day, and yet to remain entire strangers to each other. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch made a point of avoiding comments from the servants by appearing with his wife, but he seldom dined at home. Vronsky was never seen there: Anna met him outside, and her husband knew it.

All three suffered from a situation which would have been intolerable, had not each believed it to be transitory. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch expected to see this passion, like every thing else in the world, come to an end before his name was dishonored. Anna, the cause of all the trouble, and the one on whom the consequences weighed the most cruelly, only accepted her position in the conviction that a crisis was near at hand. As to Vronsky, he had come to believe as she did.

Towards the middle of the winter Vronsky had to spend a tiresome week. He was delegated to show a foreign prince about St. Petersburg; and this honor, due to his irreproachable bearing, and his familiarity with foreign languages, was disagreeable to him. The prince was anxious to be able to answer any questions that might be put to him on his return, and at the same time to enjoy all the pleasures peculiar to the country; so he had to be instructed during the day, and amused in the evening. This prince enjoyed exceptionally good health, even for a prince; and, owing to the scrupulous care he took of himself, he could endure excessive fatigue, remaining all the while as fresh as a great, green, shiny Dutch cucumber. He had been a great traveller, recognizing in the great advantage of easy modern communication a means of amusing himself in various ways. In Spain he had given serenades, and fallen in love with a Spanish girl who played the mandolin; in Switzerland he

had chased the chamois; in England leaped ditches in a red shooting-jacket, and shot two hundred pheasants on a wager; in Turkey he had penetrated a harem; in India he had ridden the elephant; and now he intended to taste the pleasures of Russia.

Vronsky, as master of ceremonies, arranged, with no little difficulty, a programme of amusements, truly Russian in character. There were races, *blinui*, or carnival cakes, bear-hunts, *troïka* parties, gypsies, and feasts set forth with Russian dishes, and the prince quickly entered into the spirit of these Russian sports, broke his waiter of glasses with the rest, took a gypsy girl on his knee, and then asked himself if the whole pleasure of the Russians consisted only in this, without going farther.

More than in all the pleasures which the Russians could offer him, the prince took delight in French actresses, ballet-dancers, and white-seal champagne.

Vronsky was well acquainted with princes, but either because he had changed of late, or else because he had too close a view of this particular prince, this week seemed terribly long to him. He experienced the feelings of a man placed in charge of a dangerous lunatic, who dreaded his patient, and feared for his own reason. In spite of the official reserve which restrained him, he grew red with anger more than once, in listening to the prince's remarks about the Russian women whom he condescended to study. What irritated Vronsky most violently about this man, was that he found in him a reflection of his own individuality, and it was not a flattering mirror. The image that he saw there was that of a very stupid, very self-confident, very healthy, fastidious man, of even temperament with his superiors, simple and good-natured with his equals, coolly kind towards his inferiors. He was a *gentleman*, and Vronsky could not deny the fact. Vronsky conducted himself in exactly the same way, and was proud of it; but in his relations to the prince he was the inferior, and this contemptuous treatment of himself nettled him. "Stupid ox! Is it possible that I am like him?" he thought. So, at the end of the week, when he took leave of the prince, who was on his way to Moscow, he was delighted to be delivered from this inconvenient situation and this disagreeable mirror. They went directly to the station from a bear-hunt, which had occupied all the night with brilliant exhibitions of Russian daring.

II.

On his return home, Vronsky found a note from Anna. "I am ill and unhappy," she wrote. "I cannot go out, and I cannot live longer without seeing you. Come this evening. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch will be at the council from seven o'clock till ten." This invitation, given in spite of her husband's formal prohibition, seemed strange to him; but he finally decided to go to Anna's.

Since the beginning of the winter, Vronsky had been a colonel, and since he had left the regiment he lived alone. After breakfast he stretched himself out on the sofa, and the recollection of the scenes of the day before became curiously mingled in his mind with Anna and a peasant, whom he met at the hunt: he finally fell asleep, and when he awoke, night had come. He lighted a candle, with an impression of fear that he could not explain. "What has happened to me? What terrible dream have I had?" he asked himself. "Yes, yes, the peasant, a dirty little man, with a dishevelled beard, bent something or other up double, and pronounced some strange words in French. I didn't dream any thing else: why am I so terrified?" But, in recalling the peasant and his incomprehensible French words, he began to shiver from head to foot. "What foolishness!" he thought as he looked at his watch. It was more than half-past eight: he called his servant, dressed quickly, went out, and, entirely forgetting his dream, thought only of being late.

As he approached the Karénins' house, he again looked at his watch, and saw that it was ten minutes of nine. A *coupé*, drawn by two gray horses, stood in front of the door: he recognized Anna's carriage. "She is coming to my house," he said to himself: "that will be much better. I hate this house, but, however, I am not going to appear as if I wished to conceal myself;" and with the presence of mind of a man accustomed from childhood to put himself at his ease, he left his sleigh, and mounted the steps. The door opened, and the Swiss servant, carrying a plaid, motioned to the carriage to draw near. As little observing as Vronsky was, he was struck by the astonished look on the Swiss servant's face: he went on, however, and came near running against Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. A gaslight placed at the entrance of the vestibule threw full light on his pale, worn

face. He wore a black hat; and his white cravat, tied under a fur collar, was conspicuous. Karénin's gloomy, dull eyes fixed themselves upon Vronsky, who bowed. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, drawing his lips together, lifted his hand to his hat, and passed. Vronsky saw him get into his carriage without turning round, take his plaid and opera-glass, which the Swiss servant handed through the door, and disappear.

"What a situation!" thought Vronsky, as he entered the ante-room, his eyes burning with anger. "If he still wished to defend his honor, I should know what to do to express my sentiments in some sort of passion; but this weakness, and this cowardice. — I appear as though I had come to deceive him, which is not true."

Since the explanation that he had had with Anna in the Vrede garden, Vronsky's idea had changed very much: he had renounced all dreams of ambition incompatible with his irregular situation, and only thought of the possibility of a rupture; thus was he ruled by the weaknesses of his friend, and by his feelings for her. As to Anna, after having given herself up entirely, she expected nothing in the future which did not come from Vronsky. While crossing the reception-room, he heard footsteps drawing near, and knew that she was entering the drawing-room near by, to watch for him. "No," she cried, seeing him enter, "things cannot go on in this way!" And at the sound of her own voice, her eyes filled with tears.

"What is the matter, my friend?"

"I have been waiting in torture for two hours; but no, I do not want to quarrel with you. If you had not come, it would have been because you could not. No, I will not scold you any more."

She put her two hands on his shoulders, and looked at him long, with her eyes deep and tender, although searching. She looked at him for all the time that she had not seen him, comparing, as she always did, the impression made by the present moment, with the memory he had left her, and feeling, as she always did, that imagination was carried away by reality.

III.

"Did you meet him?" she asked, when they were seated under the lamp by the drawing-room table. "That is your punishment for coming so late."

"How is that so? Oughtn't he to have gone to the council?"

"He went there, but he came back again to go, I know not where. But that is no matter; let us talk no more about it; tell me where you have been all this time with the prince."

She knew the most minute details of his life.

He wanted to reply that as he had no rest the night before, he allowed himself to oversleep; but the sight of her happy, excited face made this acknowledgment difficult, and he excused himself on the plea of having been obliged to present his report after the prince's departure.

"It is over now, is it? Has he gone?"

"Yes, thank the Lord! You have no idea how intolerable this week has seemed to me."

"Why so? Have you not been leading the life customary to you young people?" she said, frowning, and, without looking at Vronsky, taking up some crocheting that was lying on the table.

"I renounced that life long ago," he replied, trying to discover the cause of the sudden change in her beautiful face. "I assure you," he added, smiling, and showing his white teeth, "that it was overpoweringly unpleasant to me to look at that old life again, as it were, in a mirror."

She did not reply, but gave him a strange, not quite friendly, look, and kept her crocheting in her hand, though she did not work.

"Liza came to see me this morning — they came to my house again, in spite of the Countess Lidia Ivanovna — and told me about your Athenian nights. What an abomination!"

"I want to tell you" —

"That you are odious, you men! How can you suppose that woman forgets?" said she, growing more and more animated, and then disclosing the cause of her irritation, — "and above all a woman, who, like myself, can know nothing of your life except what you wish to tell her? And can I know whether it is the truth?"

"Anna! have you no longer any faith in me? Have I ever concealed any thing from you?"

"You are right; but if you only knew how I suffer!" she said, trying to drive away her jealous fears. "I believe in you, I do believe in you: what did you want to say to me?"

He couldn't remember. Anna's fits of jealousy were

becoming frequent, and, however much he tried to conceal it, these scenes, although proofs of love, made him grow cool towards her. How many times had he not said to himself that happiness existed for him only in this love; and now that he felt himself loved passionately, as is only possible to a man for whom a woman has sacrificed every thing, happiness seemed farther off than when he left Moscow.

"Well, tell me what you have to say about the prince," replied Anna. "I have driven away the demon" (for thus they called her fits of jealousy between themselves): "you began to tell me something. In what way was his stay so disagreeable?"

"He was unbearable," replied Vronsky, trying to pick up the thread of his thought again. "The prince doesn't improve on close acquaintance. I can only compare him to one of those highly fed animals which take prizes at exhibitions," he added, with an air of vexation, which seemed to interest Anna.

"But isn't he a well-informed man, who has travelled a great deal?"

"One would say that he was well informed only for the sake of scorning information, as he scorns every thing else, except material pleasures."

"But are you not also fond of all these pleasures yourself?" said Anna, with a sad look, which again struck him.

"Why do you try to defend him?" he asked, smiling.

"I am not trying to defend him: I don't care enough about him for that. But I can't help thinking, if that life was so distasteful to you, you might have dispensed with going to admire that Thérèse in the costume of Eve."

"There is the demon coming back again," said Vronsky, drawing one of Anna's hands towards him to kiss.

"Yes: it is stronger than I. You can't imagine what I suffered while I was waiting for you. I do not think I am jealous in the bottom of my heart: when you are here, I believe in you; but when you are away, leading a life so incomprehensible to me" —

She drew away from him, and began to work nervously, drawing her crochet-needle through the stitches of white wool, which gleamed in the lamplight.

"Tell me how you met Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," she asked suddenly, in a voice still constrained.

"We almost ran against each other at the door."

"And did he greet you like this?" She drew down her face, half closed her eyes, and changed her whole expression to such an extent, that Vronsky could not help recognizing Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. He smiled, and Anna began to laugh, with that fresh, ringing laugh, which was one of her greatest charms.

"I do not understand him," said Vronsky. "I should have supposed that after your explanation in the country, he would have broken off with you, and provoked a duel with me; but how can he bear the actual situation? One can see that he suffers."

"He?" said she, with an ironical smile. "Oh! he is very happy."

"Why should we all torture ourselves in this way, when every thing might be arranged?"

"That doesn't suit him. Oh, how well I know his nature, made up of lies! Who, unless he were devoid of susceptibility, could live with a guilty woman, as he lives with me, speaking to her in the affectionate way that he speaks to me?"

And she imitated the way her husband would say, "You, *ma chère* Anna."

"He is not a man, I tell you: he is a puppet. If I were in his place, I would long ago have torn in pieces a woman like myself, instead of saying, 'You, *ma chère* Anna,' to her: but he is not a man; he is a ministerial machine. He does not understand that he is no longer any thing to me, that he is in the way. No, no; let us not talk about him."

"You are unjust, my dear friend," said Vronsky, trying to calm her; "but no, let us not talk any more about him; let us talk about yourself, about your health; what does the doctor say?"

She looked at him with gay raillery, and would have willingly continued to turn her husband into ridicule; but he added, "You wrote me that you were suffering; tell me about it."

The sarcastic smile disappeared from Anna's lips, and gave place to an expression full of sadness.

"You say that our position is a frightful one, and that it must be changed. I shall not weary you much longer with my jealousy, for soon, very soon, all will be changed, and not in the way we think."

She grew tender as she spoke of herself; tears prevented

her from continuing; and she placed her white hand, whose rings sparkled in the lamplight, on Vronsky's arm.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I am going to die very soon; and I am willing to die, to relieve you both of my burdensome presence."

Her tears continued to fall, while Vronsky kissed her hands, and tried to conceal his own emotion in calming hers.

"It is better that it should be so," she said, pressing his hand fervently.

"But what a foolish idea!" said Vronsky, lifting up his head, and regaining his self-possession. "What utter absurdity!"

"No: I am telling you the truth."

"What do you mean by the truth?"

"That I am going to die. I have seen it in a dream."

"In a dream?" and Vronsky involuntarily recalled the *muzhik* (peasant) of his nightmare.

"Yes, in a dream," she continued, "some time ago. I dreamed that I ran into my room to get something or other: I was searching about, you know, as one does in dreams, and I noticed something standing in the corner of my room."

"What nonsense! How do you suppose" — But she would not let him interrupt her: what she was telling seemed too important to her.

"And this something turned around, and I saw a little dirty *muzhik*, with an unkempt beard. I wanted to run away, but he bent towards a bag, in which he moved some object."

She made the motion of a person rummaging in a bag; terror was depicted on her face; and Vronsky, recalling his own dream, felt the same terror seize him.

"And all the while he was searching, he talked fast, very fast, in French, lisping, you know, '*Il faut le battre, le fer, le broyer, le pétrie.*' I tried to wake up, but I only woke up in my dream, asking what it could mean. Then I heard some one say to me, 'You are going to die, you are going to die, *mátushka*' [little mother]. And at last I came to myself."

"What an absurd dream!" said Vronsky, ill concealing his own emotion.

"Let us say no more about it. Ring: I am going to give you some tea, so stay a little longer; we haven't had any for a long time."

She suddenly ceased speaking. Horror and fright disappeared from her face, which assumed an expression of attentive, serious sweetness.

IV.

After meeting Vronsky, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went, as he had planned, to the Italian opera. He heard two acts, spoke with all to whom he ought to speak, and, returning home, went straight to his chamber, after having assured himself that there was no uniform overcoat in the vestibule.

Contrary to his usual habit, instead of going to bed he walked up and down his room till three o'clock in the morning. Anger kept him awake, for he couldn't forgive his wife for not fulfilling the one condition that he had imposed upon her, that she should not receive her lover in his house. Since she had paid no attention to this order, he should punish her, carry out his threat, demand a divorce, and take away his son from her. This threat was not easy to execute, but he wanted to keep his word. The Countess Lidia had often said that this was the easiest way out of his deplorable situation; and at the present time the practice of divorce had become so frequent, and was obtained so easily, that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch saw in it a means of escaping its formal difficulties.

Misfortunes never come single; and the trouble arising from the organization of the foreign population, and the floods in the government of Zarai, so worried him, that for some time he had been in a perpetual state of irritation. He passed the night without sleeping, his anger increasing all the while; and at last, from sheer exasperation, he left his bed, dressed hastily, and went to Anna as soon as he knew she was up. He was afraid of losing the energy which he needed; and it was, to a certain extent, as though he carried his cup of grief in both hands, lest it should overflow on the way.

Anna believed that she thoroughly knew her husband; but she was amazed to see him come in with gloomy face, his eyes sadly fixed before him, without looking at her, and his lips compressed with scorn. Never had she seen so much decision in his bearing. He entered without wishing her good-morning, and went directly to the writing-desk, and opened the drawer.

"What do you wish to find?" cried Anna.

"Your lover's letters."

"They are not there," she said, closing the drawer. But he knew by her action that he had guessed aright, and, roughly pushing away her hand, he took possession of the portfolio where Anna kept her important papers. In spite of her efforts to regain it, he held it at a distance.

"Sit down: I want to speak to you," said he, and placed the portfolio under his arm, holding it so firmly with his elbow that his shoulder was raised by it.

Anna looked at him, astonished and frightened.

"Have I not forbidden you to receive your lover in this house?"

"I needed to see him to" —

She stopped, unable to find a plausible explanation.

"I will not enter into details, and have no desire to know why a woman needs to see her lover."

"I only wished," she said, blushing, and feeling that her husband's rudeness made her bold — "is it possible that you are not aware how easy it is for you to wound me?"

"One can only wound an honest man or an honest woman; but to tell a thief that he is a thief, is only the statement of a fact."

"That is a degree of cruelty that I never recognized in you."

"Ah! you find a husband cruel because he gives his wife perfect freedom, on the sole condition that she respect the laws of propriety? You call that cruelty, do you?"

"It is worse than that: it is cowardice, if you insist on knowing," cried Anna passionately, and she rose to go.

"No," cried he, in a piercing voice, forcing her to sit down again, and taking her by the arm. His great, bony fingers seized her so roughly, that one of Anna's bracelets left a red print on her flesh. "Cowardice, indeed! That applies to her who abandons her son and husband for a lover, and nevertheless eats her husband's bread."

Anna bowed her head; the justice of these words overwhelmed her; she no longer dared to accuse her husband, as she had done the night before, of being *de trop*, and she replied gently, —

"You cannot judge my position more severely than I do myself; but why do you tell me that?"

"Why do I tell you that?" continued he angrily; "so

that you may know, that, since you pay no attention to my wishes, I shall take the necessary measures to put an end to this state of affairs."

"Soon, very soon, it will terminate itself," said Anna, her eyes full of tears at the thought of that death which she felt near at hand, and now so desirable.

"Sooner even than you and your lover have dreamed of! You only think of yourself: the suffering of one who has been your husband is of little interest to you; what does it matter that his life has been turned upside down, that he suffers"— In his emotion, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch spoke so rapidly that he stammered; and this stammering seemed ridiculous to Anna, who nevertheless immediately reproached herself because she could be sensible to the ridiculous at such a moment. For the first time, and for a moment, she understood her husband's suffering, and pitied him. But what could she do, except be silent and bow her head? He also was silent, then began again, in a severe voice, emphasizing words of no special importance: —

"I came to tell you" —

She glanced at him, and, recalling his stammering, said to herself, "No, this man, with his dull eyes, so full of himself, cannot feel any thing. I have been the toy of my imagination."

"I cannot change," she murmured.

"I have come to tell you that I am going to leave for Moscow, and that I shall not enter this house again. You will learn of my determination from the lawyer, who will have charge of the preliminaries of the divorce. My son will go to one of my relatives," he added, recalling with difficulty what he wanted to say about the child.

"You are going to take Serozha away, to cause me pain," she stammered, raising her eyes to his: "you do not love him; leave him with me."

"You are right: the repulsion that you have inspired in me reflects on my son; but I shall keep him, nevertheless. Good-morning."

He was about to go, but she detained him.

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, leave Serozha with me," she said again; "that is all I ask of you; leave him with me for the present."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch pushed away the arm that held him back, and left her without replying.

V.

The reception-room of the celebrated lawyer, where Alekséi Aleksandrovitch now betook himself, was full of people when he entered. Three ladies, one old, another young, and the third evidently belonging to the class of merchants, were waiting there, as well as a German banker wearing a very large ring on his hand, a merchant with a long beard, and a *tchinovnik* dressed in uniform with a decoration around his neck: they had all, apparently, been waiting a long time.

Two secretaries were writing with scratching pens: one of them turned his head, with an air of annoyance, towards the new-comer, and, without rising, asked him, with half-closed eyes, —

"What do you want?"

"I have business with the lawyer."

"He is busy," replied the secretary severely, pointing with his pen towards those who were already waiting; and he went back to his writing.

"Will he not find a moment to receive me?" asked Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"He is not at liberty a single moment; he is always busy: have the goodness to wait."

"Be so good as to give him my card," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, with dignity, seeing that it was impossible to preserve his incognito.

The secretary took his card, examined it with an air of displeasure, and went out.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, on principle, approved of judiciary reform, but criticised certain details, as much as he was capable of criticising an institution sanctioned by the supreme power. He admitted that there was error in all things, as an inevitable evil, which could be remedied in certain cases; but the important position given to lawyers by this reform had always been the object of his disapproval, and this reception that he had met with did not destroy his prejudices.

"The lawyer will see you," said the secretary, as he came back.

Accordingly, in about two minutes the door opened, and the lawyer appeared, bringing with him a thin-looking justice of the peace.

The lawyer was a short, thick-set man, with a bald head,

a reddish-black beard, a prominent forehead, and large, shiny eyebrows. His dress, from his necktie and double watch-chain down to his polished boots, was that of a dandy. His face was intelligent, but vulgar; his manner pretentious and in bad taste.

"Be so good as to walk in," said he, turning to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch; and ushering him into the next room, he closed the door.

He pushed out an arm-chair near his desk covered with papers, begged Alekséi Aleksandrovitch to be seated, and rubbing his short, hairy hands together, he settled himself in front of the desk, with an air of attention. But he was hardly seated when a moth-miller flew on the table, and the little man, with unexpected liveliness, caught it on the wing: then he resumed quickly his former attitude.

"Before beginning to explain my business," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, following the movements of the lawyer with astonishment, "allow me to ask you to let the subject which brings me here rest between ourselves."

An imperceptible smile slightly moved the lawyer's lips.

"If I were not capable of keeping a secret I should not be a lawyer," said he; "but if you wish to be assured" —

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch glanced at him, and noticed that his gray eyes, full of intelligence, had guessed all.

"Do you know my name?"

"I know you," and again he caught a miller, "and how valuable your services are; and so does all Russia," replied the lawyer, bowing.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch sighed; it was with difficulty that he brought himself to speak; but when he had once begun, he continued, unhesitatingly, in a clear, sharp voice, emphasizing certain words.

"I have the misfortune to be a deceived husband. I wish to obtain legal separation from my wife, — that is, a divorce, — and, above all, to separate my son from his mother."

The lawyer's gray eyes did their best to remain serious, but Alekséi Aleksandrovitch could not help seeing that they were full of an amusement which was not caused solely by the prospect of a good suit: they shone with enthusiasm, with triumph, — something like the brilliancy he had noticed in his wife's eyes.

"You wish my assistance to obtain the divorce?"

"Exactly; but I run the risk of wasting your time, be-

cause I have only come to ask preliminary advice. I wish to remain within certain limits, and I shall give up the divorce unless it is consonant with the forms I wish to keep."

"Oh! you will always remain perfectly free," replied the lawyer.

The little man, that he might not offend his client by the delight which his face ill-concealed, fixed his eyes on Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's feet, and, although out of the corner of one eye he saw another moth-miller flying about, he restrained himself, out of respect to the situation.

"The general features of the laws of divorce are well known to me," said Karénin, "but I should like to know the different forms customary in the practice."

"In short, you wish to learn on what grounds you can obtain a legal divorce?" said the lawyer, divining, with a certain pleasure, his client's meaning; and, at an affirmative gesture from the latter, he continued, casting a furtive glance now and then at Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's face, which burned with emotion.

"Divorce, according to our laws," — he had a shade of disdain for our laws, — "is possible, as you know, in the three following cases — Let them wait!" he cried, seeing his secretary open the door. However, he rose, went to say a few words to him, came back, and sat down again: — "in the three following cases: physical defect of one of the parties, disappearance of one of them for five years," — in making this enumeration he bent down his large, hairy fingers, one after another, — "and finally the Scriptural reason." He said this in a tone of satisfaction. "There you have the theoretical side; but I think, that, in doing me the honor to consult me, you desire to know the practical side, do you not? So it being neither a case of physical defect, nor absence of one of the parties, as far as I understand?" —

Alekséi Alexandrovitch assented, with an inclination of the head.

"The reason last named remains, in which case one of the parties must plead guilty."

The lawyer silently looked at his client, with the air of a gunsmith who explains to a purchaser the use of two pistols of different caliber, leaving him free to choose between them. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch remaining silent, he continued, —

"The simplest, the most reasonable way, in my opinion,

is to recognize the guilt by mutual consent. I should not dare to say this to everybody, but I suppose that we understand each other."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was so troubled, that the advantage of the last proposition which the lawyer made entirely escaped him, and surprise was painted on his face: the man of law came at once to his aid.

"Suppose that a man and wife can no longer live together: if both consent to a divorce, the details and formalities amount to nothing. This is the simplest and surest way."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch understood now, but his religious sentiments were opposed to this measure.

"In the present case, this means is out of the question," said he. "Could not proofs, like a correspondence, establish the crime indirectly? These proofs are in my possession."

The lawyer, pressing his lips together, uttered an exclamation both of pity and disdain.

"I beg you not to forget that affairs of this sort are in the province of the upper clergy," he said. "Our archbishops love to plunge into certain details," he added, with a sigh of sympathy for the taste of these worthy fathers, "and proofs demand witnesses. If you do me the honor to trust your case to me, you must give me the choice of measures to be pursued. Where there is a will, there is a way."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch arose, looking very pale, while the lawyer again ran to the door, to reply to a fresh interruption from his secretary.

"Tell her, then, that this is not a cheap shop," he called out, before taking his seat again; and he caught another moth on the way, muttering sorrowfully, "My reps will surely be ruined by them."

"You did me the honor to say" —

"I will write you my decision," replied Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, leaning against the table; "and since I conclude from your words that a divorce is possible, I will be obliged to you if you will make your conditions known to me."

"Every thing is possible if you will give me entire freedom of action," said the lawyer, eluding the last question. "When may I expect a communication from you?" asked he, following his client with eyes as shiny as his boots.

"In eight days. You will then have the goodness to let me know whether you accept the case, and on what terms?"

"Certainly."

The lawyer bowed respectfully, conducted his client to the door, and, left alone, his joy knew no bounds: he was so happy, that, contrary to his principles, he made a deduction to a lady skilled in the art of making a bargain. He even forgot the moths, resolving to recover his furniture the next winter with velvet, such as his rival, Sigonin, had.

VI.

The brilliant victory won by Alekséi Aleksandrovitch in the assembly of the 17th of August had unfavorable results. The new commission, appointed to study the situation of the foreign population, had acted with a promptness surprising to Karénin: at the end of three months it presented its report. The condition of this population had been studied from political, administrative, economical, ethnographical, material, and religious points of view. Each question was followed by an admirably concise reply, leaving no room to doubt that these answers were the work, not of a human mind, always liable to mistake, but of an experienced bureaucracy. These answers were based on official data, such as the reports of governors and archbishops, based again on the reports of heads of districts and ecclesiastical superintendents, in their turn based upon the reports from communal administrations and country parishes. How could their correctness be doubted? Questions such as these, "Why are the harvests poor?" and, "Why do the inhabitants of certain localities persist in their beliefs?" — questions which the official machine alone could solve, and to which ages would not have found a reply, — were clearly solved, in conformity with the opinions of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

But Stremof, stung to the quick, had thought of a course unexpected by his adversary. Enlisting several members of the committee in his cause, he suddenly went over to Karénin's side; and, not satisfied with warmly supporting the measures proposed by the latter, he proposed others, of the same nature, which far outstripped Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's intentions. Carried to extremes, these measures seemed so ridiculous, that the government, public opinion, ladies of influence, and the daily papers, were all indignant;

and their dissatisfaction reflected on the originator of the commission, Karénin himself.

Delighted with the success of his scheme, Strémof put on an innocent air, affected astonishment at the results obtained, and alleged that his colleague's plan had inspired him with over-confidence. Although ill, and much affected by all these troubles, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch did not give up. The committee was split into two factions: some of them, with Stremof, explained their mistake through over-confidence, and declared the reports of the committee of inspection to be absurd; others, with Karénin, fearing this revolutionary method of treating a commission, upheld it.

Official circles, and even society, saw this interesting question become so confused, that the misery and the prosperity of the foreign population were equally problematical. Karénin's position, already threatened by the bad effect caused by his domestic misfortunes, seemed precarious. He then had the courage to make a difficult resolution: to the great astonishment of the commission, he announced that he demanded the right to go and study these questions himself on the spot; and, permission having been granted him, he set out for a distant province.

His departure made a great sensation, especially as he officially refused the travelling-expenses necessary for twelve post-horses.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went by way of Moscow, and stopped there three days.

The next day after his arrival, as he was going to visit the governor-general, he heard his name called at the crossing of the Gazetnaïa Street, where carriages of every description are always thronging; and turning at the sound of a gay, sonorous voice, he saw Stepan Arkadyevitch on the sidewalk. Dressed in an overcoat of the latest fashion, his great stylish hat on one side, his face glowing with youth and good health, he called with such persistency that Karénin was obliged to stop. In the carriage, on the door of which Stepan Arkadyevitch was leaning, was a woman in a velvet hat, with two children: she gesticulated to him, smiling amicably. It was Dolly and her children.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had not counted on seeing in Moscow anybody whom he knew, and least of all his wife's brother; so he would have gone on his way, after bowing:,

but Oblonsky motioned to the coachman to stop, and ran through the snow to the carriage.

"How long have you been here? What a shame not to let us know you were coming! I saw the name of Karénin on the list of arrivals at Dusseaux's last evening, but it never occurred to me that it was you," said he, passing his head through the door, and striking his feet together to shake off the snow. "How is it that you didn't send us word?"

"I hadn't time. I am very busy," replied Alekséi Alexsandrovitch briefly.

"Come and speak to my wife: she wants to see you very much."

Karénin threw off the robe which covered his chilly limbs, and, leaving his carriage, made a way through the snow to Dolly's.

"Why, what has happened, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, that you avoid us in this way?" said she, smiling.

"I am delighted to see you," replied Karénin, in a tone which clearly proved the contrary. "I hope you are well."

"How is my dear Anna?"

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch muttered a few words, and was about to leave her, but Stepan Arkadyevitch detained him.

"Do you know what we are going to do? Dolly, invite him to dine to-morrow with Koznuishef and Pestsof, the representative intellects of Moscow."

"Oh, do come!" said Dolly: "we will name any hour that is convenient — five or six, as you please. *Nu!* What is my dear Anna doing? It is so long"—

"She is well," muttered Alekséi Aleksandrovitch again, frowning. "Very happy to have met you."

And he went back to his carriage. "You will come?" cried Dolly again. Karénin said something in reply which did not reach her ears.

"I am coming to see you to-morrow!" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch at the same time.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch shut himself up in his carriage, as though he would like to vanish out of sight.

"What a strange fellow!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch to Dolly; and looking at his watch he made an affectionate sign of farewell to his wife and children, and started off at a brisk pace.

"Stiva, Stiva!" cried Dolly, blushing. He came back.

"What shall I do about the money for the children's cloaks?"

"Tell them that I will settle the bill." And he disappeared, gayly bowing to some acquaintances as he went.

VII.

The next day was Sunday, and Stepan Arkadyevitch went to the *Bolshoï* [Great] theatre, to attend the rehearsal of the ballet; and taking advantage of the dim light of the green-room, he gave the coral necklace to the pretty dancing-girl who was making her *début* under his protection, as he had promised the day before. From the theatre Stepan Arkadyevitch went to the market to select himself some fish and asparagus for the dinner; and at noon he went to Dusseaux's, where three travellers, friends of his, by happy chance, were stopping, — Levin, just returned from his journey abroad; his new *natchalnik* [chief], who had just been appointed, and had come to Moscow to look into affairs; and lastly, his brother-in-law, Karénin.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was fond of a good dinner, but what he liked better still was a choice little dinner-party with a few select friends at his own house. The *menu* that he made out for this day pleased him, — fresh perch, with asparagus, and a simple but superb roast of beef, as *pièce de résistance*, and the right kinds of wine. Among the guests he expected Kitty and Levin, and, to offset them, a cousin and the young Shcherbatsky: the lions of the occasion were to be Sergéi Koznuishef, a Muscovite and philosopher; and Karénin, a Petersburger and a man of affairs. As a sort of connecting link, he had invited Pestsof, a charming man of fifty years, an enthusiast, a musician, a ready talker, a historian and a liberal, who always put everybody in good spirits.

Fortune smiled on Stepan Arkadyevitch at this time: the money from the sale of the wood was not all gone; Dolly for some time had been lovely and charming; every thing would have been at its best, if two things had not impressed him disagreeably, without, however, disturbing his good humor: in the first place, his brother-in-law's cool welcome; uniting the fact of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's coolness with certain rumors that had reached his ears about his sister's relations with Vronsky, he suspected serious trouble between

the husband and wife. The second shadow was the arrival of the new *natchalnik*, who, like all new chiefs, had the reputation of being terribly exacting. An untiring worker, he passed for a veritable bear, and was absolutely opposed to his predecessor's liberal tendencies, which Stepan Arkadyevitch had shared. His first presentation had taken place the day before, in uniform; and Oblonsky had been so cordially received, that he thought it his duty to pay him an unofficial visit. The thought that the new *natchalnik* might not receive him cordially was the second disturbing element, but Stepan Arkadyevitch felt instinctively that all would be arranged to perfection. "All people, all men," thought he, "are transgressors as well as we. Why get angry and quarrel?"

"Well, Vasíli," said he, as he went through the corridor, and met a lackey of his acquaintance, "have you sacrificed your whiskers? Levin? in number seven? Thanks! Do you know, is Count Anitchkin at home?" This was the new *natchalnik*.

"At your service," said Vasíli with a smile. "We have not seen you for a long time."

"I was here yesterday, but came up another stairway."

When Stepan Arkadyevitch entered, Levin was standing with a peasant in the middle of his room, measuring a bear-skin.

"Ah! did you kill him?" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Splendid skin! A bear! Good-morning, Arkhip." He held out his hand to the peasant, and then sat down in his overcoat and hat.

"Take off your coat, and stay a while," said Levin.

"I haven't time. I only came in for a little second," replied Oblonsky, which did not prevent him from unbuttoning his overcoat, then taking it off, and staying a whole hour to talk with Levin about the hunt and other subjects.

"*Nu!* Tell me what you did while you were gone: where have you been?" he asked after the peasant had gone.

"I went to Germany, to France, and England, but only to the manufacturing centres, and not to the capitals. I saw a great deal that was new."

"Yes, yes. I know your ideas of workingmen's associations."

"Oh, no! the question of the workingman doesn't concern us: the only important question for Russia is the relation of the workman to the soil; the question exists there, but it is impossible to remedy it there, while here" —

Oblonsky listened attentively.

"Yes, yes, it is possible that you are right, but I am glad that you are in better spirits: you hunt the bear, you work, you are enthusiastic. Shcherbatsky told me that he had found you blue and melancholy, talking of nothing but death."

"What of that? I am continually thinking of death," replied Levin. "It's true that there is a time to die, and that all is vanity. I love to work; but think of this world — just take notice! — this world of ours, a little mould making the smallest of the planets! and we imagine that our ideas, our works, are something grand. It's all grains of dust!" —

"All that is as old as the hills, brother!"

"It is old; but when this idea becomes clear to us, how miserable life seems! When we know that death will surely come, and that there will be nothing left of us, the most important things seem as insignificant as the turning over of this bear-skin. It is to keep away thoughts of death, that we hunt and work, and try to divert ourselves."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled, and gave Levin one of his affectionate looks.

"*Nu!* Do you know that you pounce upon me because I seek pleasure in life? Be not so severe, O moralist!"

"What good there is in life" — replied Levin, becoming confused. "*Da!* I don't know. I only know that we must soon die."

"Why soon?"

"And you know, there is less charm in life when we think of death, but more restfulness."

"We must enjoy what there is of it, any way. — But," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, rising for the tenth time, "I must go."

"*Da!* Stay a little longer," said Levin, holding him back: "when shall we see each other again? I leave to-morrow."

"I am a queer fellow. I came to — I had entirely forgotten what I came for! I insist on your coming to dine with us to-day. Your brother will be with us: my brother-in-law, Karénin, will be there."

"Is he here?" asked Levin, who was dying to hear news of Kitty: he knew that she had been in Petersburg at the beginning of the winter, visiting her sister, the wife of a diplomatist.

"Whether she has come back or not, it's all the same. I will accept," he thought.

"Will you come?"

"*Nu!* Of course I will."

"At five o'clock in frock-coat."

And Stepan Arkadyevitch rose, and went down to see the new *natchalnik*. Instinct had not deceived him: this dreadful man proved to be a good fellow; he lunched with him, and stayed so long to talk, that it was nearly four o'clock when he reached Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's.

VIII.

After he returned from mass, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch spent the morning in his room. He had two things to accomplish on this day: first, to receive a deputation of foreigners; and then to write to his lawyer, as he had promised.

He had a long discussion with the members of the deputation, heard their complaints and their needs, made out a programme, from which they were not to deviate on any account in their dealings with the government, and finally gave them a letter of introduction to the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, who would be his principal auxiliary in this matter: the countess has a specialty for deputations, and knew better than anybody else how to manage them. When he had dismissed these people, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch wrote to his lawyer, giving him full power to do as he thought best, and sent three notes of Vronsky's, and one from Anna, which he had found in the portfolio.

Just as he was sealing his letter, he heard Stepan Arkadyevitch's clear voice asking the servant if his brother-in-law were at home, and insisting upon being announced.

"So much the worse," thought Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, "or rather, so much the better. I will tell him how it is, and he will understand that it is impossible for me to dine at his house."

"Come in," he cried, gathering up his papers, and pushing them into a writing-case.

"*Nu!* but you see you lied, and he is at home," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to the servant, who would not let him in: then taking off his overcoat as he walked along, he came into Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's room.

"I am delighted to find," — he began gayly. "I hope" —

"It will be impossible for me to go," replied Alekséi

Aleksandrovitch curtly, receiving his brother-in-law standing, without asking him to sit down, resolved to adopt with his wife's brother the cool relations which seemed proper since he had decided to get a divorce. He forgot Stepan Arkadyevitch's irresistible kindness of heart. Oblonsky opened wide his beautiful bright eyes.

"Why can't you come? Won't you tell me?" he asked in French with some hesitation. "But you promised to come, and we count on you."

"I wish to tell you that I cannot come because our family relations must be broken."

"How is that? Why?" said Oblonsky with a smile.

"Because I think of getting a divorce from my wife, your sister. I must" —

The sentence was not finished, for Stepan Arkadyevitch, contrary to his brother-in-law's expectations, sank into an arm-chair, with a deep sigh.

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, it can't be possible," he cried, with pain expressed in his face.

"It is true."

"Pardon me. I cannot, I cannot believe it."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch sat down: he felt that his words had not produced the desired effect, and that no explanation, however categorical, would change his relations with Oblonsky.

"It is a cruel necessity, but I am forced to demand the divorce," he replied.

"I will say only one thing to you. I know you for a man of principle, and Anna for one of the best of women, — excuse me if I cannot change my opinion of her, — I cannot believe it: there must be some misunderstanding!"

"*Da!* if it were only a misunderstanding!"

"Excuse me: I understand; but I beg of you, do not be in haste."

"I have done nothing hastily," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch; "but in such a case, one cannot ask advice of anybody: I am decided."

"It is terrible," sighed Stepan Arkadyevitch. "I beseech you, if, as I understand, proceedings have not yet begun, not to do any thing until you have talked with my wife. She loves Anna like a sister, she loves you, and she is a woman of good sense. For God's sake, talk with her. Do me this favor, I beg of you."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was silent, and was considering. Stepan Arkadyevitch respected his silence: he looked at him sympathetically.

"Why not come and dine with us, at least to-day? My wife expects you. Come and talk with her: she is, I assure you, a superior woman. Talk with her, I beg of you."

"If you wish it for this reason, I will go," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, sighing. And to change the conversation, he asked Stepan Arkadyevitch how he liked his new *natchalnik*, a man still young, whose rapid advancement was astonishing. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had never liked Count Anitchkin, and he couldn't help a feeling of envy natural to an official with failure staring him in the face.

"He is a man who seems to be very well informed and very active."

"Active? is it possible? but how does he employ his activity? Is it in doing good, or in destroying what others have done before him? The plague of our government is this scribbling bureaucracy, of which Anitchkin is a worthy representative."

"At any rate, he is a very good fellow," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "I have just been with him — a very good fellow: we lunched together, and I taught him how to make a drink, you know — wine and oranges."

Stepan Arkadyevitch looked at his watch. "*Ach, bátiushka!* it is after four o'clock! and I must see Dolgovoshin.

"It is decided, then, that you will dine with us, isn't it? Both my wife and myself will feel really hurt if you refuse to come."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch took leave of his brother-in-law very differently from the way in which he had greeted him.

"I have promised, and I will come," he replied in a melancholy tone.

"Thank you; and I hope you will not regret it."

And putting on his overcoat in the hall, he shook his fist at the servant's head, and went out.

IX.

The clock had just struck five when the master of the house entered, meeting Sergéi Ivanovitch Kozuuishef and Pestsof at the door. The old Prince Aleksandr Dmitriévitch

Shcherbatsky, Karénin, Turovtsuin, Kitty, and the young Shcherbatsky were already in the drawing-room. Conversation was languishing. Darya Aleksandrovna, anxious because her husband was late, did not succeed in enlivening her guests, whom the presence of Karénin, in black coat and white necktie, according to the Petersburg custom, involuntarily chilled.

Stepan Arkadyevitch excused himself with a jest, and with his usual good grace changed the gloomy appearance of the room in a twinkling: he presented his guests to one another, furnished Koznuishef and Karénin a subject of conversation, — the Russification of Poland, — installed the old prince near Dolly, complimented Kitty on her beauty, and went to glance at the dinner-table, and see about the wines.

Levin met him at the door of the dining-room.

"I am not late, am I?"

"How could you be?" replied Oblonsky, taking him by the arm.

"Are there many people here? Who are they?" asked Levin, blushing involuntarily, and with his glove brushing away the snow from his hat.

"Nobody but relatives. Kitty is here. Come and let me present you to Karénin."

Levin grew timid when he knew that he should meet her whom he had not seen since that fatal evening, except for a glimpse of her that he once caught as she sat in her carriage.

"How will she seem? Just as she used to? If Dolly had only been right! Why wasn't she right?" he thought.

"*Ach!* Present me to Karénin, I beg of you," he succeeded in stammering, as he entered the drawing-room with the courage of despair.

She was there, and altogether different from what she had been before.

She saw him the moment he entered; and her joy was so great, that, while he was greeting Dolly, the poor child was afraid of bursting into tears. Levin and Dolly both noticed it. Blushing and growing pale by turns, she was so agitated that her lips trembled. Levin approached to speak to her: she gave him her cold hand with a smile which would have appeared calm if her moist eyes had not been so brilliant.

"It is a long time since we have seen each other," she forced herself to say.

"You have not seen me; but I saw you one day in a carriage, on the road to Yergushovo, coming from the railway station," replied Levin, glowing with happiness.

"When was it?" asked she in surprise.

"You were on your way to your sister's," said Levin, suffocating with joy. "How," thought he, "could I have imputed any thing but innocence to this fascinating creature? Darya Aleksandrovna was right."

Stepan Arkadyevitch came to conduct him to Karénin.

"Allow me to make you acquainted," said he, presenting them to one another.

"Delighted to find you here," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch coolly, as he took Levin's hand.

"What! do you already know each other?" asked Oblonsky with surprise.

"We travelled together for three hours," said Levin, smiling, "but we parted as from a masked ball: at least, it was the case with me."

"Really?— Gentlemen, will you pass into the dining-room?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, pointing towards the door.

The men followed him, and went to a table, where the *zakuska* was served. It was composed of six kinds of *vodka*, as many varieties of cheese, as well as *caviare*, preserves, and a plateful of French bread, cut in very thin slices.

The men ate standing around the table; and, while waiting for the dinner, the Russification of Poland began to languish. Just as they were leaving the drawing-room, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was trying to prove that the high principles introduced by the Russian administration could alone obtain this result. Pestsof maintained that one nation could only assimilate another by surpassing it in density of population. Koznuishef, with certain restrictions, shared the opinions of both; and to close this serious conversation with a joke, he added, smiling, —

"The most logical way, then, for us to assimilate foreigners, it seems to me, is to have as many children as possible. It is there where my brother and I are in fault; while you, gentlemen, and above all Stepan Arkadyevitch, are acting the part of good patriots. How many have you?" he asked of the latter, handing him a little glass of cordial.

Everybody laughed, and Oblonsky most of all.

"Do you still practise gymnastics?" said Oblonsky, tak-

ing Levin by the arm; and, feeling his friend's tense muscles swell beneath the cloth of his coat, he said, "What biceps! You are a regular Samson."

"I suppose it is necessary to be endowed with remarkable strength, to hunt bears, isn't it?" said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, whose ideas about this sort of hunting were of the vaguest.

Levin smiled.

"No: a child could kill a bear;" — and he drew back, with a slight bow, to make room for the ladies, who were coming to the table.

"I hear that you have just killed a bear," said Kitty, trying to get her fork into a recalcitrant mushroom, and showing her pretty arm a little, as she threw back the lace in her sleeve. "Are there really bears where you live?" she added, half turning her pretty, smiling face towards him. What a charm these words, of so little importance in themselves; the sound of her voice; the motion of her hands, of her arms, and her head, — all had for him! He saw in them a prayer, an act of confidence, a sweet and timid caress, a promise, a hope, even a proof of love, which filled him with happiness.

"Oh, no! we were hunting in the government of Tver; and it was on my way from there, that I met your brother-in-law, — Stiva's brother-in-law, — on the train," said he, smiling. "The meeting was very funny."

And he gave a lively and amusing description of how, after having been awake half the night, he was forced to enter Karénin's car in his *polushúbok* [fur jacket].

"The conductor wanted to put me out on account of my appearance; I felt mortified; and you, sir," said he, turning towards Karénin, "after scanning my costume, took my part, for which I felt very grateful to you."

"Travellers' rights to their choice of place are generally too little considered," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, wiping the ends of his fingers with his napkin after eating a bit of bread and cheese.

"Oh! I noticed that you hesitated," replied Levin, smiling: "that was why I hastened to open a serious subject of conversation, to make you forget my sheepskin."

Koznuishef, who was talking with the mistress of the house, and at the same time lending an ear to the conversation, turned his head towards his brother.

"What makes him look so triumphant?" thought he.

And really, Levin felt as though he had wings. For *she* was listening to him, she was taking pleasure in what he said: every other interest disappeared before that. He was alone with her, not only in this room, but in the whole world, and looked down from dizzy heights on these excellent people, — Oblonsky, Karénin, and the rest of humanity.

Stepan Arkadyevitch seemed entirely to forget Levin and Kitty in placing his guests at table: then suddenly remembering them, he put them side by side.

"*Nu!* you can sit there," said he to Levin.

The dinner, elegantly served, — for Stepan Arkadyevitch made a great point of this, — was a complete success. The Marie-Louise soup, served with little pasties which melted in the mouth, was perfect; and Matvé, with two servants in white neckties, waited skilfully and noiselessly.

The success was no less great from a conversational point of view; sometimes general, sometimes special, it never lagged: and when they left the table, after dinner, even Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was thawed out.

X.

Pestsof, who liked to discuss a question thoroughly, was not satisfied with Koznuishef's interrupting him: he felt that he hadn't been allowed to express his thought sufficiently.

"In speaking of the density of the population, I didn't intend to make it the principle of an assimilation, but only a means," said he after the soup, addressing himself particularly to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"It seems to me that that amounts to the same thing," replied Karénin slowly. "In my judgment, a people can have no influence over another people unless they are superior in point of civilization" —

"That is precisely the question," interrupted Pestsof, with so much ardor, that he seemed to put his whole soul into defending his own opinions. "How is one to recognize this superior civilization? Which, among the different nations of Europe, shall take the lead? Is it France, or England, or Germany, which shall nationalize her neighbors? We have seen the Rhine provinces nationalized by the French: is it a proof of inferiority on the side of the Germans? No: there is some other law," he cried in his bass voice.

"I believe that the balance will always turn in favor of this true civilization."

"But what are the signs of this true civilization?"

"I believe that everybody knows them."

"But are they really known?" asked Sergéi Ivanovitch with a subtle smile. "One willingly believes for the moment, that civilization does not exist outside of classical instruction; we have furious debates on this point, and each side brings forward proofs that are not lacking in value."

"Are you in favor of the classics, Sergéi Ivanovitch?" said Oblonsky. — "Shall I give you some claret?"

"I am not speaking of my personal opinions," replied Koznuishef, with the condescension that he would have shown a child as he reached his glass. "I only pretend that the reasons alleged are good on both sides," continued he, addressing Karénin. "As for my education, it was classical; but that doesn't hinder me from finding that classical studies do not offer unexceptional proofs of their superiority to others."

"The natural sciences tend just as much to the pedagogical development of the human mind," replied Pestsof. "Look at astronomy, botany, and zoölogy, with the unity of their laws!"

"That is an opinion that I cannot share," replied Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. "Can the happy influence on the development of intelligence be denied in the study of the forms of language? Ancient literature is eminently moral; while, unfortunately for us, the study of the natural sciences has been complicated with fatal and false doctrines, which are the bane of our time."

Sergéi Ivanovitch was going to reply, but Pestsof interrupted him in his deep voice, to demonstrate, with excitement, the injustice of this statement: when Koznuishef at last had a chance to speak, he said, smiling, to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, —

"You acknowledge that the *pros* and *cons* of the two systems will be difficult to establish, if the anti-nihilistic — let us call it by its right name — moral influence does not militate in its favor?"

"Undoubtedly."

"We shall leave the field more free to both systems if we do not look upon classical education as a sort of pill to be offered freely to our patients as an antidote to nihilism. But are we perfectly sure of the healing-properties of these pills?"

This made everybody laugh, especially the big Turovtsuin, who had tried in vain to be lively until this moment.

Stepan Arkadyevitch had been right in counting on Pestzof to carry on the conversation; for Koznuishef had hardly finished with his jest when he replied, —

"One cannot well accuse the government of proposing a cure, for it remains to all appearances indifferent to the consequences of the measure it takes: it is public opinion which directs it. I will quote as an example, the question of higher education for women. It must be looked upon as dangerous, since the government opens the public lectures and the universities to women."

And the conversation turned upon the new theme of the education of women.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch expressed the thought that the education of women was too much confused with their emancipation, and could be considered dangerous only from that point of view.

"I believe, on the contrary, that these two questions are intimately connected," said Pestzof. "Woman is deprived of rights because she is deprived of education, and the lack of education tends to the absence of rights. Let us not forget that the bondage of woman is so ancient, so interwoven with our customs, that we are very often incapable of understanding the legal abyss that separates her from us."

"You speak of rights," said Sergéi Ivanovitch, as soon as he had a chance to put in a word: "is it a right to fulfil the functions of jurist, of municipal counsellor, of president of the tribunal, of public functionary, of member of parliament?"

"Without doubt."

"But if women can exceptionally fill these functions, wouldn't it be more fair to give it the name of *duties* instead of *rights?* A lawyer, a telegraph employer, fulfils a duty. Let us say, then, to speak logically, that women are seeking for *duties*, and in this case we shall sympathize with their desire to take part in man's work."

"That is fair," affirmed Alekséi Aleksandrovitch: "the principal thing is to know whether they are capable of fulfilling these duties."

"They will be, certainly, as soon as they have been generally educated," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "We see it" —

"And the proverb?" asked the old prince, whose little,

scornful eyes shone as he listened to this conversation. "I may repeat it before my daughters: 'Woman has long hair'"—

"That is the way we judged the negroes before their emancipation!" cried Pestsof with dissatisfaction.

"I admit that what astonishes me most," said Sergéi Ivanuitch, "is to see women trying to undertake new duties, when we see, unfortunately, that men shirk theirs as much as possible."

"Duties are accompanied by rights: honor, influence, money, these are what women are after," said Pestsof.

"Exactly as though I solicited the right to become a nurse, and found it hard to be refused, while women are paid for it," said the old prince.

Turovtsuin burst out laughing, and Sergéi Ivanovitch regretted that he was not the author of this pleasantry. Even Alekséi Aleksandrovitch himself smiled.

"*Da!* enough of nurses," said Sergéi Ivanuitch. "But women"—

"But what about young girls, without any family?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, who, in taking Pestsof's part, had been thinking all the time of Chibisovaia, his little dancing-girl.

"If you look closely into the lives of these young girls," interposed Darya Aleksandrovna, with a shade of bitterness, "you will doubtless find that they have left a family or a sister, and that women's duties were within their reach."

Dolly instinctively understood what sort of women Stepan Arkadyevitch meant.

"But we are defending a principle, an ideal," answered Pestsof, in his thundering voice. "Woman claims the right to be independent and educated: she suffers from her inability to obtain independence and education."

"And I suffer from not being admitted as nurse to the foundling-asylum," repeated the old prince, to the great amusement of Turovtsuin, letting the large end of a piece of asparagus fall into his sauce.

XI.

Kitty and Levin were the only ones who had not taken part in the conversation.

At the beginning of the dinner, when they were talking about the influence of one people over another, Levin re-

called the opinions that he had formed on the subject; but they quickly disappeared, as of no longer any interest; he thought it strange that people could trouble themselves about such useless questions.

Kitty, for her part, ought to have been interested in the discussion of women's rights, for not only had she often considered them, on account of her friend Várenka, whose dependence was so hard to bear, but also on her own account, in case she should not marry. She had often had disputes with her sister on the subject. How little interest she felt in it now! Between Levin and herself there had sprung up a mysterious affinity, which brought them nearer and nearer to one another, and filled them with a joyful fear, on the threshold of the new life that they caught a glimpse of.

Kitty asked how he had happened to see her in the summer, and Levin told her that he was returning from the prairies by the highway after the mowing.

"It was very early in the morning. You had probably just waked: your mamma was still asleep in her corner. The morning was superb. I was walking along, saying to myself, 'A carriage with four horses? Whose can it be?' They were four fine horses with bells. And quick as a flash, you passed before me. I saw you through the door: you were sitting like this, holding the ribbons of your bonnet in your hands, and you seemed plunged in deep thought. How I wished I could know," he added with a smile, "what you were thinking about! Was it something very important?"

"Is it possible that I didn't have my bonnet on?" thought Kitty. But seeing the enthusiastic smile which lighted up Levin's face, she felt re-assured about the impression she had produced, and replied, blushing, and laughing merrily, —

"I really don't know any thing about it."

"How heartily Turovtsuin laughs!" said Levin, admiring the gayety of this big fellow, whose eyes were moist, and his sides shaking with laughter.

"Have you known him long?" asked Kitty.

"Who doesn't know him?"

"And I see that you think that he is a bad man."

"That is saying too much; but he isn't worth much."

"That is unjust. I beg you not to think so any more," said Kitty. "I, too, once misjudged him; but he is an excellent man. His heart — true gold."

"How can you know what kind of a heart he has?"

"We are very good friends. Last winter, a short time after — after you stopped coming to our house," said she, rather guiltily, but with a confiding smile, "Dolly's children had the scarlatina, and one day Turovtsuin happened to call on my sister. Would you believe it?" she said, lowering her voice: "he was so sorry for them, that he staid to take care of the little invalids. For three weeks he played nurse to the children. I am telling Konstantin Dmitritch of Turovtsuin's kindness at the time of the scarlatina," said she, turning towards her sister.

"Yes, it was remarkable: it was lovely!" replied Dolly, looking at Turovtsuin with a grateful smile. Levin also looked at him, and was surprised that he had never understood him till then.

XII.

The discussion about the emancipation of women was a delicate one to carry on in the presence of the ladies, so it was dropped. But as soon as dinner was over, Pestsof addressed Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, and tried to explain this question from the stand-point of inequality of rights between husband and wife in marriage; the principal reason for this inequality depending, in his opinion, on the difference established by law, and by public opinion, between the infidelity of a wife and that of a husband.

Stepan Arkadyevitch suddenly offered a cigar to Karénin.

"No, I do not smoke," replied the latter calmly; and as if to prove that he was not afraid of this conversation, he turned towards Pestsof with his icy smile.

"This inequality goes, it seems to me, to the very root of things," said he, and he turned towards the drawing-room; but here Turovtsuin again interrupted him.

"Have you heard the story about Priatchnikof?" he asked, animated by the champagne, and taking advantage of a moment that he had been impatiently awaiting, to break a silence which weighed heavily on him. "Vasia Priatchnikof?" and he turned towards Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, as towards the most important guest, with a good-natured smile on his thick lips, red and moist. "I heard, this morning, that he fought a duel at Tver, with Kvuitsky, and killed him."

The conversation seemed fated, on this occasion, to touch Alekséi Aleksandrovitch on the sore spot. Stepan Arkadyevitch noticed it, and wished to come to his brother-in-law's assistance; but Karénin asked, with curiosity, "Why did he fight a duel?"

"On account of his wife: he behaved bravely about it, for he challenged his rival, and killed him."

"Ah!" said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, with unconcern; and, raising his eyebrows, he left the room.

Dolly was waiting for him in a little parlor, and said, smiling timidly, —

"How glad I am that you came! I want to talk with you. Let us sit down here."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, preserving the air of indifference caused by his elevated eyebrows, sat down near her.

"All the more willingly," said he, "as I wish to ask you to excuse me for leaving you as soon as possible. I go away to-morrow morning."

Darya Aleksandrovna, firmly convinced of Anna's innocence, was conscious of growing pale and trembling with anger before this heartless, unfeeling man, who coolly proposed to ruin her friend.

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," she said, with desperate courage, collecting all her firmness to look him full in the face, "I have asked you to give me news of Anna, and you have not replied: how is she?"

"I think that she is well, Darya Aleksandrovna," replied Karénin, without looking at her.

"Pardon me, if I have no right to insist upon it; but I love Anna like a sister; tell me, I pray you, what has happened between you and her, and what you accuse her of."

Karénin frowned, and bent his head, almost closing his eyes.

"Your husband must have told you, I think, the reasons which oblige me to break my relations with Anna Arkadyevna," said he, casting a glance of annoyance towards Shcherbatsky, who was passing through the room.

"I do not believe it, I do not believe it! and I never will believe it!" murmured Dolly, pressing her thin hands together energetically. She rose quickly, and, touching Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's arm, said, "We shall be disturbed here: let us go in there, please."

Dolly's emotion was communicated to Karénin: he arose,

and followed her into the children's schoolroom, where they seated themselves in front of a table covered with an oil-cloth, somewhat the worse for pen-knife strokes.

"I don't believe it, I don't believe it!" repeated Dolly, trying to catch his eye, which avoided hers.

"One cannot deny *facts*, Darya Aleksandrovna," said he, dwelling on the word *facts*.

"But what has she done? precisely what has she done?"

"She has failed to do her duty, and betrayed her husband. That is what she has done."

"No, no! it is impossible! no, thank the Lord, you are mistaken!" cried Dolly, putting her hands to her temples, and closing her eyes.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch smiled coolly out of the corners of his mouth: he wished to prove to Dolly, and to prove to himself, that his conviction was immovable. But at this heated interference, his wound opened afresh; and although it was impossible for him to doubt, he replied with less coldness, —

"It is difficult to make a mistake when a woman herself declares to her husband that eight years of married life and a son count for nothing, and that she wishes to begin life over again," he replied angrily, dilating his nostrils.

"Anna and vice! I cannot associate the two ideas: I cannot believe it."

"Darya Aleksandrovna!" — said he angrily, now looking straight at Dolly's distressed face, and feeling his tongue involuntarily unloosed, — "I would give a great deal to be able still to have any doubts! Yesterday, doubt was cruel, but the present is still more cruel. When I doubted, I hoped in spite of every thing. Now there is no hope, and, moreover, I have doubted every thing. I am so full of doubt that I cannot bear to see my son. I sometimes do not believe that he is my son. I am very unhappy!"

As soon as Dolly met his look, she understood that he was telling her what was true. She pitied him, and her faith in her friend's innocence was shaken.

"*Ach!* it is terrible! but are you really decided about the divorce?"

"I have resorted to this at last, because" —

"Don't do it! Don't do it!" said Dolly, with tears in her eyes. "No, don't do it!"

"I see no other way to take. The most dreadful thing

about a misfortune of this kind is, that one cannot bear his cross as in any other, — a loss or a death," said he, divining Dolly's thought. "You cannot remain in the humiliating position brought upon you, *on ne peut vivre à trois!*"

"I understand, I understand perfectly," replied Dolly, bowing her head. She was silent, and her own domestic troubles came to her mind; but suddenly she folded her hands with a supplicating gesture, and, lifting her eyes fearlessly to Karénin, "Wait a bit," she said: "you are a Christian. Think what will become of her if you abandon her."

"I have thought of it. I have thought a great deal about it, Darya Aleksandrovna." He looked at her with troubled eyes, and his face turned crimson. Dolly pitied him now from the bottom of her heart. "When she told me of her disgrace herself, I gave her a chance to re-instate herself. I tried to save her. What did she do then? She paid no attention to the least of demands, — respect to propriety!" he added, choking. "One can save a man who does not want to perish: but with a nature corrupt to the extent of finding happiness in his destruction, what would you have one do?"

"Every thing, except divorce."

"What do you mean by every thing?"

"Only think that she will no longer be anybody's wife. She will be lost! It is terrible!"

"What can I do?" replied Karénin, raising his shoulders and his eyebrows; and the memory of his last explanation with his wife, suddenly brought him back to the same degree of coldness as at the beginning of the interview. "I am very grateful to you for your sympathy, but I am compelled to leave you," he added, rising.

"No, wait a moment! you must not give her up: listen to me; I speak from experience. I, too, am married, and my husband deceived me: in my jealousy and my indignation, I too wished to leave him; but I considered the matter, and who saved me? Anna. Now I am living again. Now my children are growing up, my husband has returned to his family, knows his wrong-doing, is growing better, nobler. I live, I have forgiven him; and you ought to forgive her!"

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch listened; but Dolly's words were of no effect, for the anger which caused him to decide upon a divorce was rankling in his soul. He replied in a loud, penetrating voice, "Forgive her? I cannot, nor do I wish to. It would be unjust. I have done what was next to im-

possible for this woman, and she has dragged every thing in the mire, which seems to suit her better. I am not a bad man, and I have never hated anybody before; but her I hate with all the strength of my soul, and I will not forgive her, for she has done me too great wrong!" and tears of anger trembled in his voice.

"Love them that hate you," murmured Dolly, almost ashamed.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch smiled scornfully. He was familiar with these words, but they did not apply to his situation.

"We can love those who hate us, but not those whom we hate. I beg your pardon for having troubled you: sufficient unto every man is his own burden." And having recovered his self-possession, Karénin calmly took leave of Dolly, and went away.

XIII.

Levin resisted the temptation to follow Kitty into the drawing-room after leaving the table, lest she should be offended by too marked attention from him: he remained with the men, and took part in the general conversation. But, without looking at Kitty, he saw every motion that she made, and knew just where she was in the drawing-room. At first he fulfilled, without the least effort, the promise that he had made to love his neighbor, and to think nothing but good of him. The conversation turned on the commune in Russia, which Pestsof considered as a new order of things, destined to serve as an example to the rest of the world. Levin agreed as little with him as he did with Sergéi Ivanovitch, who recognized, and at the same time denied, the value of this institution; but he tried to reconcile them by toning down the terms which they used, without showing the least partiality in the discussion. His one desire was, to see both of them happy and contented. The one person from henceforth of any importance to him was coming near the door. He felt a look and a smile fixed upon him, and was obliged to look around. She was standing there with Shcherbatsky, and looking at him.

"I thought you were going to sit down at the piano," said he, approaching her. "Music is what I have to do without in the country."

"No, we merely came to find you; and I thank you for

coming to us," she replied, recompensing him with a smile. "What pleasure can there be in discussing? Nobody is ever convinced."

"*Da!* how true that is!"

Levin had so many times noticed that long discussions, with great efforts to be logical, and a great waste of words, often produced no result, that he was delighted to hear Kitty express his thoughts so exactly. Shcherbatsky stepped away; and the young girl, going to a card-table, sat down, and, taking a piece of chalk in her hand, began to draw circles on the cloth.

"*Ach!* I have covered the table with my scrawls," said she, laying down the chalk, after a moment's silence, with a movement, as if she were going to rise.

"What shall I do to stay with her?" thought Levin, terrified.

"Wait," said he, sitting down near the table. "I have wanted for a long time to ask you something."

He looked at her fondly, but a little disturbed.

"What is it?"

"This is it," said he, taking the chalk, and writing the letters *w*, *y*, *s*, *i*, *i*, *i*, *w*, *i*, *i*, *t*, *o*, *a?* These letters were the initials of the words, "When you said, 'It is impossible,' was it impossible *then*, or *always?*"

It was not at all likely that Kitty would be able to make out this complicated question. Levin looked at her, nevertheless, as though his life depended on whether she could guess these words.

She studied it seriously, resting her forehead on her hand, and gave her whole attention to deciphering it, interrogating Levin occasionally with her eyes.

"I know what it is," said she, blushing.

"What is this word?" he asked, pointing to the *i* of the word *impossible*.

"That letter stands for *impossible*. The word is not right," she replied.

He quickly rubbed out what he had written, and gave the chalk to her. She wrote: *t*, *I*, *c*, *n*, *a*, *d*.

Dolly, seeing her sister with the chalk in her hand, a timid and happy smile on her lips, raising her eyes to Levin, who was leaning over the table, beaming now at her, now at the cloth, felt consoled for her conversation with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. She saw Levin light up with joy; he had understood the reply: "*Then I could not answer differently.*"

He looked at Kitty timidly and inquiringly.

"Only *then?*"

"Yes," replied the young girl's smile.

"And — now?" he asked.

"Read this. I will tell you what I wish;" and she quickly traced the initials of the words, "That you can forgive and forget."

He seized the chalk in turn, with his excited, trembling fingers, and replied in the same way, "I have never ceased to love you."

Kitty looked at him, and her smile died away.

"I understand," she murmured.

"You are playing *secrétaire*, are you?" said the old prince, coming up to them. "*Nu!* But, if you are going to the theatre, it is time to start."

Levin rose and accompanied Kitty to the door. This conversation decided every thing: Kitty had acknowledged her love for him, and had given him permission to come the next morning to speak to her parents.

XIV.

After Kitty had gone, Levin felt a restlessness come over him: he dreaded as he dreaded death the fourteen hours to be endured before to-morrow when he should see her again. To pass away the time, he felt it absolutely necessary not to remain alone, but to have somebody to talk to. Stepan Arkadyevitch, whom he would have liked to keep with him, was going apparently to a reception, but in reality to the ballet. Levin could only tell him that he was happy, and should never, never forget what he owed to him.

"What! Then you have nothing more to say about dying?" said Oblonsky, pressing his friend's hand affectionately.

"N— N— N— No," replied the latter.

Dolly, too, almost congratulated him when she bade him good-night. She said, "How glad I am that you have made up with Kitty!" and her words displeased Levin. Nothing would allow him to allude to his good fortune. To avoid being alone, he joined his brother.

"Where are you going?"

"To a meeting."

"*Nu!* I'll go with you. May I?"

"Why not?" said Sergéi Ivanovitch, smiling. "What has happened to you to-day?"

"What has happened? Good fortune," said Levin, letting down the carriage window. "Have you any objection? I am suffocating. Why have you never been married?"

Sergéi Ivanovitch smiled.

"I am delighted: she is a charming girl," he began.

"No, don't say any thing about it, don't say any thing about it!" cried Levin, seizing the collar of his *shuba*, and covering his face with the fur. *A charming girl:* what commonplace words! and how feebly they corresponded to his feelings!

"To-morrow you may speak; but not another word now, not another word, not another word! Be silent. I love you very much. What is your subject for discussion to-day?" asked Levin, still smiling.

They had reached their destination. During the meeting Levin heard the secretary stammer through the report that he did not understand: but he could see, from this secretary's face, that he was a good, amiable, sympathetic fellow; it was evident from the way that he hesitated and became confused while reading. Then came the debates. They discussed about the disposal of certain sums of money, and the laying of certain sewer-pipes. Sergéi Ivanovitch attacked two members of the commission, and made a triumphant speech against them; after which another member, reading from a paper, after some timid hesitation, replied briefly in a charming though bitter fashion; and then Sviazhsky, in his turn, expressed his opinions nobly and eloquently. Levin listened all the while, feeling that the money to be expended, the sewer-pipes, and the rest, were of no serious importance; that they were only a pretext to bring together pleasant, congenial people. Nobody was bored, and Levin noticed with surprise — from some trifling incidents which once would have entirely escaped his notice — that he could now penetrate the thoughts of each of the speakers, read their souls, and see what excellent natures they possessed; and he felt that they all liked him. Those who did not know him seemed to speak to him, to look at him pleasantly and in a friendly manner.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"Very much: I never should have believed that it would be so interesting."

Sviazhsky approached the two brothers, and invited Levin to come and take a cup of tea at his house.

"I should be delighted," replied the latter, forgetting his old prejudices; and he immediately inquired after Madame Sviazhsky and her sister. By a strange association of ideas, as Sviazhsky's sister-in-law suggested marriage, he concluded that nobody would be more interested than she and her sister to hear of his happiness. So he was very much pleased with the idea of going to see them.

Sviazhsky questioned him about his affairs, always refusing to admit that any thing could be discovered which had not already been discovered in Europe; but his theory did not arouse Levin's opposition. Sviazhsky ought to be right on all points, and Levin admired the gentleness and delicacy with which he avoided proving it too clearly.

The ladies were charming. Levin believed that they knew all, and that they shared his joy, but that they avoided speaking of it from discretion. He remained for three hours, talking on various subjects, and continually alluding to what filled his soul, without noticing that he was mortally tiring his friends, and that they were falling asleep.

At last, Sviazhsky, yawning, accompanied him to the vestibule, very much surprised at his friend's behavior. Levin reached his hotel between one and two o'clock in the morning, and was frightened at the thought of passing ten hours alone, a prey to his impatience. The watchman who was on duty in the corridor lighted his candles, and was about to withdraw when Levin stopped him. This fellow was called Yégor. Never before had he paid any attention to him; but he suddenly became aware that he was a good, intelligent man, and, above all, kind-hearted.

"Tell me, Yégor, don't you find it hard to go without your sleep?"

"What difference does it make? It is our calling. We have an easier time in gentlemen's houses, but less profit."

He found out that Yégor was the father of a family of four children, — three boys, and a girl whom he hoped to marry to a harness-maker's clerk.

At the announcement of this plan, Levin communicated his ideas about love in marriage to Yégor, remarking that people are always happy where there is love, because their happiness is in themselves. Yégor listened attentively, and evidently understood Levin's meaning; but he confirmed it

by an unexpected reflection,—that when he, Yégor, had served good masters, he had always been satisfied with them, and that he was contented with his master now, although he was a Frenchman.

"What an excellent fellow!" thought Levin. "*Nu!* and did you love your wife, Yégor, when you married her?"

"Why shouldn't I love her?" replied Yégor. And Levin noticed how eager Yégor was to confide to him his inmost thoughts.

"My life, too, has been an extraordinary one," he began, his eyes shining, overcome by Levin's enthusiasm as one is overcome by the contagion of yawning. "From my childhood"— But the bell rang: Yégor departed, and Levin was left alone.

Although he had eaten scarcely any thing at dinner, although he had refused to take any tea or supper at Sviazhsky's, still he couldn't eat; and although he hadn't slept the preceding night, he didn't think of sleeping now. He couldn't breathe in his room; and, in spite of the cold, he opened a window, and seated himself on a table in front of it. Above the roofs covered with snow rose the carved cross of a church, and higher still were the constellations of the Charioteer and the bright Capella. While breathing the cold air which filled his room, he looked now at the cross, now at the stars, rising as in a dream among the figures and memories called up by his imagination.

Towards four o'clock in the morning footsteps were heard in the corridor: he opened his door, and saw a gambler returning from his club. It was a man named Miaskin, whom Levin knew. He walked along, coughing, gloomy, and scowling. "Poor, unfortunate fellow!" thought Levin, whose eyes filled with tears of pity. He wanted to stop him, to speak to him, and console him; but, remembering that he was undressed, he went back, and sat down to bathe himself in the icy air, and to look at the strangely formed cross, so full of meaning to him in the silence, and at the beautiful, bright stars above it.

Towards seven o'clock the men polishing the floors began to make a noise, the bells rang for early morning service, and Levin began to feel that he was taking cold. He closed the window, made his toilet, and went out.

XV.

The streets were still deserted when Levin reached the Shcherbatskys' house: everybody was asleep, and the principal entrance was still closed. He went back to the hotel, and asked for coffee. It was the day watchman who brought it to him, and not Yégor. Levin wished to enter into conversation with him; but, unfortunately, somebody rang, and he went out. He tried to take his coffee, but was unable to swallow the piece of *kalatch* [white-bread] that he put in his mouth. Then he put on his overcoat again, and returned to the Shcherbatskys' house. It was just ten o'clock, and they were beginning to get up; the cook was going to market. He must make up his mind to wait at least two hours longer.

Levin had passed the whole night and the morning in a complete state of indifference to the material conditions of existence: he had neither eaten nor slept; had been exposed, with almost no clothing, to the cold for several hours; and he not only was fresh and hearty, but he felt freed from all the slavery of body, master of his powers, and capable of the most extraordinary actions, such as flying through the air or jumping over the top of a house. He roamed about the streets to pass away the time, consulting his watch every moment or two, and looking about him. What he saw that day he never saw again. He was particularly struck by the children on their way to school; the pigeons, with ever-changing plumage, flying from the roof to the sidewalk; the *saïkis* [little cakes] powdered with flour that an invisible hand was arranging in a window. All these things seemed extraordinary. A child ran towards one of the pigeons, and looked at Levin, smiling; the pigeon spread its wings, and shone in the sunlight through a cloud of fine snow; and the smell of hot bread came through the window where the *saïkis* were displayed. All these, taken as a whole, produced so lively an impression on Levin that he began to laugh aloud. After going around by the Gazetnaia and Kislovka Streets, he went back to the hotel, sat down, placed his watch before him, and waited till the hands pointed to the hour of noon. When it struck twelve he went on the steps of the hotel; and the *izvoshchiks*, with happy faces, surrounded him, disputing as to which should offer his services. Evidently they knew all about it. He chose one, and, not to offend the others, prom-

ised to take them some other time; then he drove to the Shcherbatskys'. The *izvoshchik* was charming, with his white shirt-collar above his *kaftan* surrounding his strong, red neck. He had a comfortable sleigh, more comfortable than ordinary sleighs, — such a sleigh as Levin had never seen before, — drawn by a good horse, who did his best to run, without making the least progress. The *izvoshchik* knew the Shcherbatsky house: he stopped before the door, flourishing his arms, and turned respectfully towards Levin, saying "Whoa" to his horse.

The Shcherbatskys' servant knew all about it, surely: that was plain from the look in his eyes, and the way he said, —

"*Nu!* it is a long time since you have been here, Konstantin Dmitritch,"

Not only did he know what had happened, but he was full of delight, and tried to conceal his joy. Levin felt a shade happier when he caught the old man's good-natured eyes.

"Are they up?"

"Please come in. Leave that here," added the Swiss as Levin was turning back to get his *shapka* [fur cap]. "That must have some significance," he thought.

"To whom shall I announce you, sir?" asked a lackey.

This lackey, though young, new in the house, and with some pretension to elegance, was very obliging, very attentive; and he, too, seemed to understand the situation.

"To the princess — I mean the prince; no, the young princess," replied Levin.

The first person whom he met was Mademoiselle Linon. She was passing through the hall, radiant in her little curls and her shining face. He had hardly spoken to her when the rustling of a dress was heard near the door. Mademoiselle Linon disappeared from before his eyes, and he was overcome with the thought of the happiness awaiting him. Hardly had the old governess hastened away, when little, light-tripping feet ran over the floor, and his happiness, his life, the better part of himself, that which he yearned for so long, drew near. She did not walk: some invisible power seemed to bring her towards him. He saw only her bright, truthful eyes, filled with the same timid joy that filled his own heart. These eyes, shining nearer and nearer to him, almost blinded him with their light of love. She stood before him, almost touching him; then she placed her two hands gently on his shoulders; and then she gave herself to him, trembling and

happy. He folded her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers.

She, too, after a sleepless night, had been waiting for him all the morning. Her parents were perfectly agreed, and happy in her happiness. She had been on the watch for his coming. She wanted to be the first to tell him of their happiness. Shy and confused, she hardly knew how to carry out her plan. She heard his steps and voice, and hid herself behind the door to wait till Mademoiselle Linon had gone. Then, without questioning further, she came to him.

"Now, let us find mamma," said she, taking his hand.

For a long time he could not utter a word, because not only was he afraid of lessening the intensity of his joy by words, but because his tears choked him. He took her by the hand, and kissed her.

"Is it really true?" he said at last in a husky voice. "I cannot believe that you love me."

She smiled at his *tui* and at the timidity with which he looked at her.

"Yes," she replied, slowly lingering on this word. "I am so happy!"

Without letting go his hand, she went with him into the drawing-room. As soon as the princess saw them, she almost went into hysterics; then, running to Levin with a sudden energy, she seized his head, and kissed him, bedewing his face with her tears.

"So all is settled? I am delighted. Love her. I am so glad — for you — Kitty!"

"It didn't take you long to arrange matters," said the old prince, trying to appear calm; but Levin saw his eyes fill with tears.

"It is something I have long been anxious for," said the prince, drawing Levin towards him. "And when this little goose thought"—

"Papa!" cried Kitty, putting her hand over his mouth.

"*Nu!* Very well, very well, I won't say any thing," said he. "I am very — very — hap — *Ach!* how stupid I am!"

And he took Kitty in his arms, kissed her face, her hands, and then her face again, blessing her with the sign of the cross.

Levin felt a new and strange affection for the old prince when he saw how tenderly and fervently Kitty kissed his great, strong hand.

XVI.

The princess was sitting in her easy-chair, silent and beaming; the prince was sitting beside her; Kitty was standing near her father, holding his hand. Everybody was silent.

The princess was the first to bring their thoughts and feelings back to the affairs of real life; and the transition gave each of them, for a moment, a strange and painful impression.

"When shall the wedding be? We must announce the marriage, and have them betrothed. What do you think about it, Aleksandr?"

"There is the person most interested: let him decide it," said the prince, pointing to Levin.

"When?" replied the latter, blushing. "To-morrow, if you wish my opinion; to-day, the betrothal; to-morrow, the wedding."

"*Nu!* Come, now, *mon cher*, no nonsense."

"Well, in a week, then."

"One would really suppose that you had lost your senses."

"But why not?"

"And the *trousseau?*" said the mother, smiling gayly at his impatience.

"Is it possible that a *trousseau* and all the rest are indispensable?" thought Levin, with alarm. "After all, neither the *trousseau*, nor the betrothal, nor any thing else, can spoil my happiness!" He looked at Kitty, and noticed that the idea of the *trousseau* did not offend her at all. "It must be very necessary," he said to himself. "I admit that I know nothing about it. I have merely expressed my desire," said he, excusing himself.

"We will consider the matter: now we will have the betrothal, and announce the marriage."

The princess stepped up to her husband, kissed him, and was about to move away again; but he held her, and kissed her again and again, like a young lover. The two old people seemed agitated, and ready to believe that it was not their daughter who was to be married, but themselves.

When they had gone out, Levin approached his *fiancée*, and took her hand; he had regained his self-possession, and could speak; he had many other things on his mind to tell her, but he did not say at all what he intended to say.

"I knew that it would be like this: at the bottom of my heart I was sure of it, without ever daring to hope. I believe that it was predestined."

"And I," replied Kitty, "even when," — she hesitated, then continued, looking at him resolutely out of her sincere eyes, — "even when I rejected my happiness. I never loved anybody but you: I was led away. I must ask you, can you forget it?"

"Perhaps it was best that it should be so. You, too, will have to pardon me, for I must confess to you."

This was one of the things that he had on his mind to tell her. He had decided to confess every thing to her, from his earliest life, — first, that he was not as pure as she, and then that he was not a believer. He thought it his duty to make these confessions to her, however cruel they might be.

"No, not now; later," he added.

"But tell me every thing. I am not afraid of any thing. I want to know all, every thing"—

"Every thing is," he interrupted, "that you take me just as I am: you do not take back your word!"

"No, oh, no!"

Their conversation was interrupted by Mademoiselle Linon, who, trying to look properly serious, came to congratulate her favorite pupil: she had not left the drawing-room, before the servants wished to offer their congratulations. The relatives and friends came next; and this was the beginning of that absurdly happy period, from which Levin was not free till the day after his marriage.

Although he always felt constrained and ill at ease, this strain of mind did not prevent his happiness from increasing; he imagined that if the time preceding his marriage passed exactly in accordance with the usual customs, his joy would suffer; but although he did exactly as everybody else did in such cases, his happiness, instead of diminishing, knew no bounds.

"Now," said Mademoiselle Linon, "we shall have all the *bonbons* we wish for;" and Levin ran to buy *bonbons*.

"*Nu!* very glad! I advise you to get your bouquets at Famin's," said Sviazhsky.

"Do you?" said Levin; and he went to Famin's.

His brother advised him to borrow money, because there would be many expenses for presents and other necessities of the hour.

"For presents? Really?" and he started off on the run to buy jewellery at Fulda's.

At the confectioner's, at Famin's, at Fulda's, everybody seemed to expect him, and everybody seemed happy and triumphant, like himself: strange as it may seem, his enthusiasm was shared by even those who before had seemed cold and indifferent; people approved of him in every way, they treated his feelings with delicacy and gentleness, they shared his conviction that he was the happiest man in the world, because his *fiancée* was the pink of perfection: and Kitty was impressed in the same way.

When the Countess Nordstone alluded to the more brilliant hopes that she had conceived for her friend, Kitty became angry, and declared so vehemently that it would have been impossible for her to prefer anybody to Levin, that the countess was convinced that she was right. From that time she never met Kitty with her lover without smiling enthusiastically, though she did not approve of Levin.

A painful, a very painful, incident happened at this period. It concerned the confession which he had promised. He had consulted the old prince. Acting on his advice, Levin gave Kitty a journal containing his confessions, written purposely to show to the one whom he should marry. Of the two delicate points with which it was concerned, the one which passed almost unnoticed was his unbelief. She was a Christian herself, and incapable of doubting her religion, but her lover's lack of piety was a matter of indifference to Kitty: this heart that love had made her acquainted with, contained all that she needed to find there; it was of little importance to her that he termed the state of his soul incredulity. But the second acknowledgment caused her to shed bitter tears.

Levin had a great struggle with himself before he decided to make this confession: he was resolved to make it because he wished to have no secrets between them, but he did not realize what an effect it would have on a young girl. The abyss which separated his miserable past from her dovelike purity became plain to him when, as he entered Kitty's room one evening before going to the theatre, he saw her lovely face bathed in tears: he understood then the irreparable harm he had done, and he was filled with alarm.

"Take back these terrible papers!" she said, pushing away the sheets lying on the table. "Why did you give

them to me? However, perhaps it was for the best," she added, seized with pity at the sight of Levin's despairing face. "But it is terrible, terrible!"

He hung his head, unable to say a word in reply.

"You will not forgive me!" he murmured.

"Yes, I have forgiven you; but it is terrible!"

This incident, however, only served to add a shade more to his immense joy. He understood the worth of it still better after this pardon.

XVII.

When he returned to his lonely room, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch involuntarily recalled, little by little, the conversations that had taken place at the dinner and in the evening. Dolly's words had only succeeded in arousing his vexation. His situation was too difficult to allow him to apply the precepts of the New Testament: besides, he had already considered this question, and decided it in the negative. Of all that had been said that day, the remark of that honest fool Turovtsuin had made the liveliest impression on his mind:—

"He did bravely, for he challenged his rival, and killed him."

Evidently this conduct was approved by all; and if they had not said so openly, it was out of pure politeness.

"But what good would it do to think about it? Had he not resolved what to do?" And Alekséi Aleksandrovitch gave no more thought to any thing except the preparations for his departure, and his tour of inspection.

He took a cup of tea, opened a railway guide and looked for the departure of trains, to arrange for his journey.

At this moment the servant brought him two despatches. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch opened them: the first announced the nomination of Stremof to the place for which he had been ambitious. Karénin threw down the telegram, and began to walk up and down the room. "*Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat*," said he, applying *quos* to all those who had taken part in this nomination. He was less disturbed by the fact that he himself had not been nominated, than to see Stremof, that babbler, that speechifier, filling the place. Couldn't they understand that they were ruining themselves, that they were destroying their *prestige*, by such a choice?

"Some more news of the same sort," he thought with

bitterness as he opened the second telegram. It was from his wife: her name, "Anna," in blue pencil, stood out before his eyes.

"I am dying. I beg you to come: I shall die easier if I have your forgiveness."

He read these words with scorn, and threw the paper on the floor. "Some new scheme," was his first thought. "There is no deceitfulness of which she is not capable. She must be on the eve of her confinement, and there is something amiss. But what can be her object? To compromise me? to prevent the divorce? The despatch says, 'I am dying.'" He re-read the telegram, and suddenly realized its full meaning. "If it were true, — if the suffering, the approach of death, had caused her to repent sincerely, and if I should call this pretence, and refuse to go to her, that would not only be cruel, but foolish, and all would blame me."

"Piotr, order a carriage: I am going to Petersburg!" he cried to the servant.

Karénin decided to go to his wife, and be ready to return at once if her illness was a pretence: on the other hand, if she were really repentant, and wanted to see him before she died, he would forgive her; and, if he reached her too late, he could at least pay his last respects to her.

Having made up his mind to do this, he gave it no more thought during the journey. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, tired and dusty with his night of travelling, reached Petersburg in the early morning. He crossed the still deserted Nevsky Perspective, looking straight before him through the morning mist, without wishing to think of what was awaiting him at home. He did not wish to think about it, because he couldn't help feeling that his wife's death would put a speedy end to all difficulties of his situation. The bakers, the night *izvoshchiks*, the *dvorniks* sweeping the sidewalks, the closed shops, — all passed like a flash before his eyes; he noticed every thing, and tried to stifle the hope that he reproached himself for entertaining. When he reached his house he saw an *izvoshchik*, and a carriage with a coachman asleep, standing before the door. On the steps Alekséi Aleksandrovitch made another effort to come to a decision, wrested, it seemed to him, from the most hidden recess of his brain, and which was something like this: "If she has deceived me, I will be calm, and go away again; but if she has told the truth, I will do what is proper."

The Swiss opened the door even before Karénin rang the bell; the Swiss presented a strange appearance, without any necktie, dressed in an old coat and slippers.

"How is the *baruina?*"

"She is as comfortable as could be expected."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch turned very pale: he realized how deeply he had hoped for her death.

Kornéi, the servant in morning-dress, came quickly down the stairs.

"Madame is very low," he said. "There was a consultation yesterday, and the doctor is here now."

"Take my things," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, a little comforted to learn that all hope of death was not lost; and he went into the reception-room.

A uniform overcoat hung in the hall. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch noticed it, and asked, —

"Who is here?"

"The doctor, the nurse, and Count Vronsky."

Karénin went into the drawing-room. There was nobody there; but the sound of his steps brought the nurse, in a cap with lilac ribbons, out of the *boudoir*. She came to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, and, taking him by the hand with the familiarity that the approach of death permits, led him into the sleeping-room.

"Thank the Lord that you have come! She talks of nothing but you; always of you," she said.

"Bring some ice quick!" said the imperative voice of the doctor from the chamber.

In the *boudoir*, sitting on a little low chair, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch saw Vronsky weeping, his face covered with his hands. He started at the sound of the doctor's voice, uncovered his face, and found himself in the presence of Karénin. The sight of him disturbed him so much that he sank down in his chair, as if he wanted to disappear out of sight; then, making a great effort, he rose, and said, —

"She is dying: the doctors say that there is no hope. I am in your power. Only allow me to remain here. I will conform to your wishes in every other respect. I" —

When he saw Vronsky in tears, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch felt the involuntary tenderness that the sufferings of others always caused him: he turned away his head without replying, and went to the door.

Anna's voice could be heard from the sleeping-room, live-

ly, gay, and articulating clearly. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went in, and approached her bed. Her face was turned towards him. Her cheeks were bright, her eyes brilliant: her little white hands, coming out of the sleeves of her night-dress, were playing with the corner of the coverlet. Not only did she seem fresh and well, but in the happiest frame of mind: she talked fast and loud, accenting her words with precision and nicety.

"For Alekséi. I am speaking of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch — strange, isn't it, and cruel, that both should be named Alekséi? Alekséi would not have refused me: I should have forgotten. He would have forgiven — *Da!* why does he not come? He is good: he himself does not know how good he is. *Ach! Bozhe moï!* what agony! Give me some water, quick! *Ach!* but that is not good for her, — my little daughter. *Nu!* then very well: give her to the nurse. I am willing: that will be even better. *Nu!* when he comes, she will be hateful in his sight; take her away."

"Anna Arkadyevna, he has come; here he is," said the nurse, trying to draw her attention to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"*Ach!* what nonsense!" continued Anna, without seeing her husband. "*Da!* give the little one to me, give her to me! He hasn't come yet. You pretend that he will not forgive me, because you do not know him. Nobody knows him. I alone — His eyes, one must know them. Serozha's are very like them: that is why I can no longer look at them. Has Serozha had his dinner? I know he will be forgotten. Oh, do not forget him! Let Serozha be brought into the corner-chamber, and let Mariette sleep near him."

Suddenly she was silent: she looked frightened, and raised her arms above her head as if to ward off a blow. She had recognized her husband.

"No, no," she said quickly, "I am not afraid of him: I am afraid of dying. Alekséi, come here. I am in a hurry, because there is no time to be lost. I have only a few minutes to live: the fever will be upon me again, and I shall know nothing more. Now I am conscious: I understand every thing and I see every thing."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's wrinkled face expressed acute suffering: he wanted to speak, but his lower lip trembled so that he could not utter a word, and his emotion hardly allowed him to glance at the dying woman. He took her

hand, and held it between his own. Every time that he turned his head towards her, he saw her eyes fixed on him with a sweetness and a humility that he had never seen there before.

"Wait! you do not know — Wait, wait!" She stopped to collect her thoughts. "Yes," she began again, "yes, yes, yes, this is what I want to say. Do not be astonished. I am always the same, but there is another being within me, whom I fear: it is she who loved him, *him*, and hated you; and I could not forget what I had once been. Now I am myself, entirely, really myself, and not another. I am dying, I know that I am dying: ask him if I am not. I feel it now; there are those terrible weights on my hand and my feet and on my fingers. My fingers! they are enormous; but all that will soon be over. One thing only is indispensable to me: forgive me, forgive me wholly! I am a sinner; but Serozha's nurse told me that there was a holy martyr — what was her name? — who was worse than I. I will go to Rome: there is a desert there. I shall not trouble anybody there. I will only take Serozha and my little daughter. No, you cannot forgive me: I know very well that it is impossible. Go away, go away! you are too perfect!"

She held him with one of her burning hands, and pushed him away with the other.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's emotion became so great that he could no longer control himself. He suddenly felt his emotions change to a moral reconciliation, which seemed like a new and unknown happiness. He had not believed that the Christian law, which he had taken for a guide in life, ordered him to forgive and love his enemies; and yet his soul was filled with love and forgiveness. Kneeling beside the bed, he laid his forehead on her arm, the fever of which burned through the sleeve, and sobbed like a child. She bent towards him, placed her arm around her husband's bald head, and raised her eyes defiantly.

"There, I knew that it would be so. Now farewell, farewell to all! They are coming back again. Why don't they go away? *Da!* take off all these furs from me!"

The doctor laid her back gently on her pillows, and drew the covering over her arms. Anna made no resistance, looking all the while straight before her, with shining eyes.

"Remember that I have only asked your pardon: I ask nothing more. Why doesn't *he* come?" she said, suddenly looking towards the door, towards Vronsky. "Come! come here, and give him your hand."

Vronsky came to the side of the bed, and, when he saw Anna, he hid his face in his hands.

"Uncover your face; look at him, he is a saint," said she. "Uncover your face! look at him!" she repeated in an irritated manner. "Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, uncover his face: I want to see him."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch took Vronsky's hands and uncovered his face, disfigured by suffering and humiliation.

"Give him your hand; forgive him."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch held out his hand to him, without trying to keep back the tears.

"Thank the Lord! thank the Lord!" said she; "now every thing is right. I will stretch out my feet a little, like that; that is better. How ugly those flowers are! they do not look like violets," she said, pointing to the hangings in her room. "*Bozhe moï! Bozhe moï!* when will this be over? Give me some morphine, doctor; some morphine. *Bozhe moï! Bozhe moï!*" And she tossed about on the bed.

The doctors said that in this fever there was not one chance in a hundred of her living. She passed the day delirious and unconscious. Towards midnight her pulse became very low: the end was expected every moment.

Vronsky went home, but he came back the next morning to learn how she was. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch came to meet him in the reception-room, and said to him, "Stay here: perhaps she will ask for you." Then he took him to his wife's *boudoir* himself. In the morning the restlessness, the rapidity of thought and speech, returned; but soon unconsciousness intervened again. The third day was much the same, and the doctors began to hope. On this day Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went into the *boudoir* where Vronsky was, closed the door, and sat down in front of him.

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," said Vronsky, feeling that an explanation was to be made, "I cannot speak, I cannot think. Have pity on me! Whatever may be your suffering, believe that mine is still more terrible."

He was going to rise; but Alekséi Aleksandrovitch prevented him, and said, "Pray listen to me: it is unavoidable. I am forced to explain to you the feelings that guide me, and will continue to guide me, that you may avoid making any mistake in regard to me. You know that I had decided on a divorce, and that I had taken the preliminary steps to ob-

tain one?" I will not deny that at first I was undecided, I was in torment. I confess that I wanted to avenge myself. When I received the telegram, and came home, I felt the same desire. I will say more: I hoped that she would die. But" — he was silent for a moment, considering whether he would wholly reveal his thoughts — "but I have seen her: I have forgiven her absolutely. The happiness I feel at being able to forgive, clearly shows me my duty. I offer the other cheek to the smiter: I give my last cloak to him who has robbed me. I only ask one thing of God, — that he will not take away from me this joy of forgiving."

Tears filled his eyes. Vronsky was amazed at the calm, luminous face.

"These are my feelings. You may drag me in the dust, and make me the laughing-stock of creation; but I will not give up Anna for that, nor will I utter a word of reproach to you," continued Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. "My duty seems clear and plain to me: I must remain with her; I shall remain with her. If she wishes to see you, I shall inform you of it; but now I think it will be better for you to go away."

Karénin rose: sobs choked his voice. Vronsky rose too, and, standing with bowed head and humble attitude, looked up at Karénin, without a word to say. He was incapable of understanding Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's feelings; but he felt that such magnanimity was above him, and irreconcilable with his conception of life.

XVIII.

When Vronsky left the Karénin house after this interview, he stopped on the steps to ask himself where he was and what he had to do. Humiliated and perplexed, he felt deprived of all means of washing away his shame, — thrown out of the path where till now he had walked proudly and easily. All the rules which had been the guides of his life, and which he had believed irreproachable, proved false and untrue. The deceived husband, that melancholy character whom he had considered an accidental obstacle, at times absurd, happily for him had suddenly been raised by *her* to a height inspiring respect; and, instead of appearing ridiculous, he had shown himself good, grand, and generous. Vronsky could not understand it: their *rôles* had been inter-

changed. He felt Karénin's grandeur and straightforwardness, and his own baseness. This deceived husband appeared magnanimous in his grief, while he himself seemed little and miserable. But this feeling of inferiority, in comparison to a man whom he had unjustly scorned, was only a small part of his grief.

What made him profoundly unhappy was the thought of losing Anna forever. His passion, though for a time grown cool, had awakened more violent than ever. During her illness he had learned to know her better, and he believed that he had never really loved her till now. He must lose her just as he had come to know her and love her truly, — lose her, and be left with the most humiliating recollections. He recalled with horror the ridiculous and odious moment when Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had uncovered his face while he was hiding it in his hands. Standing motionless on the steps of the Karénin house, he seemed to be entirely unconscious of what he was doing.

"Shall I call an *izvoshchik?*" asked the Swiss.

"Yes, an *izvoshchik.*"

When he reached home, after three nights without sleep, Vronsky, without undressing, threw himself down on a divan, crossing his arms above his head. The strangest reminiscences, thoughts, and impressions succeeded each other in his mind with extraordinary rapidity and clearness. Now it was a drink that he wanted to give the invalid, and he dropped the spoon; now he saw the nurse's white hands, then Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's singular attitude as he knelt on the floor by the bed.

"Sleep, and forget," he said to himself, with the calm resolution of a man in good health who knows that he can sleep at will when he feels tired. His ideas became confused: he felt himself falling into the abyss of forgetfulness. Suddenly, just at the moment when he was becoming unconscious, as though the waves of an ocean had closed above his head, a violent electric shock seemed to make his body bound on the springs of the divan; and he found himself on his knees, with his eyes as wide open as if he had never dreamed of sleeping, and without any longer feeling in the least weary.

"You may drag me in the dust."

These words of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch rang in his ears. He saw him standing before him; he saw, too, Anna's feverish

face, and her brilliant eyes looking tenderly, not at *him*, but at her husband; he saw his own absurd, ridiculous face when Alekséi Aleksandrovitch drew away his hands from his face: and throwing himself back on the divan, and closing his eyes, —

"Sleep, and forget," he repeated to himself.

Then Anna's face, just as it looked on that memorable evening of the races, appeared still more radiant, although her eyes were closed.

"It's impossible, and will not be; how can she efface that from her memory? I cannot live like this! How can we be reconciled?"

He unconsciously pronounced these words aloud, and their mechanical repetition prevented the recollections and forms which besieged his brain from returning for some minutes. But the sweet moments of the past, and his recent humiliation, soon resumed their sway. "Uncover his face," said Anna's voice. He took away his hands, and realized how humiliated and ridiculous he must have appeared.

Vronsky remained lying down, hopelessly trying to sleep, and repeating some formula to drive away the new and distressing hallucinations which he thought he could prevent from arising. He listened to his own voice repeating, with a strange persistence, "You did not know how to appreciate her, you did not know how to value her: you did not know how to appreciate her, you did not know how to value her."

"What is going to happen to me? Am I going mad?" he asked himself. "Perhaps so. Why do people go mad? and why do they commit suicide?" And, while he was answering himself, he opened his eyes, surprised to see beside him a cushion embroidered by his sister-in-law Varia. He tried to fix the thought of Varia in his mind by playing with the tassel of the cushion, but any idea foreign to what tormented him was still more intolerable. "No, I must sleep." And, placing the cushion under his head, he made an effort to keep his eyes closed. Suddenly he was again seized with a shock. "All is over with me; what else can I do?" And his imagination vividly pictured what life without Anna would be.

"Ambition? Serpukhovskoï? the world? the court?" all that once had some meaning, but it had none now. He rose, took off his coat, loosened his necktie that he might breathe more freely, and began to stride up and down the room.

"It is this that makes people insane," he repeated, "that causes suicide, — to avoid disgrace," he added slowly.

He went to the door and closed it; then, with a look of determination, and with his teeth set, he went to the table, took his revolver, examined it, loaded it, and stopped to consider. He stood motionless for two minutes, with the revolver in his hand, his head bowed, his mind bent apparently on a single thought. "Certainly," he said to himself, and this decision seemed to be the logical result of a sequence of clear and exact ideas; but in reality he was continually turning around in the same circle of impressions that he had gone over for the hundredth time in the last hour. "Certainly," he repeated, his thoughts still bent on these recollections of a lost happiness, of a future become impossible, and of a crushing shame; and, holding the revolver to the left side of his breast, with an unflinching grip he pulled the trigger. He did not hear the slightest sound of the report, but the violent blow that he received in the chest knocked him over. He tried to save himself by catching hold of the table: he dropped his revolver, tottered, and fell on the floor, looking about him with astonishment. He could hardly recognize his room: the twisted legs of the table, the waste-paper basket, the tiger-skin on the floor, — all seemed strange to him. The quick steps of his servant running to the drawing-room obliged him to get control of himself: he collected his thoughts with an effort, and found that he was on the floor, and that blood was on his hands and on the tiger-skin. Then he realized what he had done.

"What stupidity! I have made a fool of myself," he muttered, feeling round for his pistol. It was quite near him, and he began to reload it, but in doing so he lost his balance, and fell again, bathed in his own blood.

The *valet de chambre*, an elegant person with side-whiskers, who complained freely to his friends about his delicate nerves, was so frightened at the sight of his master, that he let him lie, and ran for help.

In an hour Varia, Vronsky's sister-in-law, arrived, and at the same time the three doctors whom she sent for in all directions, and who all came at once; and with this assistance she succeeded in putting the wounded man to bed, and established herself as his nurse.

XIX.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had not foreseen what would happen if his wife should recover after she had obtained his pardon. This mistake appeared to him in all its seriousness two months after his return from Moscow; but if he had made a mistake, it was not alone because he had not foreseen this eventuality, but also because he had not understood his heart till then. Beside the bed of his dying wife, he had given way, for the first time in his life, to that feeling of pity for the griefs of others, against which he had always fought as one fights against a dangerous weakness. Remorse at having wished for Anna's death, the pity with which she inspired him, but above all the joy of forgiving, had transformed Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's moral anguish to a deep peace, and changed a source of suffering to a source of joy. All the difficulties that he had thought insoluble when he was filled with hatred and anger, became clear and simple now that he loved and forgave.

He had pardoned his wife, and he pitied her. He had forgiven Vronsky, and since his despair he pitied him too. He pitied his son more than before, because he felt that he had neglected him. But what he felt for the new-born child was more than pity, it was almost tenderness. Seeing this poor little weak being neglected during its mother's illness, he looked after it, prevented it from dying, and, before he was aware of it, became attached to it. The nurses saw him come several times a day into the nursery, and, a little intimidated at first, they gradually became accustomed to his presence. He staid sometimes for half an hour, silently gazing at the saffron-red, wrinkled, downy face of the sleeping child, who was not his own, following her motions as she scowled, and puckered her lips, watching her rub her eyes with the back of her little hands, with their round fingers. And at these moments Alekséi Aleksandrovitch felt calm and at peace with himself, seeing nothing abnormal in his situation, nothing that he felt the need of changing.

However, as time went on, he felt more and more that he would not be permitted to remain in this situation, which seemed natural to him, and that nobody would allow it.

He felt, that, besides the holy and spiritual force which guided his soul, there was another force, brutal, all-powerful,

which directed his life in spite of himself, and gave him no peace. He felt that everybody was looking at him, and questioning his attitude, not understanding it, and expecting him to do something. Especially he felt the unnaturalness and constraint of his relations with his wife.

When the tenderness caused by the expectation of her death had passed away, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch began to notice how Anna feared him, how she dreaded his presence, and did not dare to look him in the face: she seemed to be always pursued by a thought she dared not express, — that she, too, had a presentiment of the short duration of their present relations, and that, without knowing why, she expected some move from her husband.

Towards the end of February, the little girl, who had been named Anna for her mother, was taken ill. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had seen her one morning before going to the ministry meeting, and went to call the physician: when he returned at four o'clock, he noticed an Adonis of a lackey, in stock and bear-skin, holding a circular lined with white fur.

"Who is here?" he asked.

"The Princess Yelizavyéta Fyodorovna Tverskaïa," replied the lackey.

All through this painful period Alekséi Aleksandrovitch noticed that his society friends, especially the feminine portion, showed a very marked interest in him and in his wife. He noticed in them all that veiled look of amusement which he saw in the lawyer's eyes, and which he now saw in those of the lackey. When people met him, and inquired after his health, they did so with this same half-concealed hilarity. They all seemed delighted, as if they were going to a wedding.

The presence of the princess was not agreeable to Karénin; he had never liked her, and she called up unpleasant memories: so he went directly to the nursery.

In the first room, Serozha, leaning on a table, with his feet in a chair, was drawing, and chattering merrily. The English governess, who had replaced the French woman soon after Anna's illness, was sitting near the child, with her crocheting in her hand: as soon as she saw Karénin come in, she rose, made a courtesy, and put Serozha's feet down.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch caressed his son's head, answered the governess's questions about his wife's health, and asked what the doctor said about *baby*.

"The doctor said nothing was out of the way with it. He ordered baths, sir."

"She is in pain, nevertheless," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, hearing the child cry in the next room.

"I don't believe, sir, that the nurse is good," replied the English woman decidedly.

"What makes you think so?"

"It was the same at the Countess Pahl's, sir. They dosed the child with medicine, while it was merely suffering from hunger, sir."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch considered for a few moments, and then went into the adjoining room. The child was crying as she lay in her nurse's arms, with her head thrown back, refusing the breast, and without yielding to the blandishments of the two women bending over her.

"Isn't she any better?" asked Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"She is very worrisome," replied the old nurse in an undertone.

"Miss Edwards thinks that the nurse hasn't enough nourishment for her," said he.

"I think so too, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch."

"Why haven't you said so?"

"Whom should I say it to? Anna Arkadyevna is still ill," replied the old nurse discontentedly.

The old nurse had been in the family a long time, and these simple words struck Karénin as an allusion to his position.

The child cried harder and harder, losing its breath, and becoming hoarse. The old nurse threw up her hands in despair, took the little one from the young nurse, and rocked her in order to pacify her.

"You must ask the doctor to examine the young nurse," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

The young nurse, a healthy looking woman of fine appearance, sprucely dressed, who was afraid of losing her position, smiled scornfully, and muttered to herself, as she fastened her dress, at the idea of anybody's suspecting that she hadn't enough nourishment.

"Poor little thing!" said the old nurse.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch sat down in a chair, sad and crestfallen, and followed the old nurse with his eyes as she walked up and down with the child. As soon as she had placed the baby in the cradle, and, having arranged the little pillow, had moved away, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch rose, and went up to her on tiptoe. For a moment he was silent, and

looked with melancholy face at the little thing. But suddenly a smile spread over its face, and, still on tiptoe, he left the room.

He went into the dining-room, rang the bell, and sent for the doctor again. He was displeased because his wife seemed to take so little interest in this charming baby, and he wished neither to go to her room, nor to meet the Princess Betsy; but his wife might wonder why he didn't come as usual: he crushed his feelings, and went towards the door. A thick carpet deadened the sound of his footsteps as he approached, and he unintentionally overheard the following conversation.

"If he were not going away, I should understand your refusal, and his also. But your husband ought to be above that," said Betsy.

"It is not for my husband's sake, but my own, that I don't wish it. So say nothing more about it," replied Anna's agitated voice.

"*Da!* However, you can't help wanting to say good-by to the man who shot himself on your account" —

"It is for that very reason that I do not wish to see him again."

Karénin, with an expression of fear and guilt, stopped, and would have gone away without being heard; but considering that this would lack dignity, he went on his way coughing: the voices were hushed, and he went into the room.

Anna, in a gray wrapper, with her dark hair cut short, was sitting in a reclining-chair. All her animation disappeared, as usual, at the sight of her husband; she bowed her head, and glanced uneasily towards Betsy; the latter, dressed in the latest fashion, with a little hat perched on the top of her head, like a cap over a lamp, in a dove-colored dress, trimmed with bands cut bias on the waist on one side, and on the skirt on the other, was sitting beside Anna. She sat up as straight as possible, and welcomed Alekséi Aleksandrovitch with a bow and a sarcastic smile.

"Ah!" she began, affecting surprise, "I am delighted to meet you at home. You never show yourself anywhere, and I haven't seen you since Anna was taken ill. I learned of your anxiety from others. *Da!* you are a wonderful husband!" She gave him a friendly, flattering look, as much as to say that she approved of Karénin's behavior towards his wife.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch bowed coldly, and, kissing his wife's hand, inquired how she was.

"Better, I think," she replied, avoiding his look.

"However, you look *feverish*," he said, emphasizing the last word.

"We have talked too much," said Betsy. "It was selfish on my part, and I am going now."

She rose; but Anna, suddenly flushing, seized her quickly by the arm.

"No, stay, I beg of you. I must tell you, no, *you*," — she turned towards her husband, while the color increased on her neck and brow. "I cannot, nor do I wish to, hide any thing from you."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch bent his head, and cracked his knuckles.

"Betsy has told me that Count Vronsky wishes to come to our house to say good-by before he goes to Tashkend."

She spoke rapidly, without looking at her husband, anxious to get through with it. "I have said that I could not receive him."

"You said, my dear, that it would depend on Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," corrected Betsy.

"*Da!* No, I cannot see him, and that should not lead"— she stopped suddenly to question her husband's face: he was not looking at her. "In short, I do not wish" —

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch approached, and wanted to take her hand.

Anna's first impulse was to withdraw her hand from her husband's; but she controlled herself, and pressed it.

"I am very grateful to you for your confidence," — he began; but, looking at the princess, he stopped speaking.

What he could easily and clearly decide when by himself, became impossible in the presence of Betsy, who was the incarnation of that brutal force, independent of his will, but which obliged him in the eyes of the world to renounce the ruling power of his life, — his love and his generous feelings.

"*Nu! proshchaïte*, my treasure," said Betsy, rising. She kissed Anna, and went out. Karénin accompanied her.

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," said Betsy, stopping in the middle of the *boudoir* to press his hand again, in a significant manner, "I know that you are an extraordinary, magnanimous man; and I love her so much, and esteem you so highly, that I am going to give you a bit of advice, however

disinterested I may be in the matter. Let him come. Alekséi Vronsky is the soul of honor, and he is going to Tashkend."

"I am very grateful to you for your sympathy and your advice, princess; but the question is, can my wife see anybody, or not? It is for her to decide."

He spoke these words with dignity, raising his eyebrows as usual; but he felt at once, that, whatever his words had been, dignity was inconsistent with the situation. The sarcastic and wicked smile with which Betsy greeted his remark proved it beyond a doubt.

XX.

After taking leave of Betsy, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch returned to his wife; she was lying back in her reclining-chair; but hearing her husband return, she rose quickly, and looked at him in a frightened way. He saw that she had been crying.

"I am very grateful to thee for thy confidence," said he gently, repeating in Russian the reply that he had just made in French before Betsy. When he spoke to her in Russian he used the familiar *tui*, and this *tui* irritated Anna in spite of herself. "I am very grateful for your decision; for I agree with you, that, since Count Vronsky is going away, there is no necessity of his coming here; besides" —

"*Da!* but as I have decided it, why say any more about it?" interrupted Anna, with an annoyance that she did not know how to control. "No necessity," she thought, "for a man who has wished to commit suicide, to say farewell to the woman he loves, and who for her part cannot live without him!"

She pressed her lips together, and looked down at her husband's hands with their swollen veins, as he stood rubbing them together.

"Let us not say any more about that," she added, more calmly.

"I have given you perfect freedom to decide this question, and I am happy to see" — Alekséi Aleksandrovitch began again.

"That my desires are in conformity with yours," finished Anna quickly, exasperated to hear him speak so slowly, when she knew beforehand what he was going to say.

"Yes," he affirmed; "and the Princess Tverskaïa shows very poor taste to meddle in family affairs, she of all others."

"I don't believe any thing they say about her," said Anna. "I only know that she loves me sincerely."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch sighed, and was silent. Anna played nervously with the tassels of her wrapper, and looked at him now and then, with that feeling of physical repulsion which she reproached herself for, without being able to overcome. All that she wished for at this moment, was to be rid of his presence.

"Ah! I have just sent for the doctor," said Karénin.

"What for? I am well."

"For the baby, she cries so much: they think that the nurse hasn't enough nourishment for her."

"Why didn't you let me nurse her, when I begged them to let me try? In spite of every thing [Alekséi Aleksandrovitch understood what she meant by *in spite of every thing*], she is a baby, and they will kill her." She rang, and sent for the little one. "I wanted to nurse her, and you wouldn't let me, and now you blame me."

"I do not blame you for any thing" —

"Yes, you do blame me! *Ach! Bozhe moï!* why didn't I die!" She began to sob. "Forgive me: I am nervous and unjust," she said, trying to control herself. "But go away."

"No, this state of things cannot go on," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, as he left his wife's room.

Never before had he been so convinced of the impossibility of prolonging such a situation before the world: never had his wife's dislike of him, and the strength of that mysterious force which had taken possession of his life, to rule it contrary to the needs of his soul, appeared to him with such evidence.

The world and his wife exacted something from him that he did not fully understand; but it aroused within him feelings of hatred, which disturbed his peace, and destroyed the worth of his victory over himself. Anna, in his opinion, ought to have nothing more to do with Vronsky; but if everybody considered this impossible, he was ready to tolerate their meeting, on condition that the children should not be disgraced, nor his own life disturbed.

This was wretched, — less wretched, however, than to give Anna over to a shameful and hopeless position, and to deprive himself of all that he loved. But he felt his powerlessness in this struggle, and knew beforehand that he would be prevented from doing what seemed to him wise and good,

and that he would be obliged to do what was painful to him, but necessary to be done.

XXI.

Betsy had not left the hall when Stepan Arkadyevitch appeared on the threshold. He had come from Eliséef's, where they had just received fresh oysters.

"Ah, princess! you here? What a fortunate meeting! I have just come from your house."

"The meeting is but for a moment: I am going," replied Betsy, smiling, as she buttoned her gloves.

"Wait just a moment, princess: allow me to kiss your hand before you put on your glove. Nothing pleases me so much, in returning to ancient ways, as the custom of kissing a lady's hand."

He took Betsy's hand.

"When shall we meet again?"

"You don't deserve to see me," replied Betsy, laughing.

"Oh, yes, I do! for I have become a serious man. I not only take care of my own affairs, but also other people's," said he with importance.

"*Ach!* I am delighted to hear it," replied Betsy, knowing that he referred to Anna.

Going back into the hall, they stood in a corner.

"He is killing her," she whispered with conviction: "impossible to" —

"I am very glad that you think so," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, shaking his head with sympathetic commiseration. "That is why I am in Petersburg."

"The whole town are talking about it," said she: "this situation is intolerable. She is fading away before our very eyes. He doesn't understand that she is one of those women whose feelings cannot be treated lightly. One of two things, —either he ought to take her away, and act decidedly, or else be divorced. But this is killing her."

"Yes, yes, exactly," sighed Oblonsky. "I have come for that; that is to say, not entirely for that. They have just made me chamberlain; *nu!* had to thank them; but the main thing was to arrange this matter."

"*Nu!* may the Lord help you!" said Betsy.

Stepan Arkadyevitch accompanied the princess to the door, kissed her wrist just above her glove, where the pulse

beat, and after paying her an impudent compliment, at which she laughed, rather than take offence, he left her to go to his sister. Anna was in tears.

In spite of his lively humor, Stepan Arkadyevitch passed very easily from the most exuberant gayety to the tone of poetical tenderness which suited his sister's frame of mind. He asked how she felt, and how she had passed the day.

"Wretchedly, very wretchedly! Night and day, the future and the past, all — wretched," she replied.

"You see things under a cloud. You must have courage; look life in the face. It is hard, I know, but" —

"I have heard that some women love those whom they despise," began Anna suddenly; "but I hate him for his generosity. I cannot live with him. Understand me, he has a physical effect on me which drives me out of my mind. I cannot live with him! What shall I do? I have been unhappy before. I thought it impossible to be more so, but this surpasses all that I could have imagined. Knowing how good and perfect he is, and aware of my inferiority, can you conceive of my hating him nevertheless? There is absolutely nothing left for me but to" — she was going to add "die," but her brother would not let her finish.

"You are ill and nervous, and you see every thing exaggerated. There is really nothing so very terrible."

And Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled at her evident despair without seeming rude; his smile was so full of kindness, and an almost effeminate sweetness, that, instead of irritating, it was calming and soothing; his words acted like oil of sweet almonds. Anna at once felt the effect.

"No, Stiva," said she, "I am lost, lost! worse than lost. And yet, I am not yet lost: I cannot still say that all is over, alas! I feel the contrary. I seem like a cord too tightly stretched, which must of necessity break. But the end has not yet come, and it will be terrible."

"No, no: the cord can be carefully loosened. There is no difficulty without some way out of it."

"I have thought it over, and thought it over again, and I only see one" —

He saw by her look of dismay that the one way that she meant was death, and again he did not allow her to finish.

"No; listen to me; you cannot judge of your position so well as I. Let me tell you frankly my opinion." He smiled again cautiously, with his almond-oily smile. "I will begin

at the beginning: you married a man twenty years older than yourself, and you married without love, — or, at least, without knowing what love was. It was a mistake, — as well admit it."

"A terrible mistake!" said Anna.

"But, I repeat it, it was an accomplished fact. Let us say you then had the misfortune to fall in love — not with your husband: that was a misfortune, but that, too, was an accomplished fact. Your husband knew it, and forgave you." — After each sentence he stopped, as if to give her time to reply, but she said nothing. — "Now, the question is, can you continue to live with your husband? do you wish it? does he wish it?"

"I know nothing about it, nothing."

"But you yourself have just said that you could no longer endure" —

"No, I did not say so. I deny it. I know nothing. I understand nothing."

"*Da!* but allow" —

"You cannot understand it. I am precipitated, head first, into an abyss, and I *may* not save myself. I *cannot*."

"You will see that we can prevent you from falling, and from being crushed. I understand you. I feel that you are not able to express your feelings, your desires."

"I desire nothing, nothing — only to end all this."

"He sees this, and knows it. Do you suppose that he doesn't suffer too? You suffer, he suffers; and what way of escape is there from all this torture? A divorce would settle every thing."

Stepan Arkadyevitch had not reached this point without difficulty; and, having expressed his principal idea, he looked at Anna to see what effect it would have.

She shook her head without replying, but her beautiful face lighted up for a moment; and he came to the conclusion, that, if she did not express her wishes, it was because the thought of their being realized was too enticing.

"I am extremely sorry for you! how happy I should be to arrange it for you!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Don't say a word! If God will only permit me to express all that I feel! I am going to find Alekséi Aleksandrovitch."

Anna looked at him out of her brilliant, thoughtful eyes, and did not reply.

XXII.

STEPAN ARKADYEVITCH went into his brother-in-law's study, with the solemn face which he tried to assume when he sat in his official chair at a council-meeting. Karénin, with his arms behind his back, was walking up and down the room, considering the same thing that Stepan Arkadyevitch had been discussing with his wife.

"Shall I disturb you?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, suddenly embarrassed when he saw Karénin; and to conceal his embarrassment, he took a new cigar-case out of his pocket, smelt of the leather, and took out a cigarette.

"No. Do you wish to see me?" asked Alekséi Aleksandrovitch with indifference.

"Yes — I would like — I must — yes, I must have a talk with you," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, surprised at his confusion.

This feeling was so strange and unexpected to him, that he did not recognize in it the voice of conscience, warning him that what he hoped to do was evil. He recovered himself with an effort, and conquered the weakness which took possession of him.

"I want you," he said, "to believe in my love for my sister, and in my sincere sympathy and regard for you."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch listened, and made no reply; but his face struck Stepan Arkadyevitch by its expression of humility and pain.

"I intended, I came on purpose, to speak with you about my sister, and the situation in which you and she are placed."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch smiled sadly, looked at his brother-in-law, and without replying went to the table, took up a half-written letter, and handed it to him.

"I can think of nothing else. This is what I began to write, thinking that I could express myself better in a letter, for my presence irritates her," said he, giving him the letter.

Stepan Arkadyevitch took the paper, and looked with surprise at his brother-in-law's dull eyes, which were fixed on him; then he read, —

"I know that my presence is disagreeable to you: painful as it is for me to recognize it, I know that it is so, and it cannot be otherwise. I do not reproach you. God knows,

that, during your illness, I resolved to forget the past, and to begin a new life. I am not sorry, I never shall be sorry, for what I did then. I desired only one thing, — your salvation, the salvation of your soul. I have not succeeded. Tell me yourself, what will give you peace and happiness, and I will submit to whatever you may deem just and right."

Oblonsky gave the letter back to his brother-in-law; and in his perplexity, he simply stared at his brother-in-law, not knowing what to say. This silence was so painful, that Stepan Arkadyevitch's lips trembled convulsively, while he did not take his eyes from Karénin's face.

"That is what I wanted to say to her," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"Yes, yes: I understand you," he at last stammered out, as though tears choked his utterance.

"I should like to know what she wishes."

"I am afraid that she herself does not realize her own situation. She is not a judge of the matter," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, trying to recover himself. "She is crushed, literally crushed by your generosity of soul: if she should read your letter, she would be unable to say a word, and could only bow her head still lower."

"*Da!* But what is to be done? How can it be settled? How can I know what she wishes?"

"If you will allow me to express my opinion, I think it is for you to state clearly what measure you believe necessary to put an end to this situation at once."

"Consequently, you think it ought to be ended at once?" interrupted Karénin. "But how?" he added, passing his hand over his eyes in an unusual way. "I see no possible way out of it!"

"There is a way out of every difficulty, however serious it may be," said Oblonsky, rising, and growing more animated. "You once spoke of divorce — if you are convinced that you can never be happy together again" —

"Happiness may be understood in different ways. Let us grant that I agree to every thing, what escape is there from our situation?"

"If you wish for my advice," — said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with the same oily smile with which he had spoken to his sister; and this smile was so persuasive, that Karénin, giving himself up to the weakness which overpowered him, was inclined to believe his brother-in-law. "She will never say what

her wishes are. But there is one thing possible, one thing that she may hope for," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch; "and that is, to break the bonds which are only the cause of cruel recollections. In my opinion, it is indispensable to put your relations on an entirely new footing, and that can only be done by mutually resuming your freedom."

"Divorce!" interrupted Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, with disgust.

"Yes, divorce: I mean — *da!* — divorce," repeated Stepan Arkadyevitch, blushing. "Taking every thing into consideration, that is the most sensible course when two married people find themselves in such a situation as yours. What is to be done, when living together becomes unbearable? And that may often happen" —

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch drew a deep sigh, and covered his eyes.

"There is only one consideration, — whether one of the parties wishes to marry again. If not, it is very simple," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, becoming less constrained.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, with his face distorted by grief, muttered a few unintelligible words, but made no reply. What seemed so simple to Oblonsky, he had turned over a thousand times in his mind, and, instead of finding it very easy, found it utterly impossible. Now that the conditions for divorce were known to him, his personal dignity, as well as his respect for religion, prevented him from taking the necessary steps to procure one.

And, besides, what would become of their son? To leave him with his mother was impossible. The divorced mother would have a new family, in which the child's position and training would be wretched. Should he keep the child for himself? But he knew that would be an act of vengeance, and vengeance he did not want. But, above all, what made divorce impossible in his eyes, was the thought that, in consenting to it, he himself would contribute to Anna's destruction. Dolly's words, when he was in Moscow, remained graven in his heart: "In getting a divorce, you think only of yourself." These words, now that he had forgiven her, and had become attached to the children, had a very significant meaning to him. To consent to a divorce, to give Anna her liberty, was to take away her last help in the way of salvation, and to push her over the precipice. Once divorced, he knew very well that she would be united to Vronsky by a

criminal and illegal bond; for marriage, according to the Church, can only be dissolved by death.

"And who knows, but, after a year or two, either he might abandon her, or she might form a new *liaison?*" thought Alekséi Aleksandrovitch; "and I, having allowed a divorce, should be responsible for her fall."

He went over all this a hundred times, and was convinced that divorce was not at all as simple as his brother-in-law would make it out.

He did not admit a word of what Stepan Arkadyevitch said; he had a thousand arguments to refute such reasoning; and, notwithstanding this, he listened, feeling that his words were the manifestation of that irresistible force which was ruling him, and to which he would finally submit.

"The only question is, how, on what conditions, you will consent to a divorce; for she will never dare to ask any thing of you, and will give herself up entirely to your generosity."

"My God! my God! why has this come upon me?" thought Alekséi Aleksandrovitch; and, as he remembered the condition of divorce in which the husband assumed the blame, he buried his face in his hands, as Vronsky had done.

"You are distressed; I understand it; but if you will consider" —

"'Whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any man would take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also,'" thought Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. — "Yes, yes!" he cried, almost shrieking. "I will take all the shame upon myself: I will even give up my son. But will it not be better to leave all that? However, do as you please."

And turning away from his brother-in-law, that he might not see his face, he sat down near the window. He was humiliated; he was mortified; but nevertheless he felt a sense of happiness and emotion in the consciousness of his own humility.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was touched.

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, be assured that she will appreciate your generosity. It is, without doubt, the will of God," he added; but he felt, as soon as the words were out of his mouth, what a foolish remark it was.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch would have replied, but tears prevented him.

"This trial comes by fate, and it must be accepted. I

accept it as an accomplished fact, and I will try to help you and her," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

When Oblonsky left his brother-in-law's study, he was sincerely affected, which did not prevent him from being delighted at having settled this matter; for he was certain that Alekséi Aleksándrovitch would not go back on his word. His satisfaction suggested a conundrum which he could ask his wife and intimate friends: —

"What is the difference between me and a field-marshal? The field-marshal makes divorces, and nobody is the better for it; while I make divorces, and three people are better off. Or, rather, what resemblance is there between me and a field-marshal? Where — but by and by I'll improve on it," he said to himself.

XXIII.

Vronsky's wound was dangerous, although it did not reach the heart. He hung for several days between life and death. When for the first time he was able to speak, Varia, his sister-in-law, was alone with him in the room.

"Varia!" said he, looking at her gravely, "I was wounded accidentally, and please tell everybody so, otherwise it will seem too ridiculous!"

Varia bent towards him without replying, examining his face with a happy smile. His eyes were bright, but no longer feverish, but their expression was stern.

"*Nu!* Thank the Lord!" she replied: "are you suffering?"

"A little on this side," said he, pointing to his chest.

"Let me change the dressing, then."

He watched her change it, and when she had finished, —

"You know," said he, "that I am not delirious now. See, I beg of you, that nobody says that I shot myself intentionally."

"Nobody says so. I hope, however, that after this you will give up shooting yourself accidentally," she said with a questioning smile.

"Probably I shall not, but it would have been better."

In spite of these words, as soon as he was out of danger, Vronsky felt that he was free from a part of his misfortunes. By his action he had washed away, as it were, his shame and humiliation which had weighed on him before. Henceforth

he could think calmly of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, recognizing his magnanimity without being crushed by it. Besides, he was able to be himself again, to look people in the face, and to resume his customary habits. What he could not tear from his heart, in spite of all his efforts, was the regret, bordering on despair, at having lost Anna forever; since he was firmly resolved, now that he had redeemed his sin towards Karénin, not to place himself between the repentant wife and her husband. But he could not put out of his heart the regret at the loss of her love, any more than he could blot out the memory of happy moments spent with her, and not half appreciated till now, and whose charm pursued him continually.

Serpukhovskoï thought of sending him to Tashkend, and Vronsky accepted the proposition without the least hesitation. But the nearer the time for his leaving came, the more cruel seemed the sacrifice to duty.

"To see her once more, and then bury myself and die," he thought; and while paying his farewell visit to Betsy, he expressed this wish to her.

The latter set out at once as an ambassador to Anna, but brought back her refusal.

"So much the better," thought Vronsky, on receiving her reply: "this is a weakness which would have cost me my strength."

The next morning Betsy herself went to Vronsky, announcing that she had heard, through Oblonsky, that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch consented to a divorce, and that consequently there was no longer any thing to hinder Vronsky from seeing Anna.

Without giving another thought to his resolutions; without finding out when he could see her, nor where her husband would be; forgetting even to escort Betsy home, — Vronsky ran to the Karénins'. He flew up the steps, rushed into the house, almost ran across the hall, entered Anna's room, and, without even considering whether there might not be some one else in the room, he took her in his arms, covering her hands, her face, and her neck with kisses.

Anna was prepared to see him again, and had made up her mind what to say to him; but she had no time to speak: Vronsky's passion overpowered her. She wanted to calm him, to calm herself, but it was impossible: her lips trembled, and for a long time she was unable to speak a word.

"Yes, you have conquered me: I am yours!" she succeeded in saying at last.

"So it had to be! and so long as we live, it must be so: I know it now."

"It is true," she replied, growing paler and paler as she put her arms around Vronsky's neck. "However, there is something terrible in this after what has happened."

"All that will be forgotten, forgotten: we shall be so happy! If there were any need of our love increasing, it would increase, because there is something terrible about it," said he, raising his head.

She could only reply with a look out of her loving eyes.

"I hardly know you with your short hair. You are lovely! Just like a little boy! But how pale you are!"

"Yes: I am still very weak," she replied, smiling; and her lips began to tremble again.

"We will go to Italy: you will grow strong there."

"Is it possible that we could be like husband and wife, alone, by ourselves?" said she, looking him in the eye.

"I am only surprised at one thing, — that it has not always been so."

"Stiva says that *he* will consent to every thing, but I will not accept his generosity," said she, looking thoughtfully above Vronsky's head. "I do not wish for a divorce. It is all the same to me now. I only wonder what he will decide with regard to Serozha."

Vronsky could not understand how, in these first moments of their reconciliation, she could think of her son and of divorce. How could it be all the same to her?

"Don't speak of that, don't think of it," said he, turning Anna's hand over and over in his, to draw her attention to him; but she did not look at him.

"*Ach!* why didn't I die? it would have been so much better!" said she; and tears flooded her face; she tried, nevertheless, to smile, that she might not give him pain.

Once Vronsky would have thought it impossible to give up the flattering and perilous mission of Tashkend, but now he refused it without any hesitation: then, noticing that his refusal was misinterpreted by the authorities, he gave in his resignation.

A month later, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was left alone with his son, and Anna went abroad with Vronsky, refusing a divorce, and peremptorily taking leave of him.

PART V.

I.

The Princess Shcherbatskaïa thought it would not be possible to have the wedding any time within the five weeks before Lent, on account of the trousseau, which would not be half done; she acknowledged, however, that there was a risk of having to defer it still longer on account of mourning, if they waited till Easter, as an old aunt of the prince's was very ill, and liable to die. So a medium course was taken, by deciding to have the wedding before Lent, and to prepare only a small part of the trousseau at once, leaving the larger part till afterwards. The young couple intended to set out for the country immediately after the ceremony, and would not need the larger part of the things. The princess was indignant to find Levin indifferent to all these questions: still more than half beside himself, he continued to believe his happiness and his own person the centre, the only aim, of creation; he did not trouble himself in the least about his affairs, but left everything to his friends, feeling sure that they would arrange everything for the best. His brother, Sergéi Ivanovitch, Stepan Arkadyevitch, and the princess ruled him absolutely; he was satisfied to accept whatever propositions they might make.

His brother borrowed the money that he needed; the princess advised him to leave Moscow after the wedding; Stepan Arkadyevitch advised him to go abroad. He consented to everything. "Make whatever plans you please," he thought, "I am happy; and whatever you may decide on, my joy will be neither greater nor less." But when he told Kitty of Stepan Arkadyevitch's suggestion, he was surprised to see that she did not approve of it, and that she had very decided plans for the future. She knew that Levin's heart was at home in his work, and although she neither understood his affairs, nor tried to understand them, still they seemed to her very important; as their home would be in the country, she did not wish to go abroad where they were not going to live, but insisted on settling down in the country where their home was to be. This very firm deter-

mination surprised Levin; but it seemed to him all right, and he begged Stepan Arkadyevitch, who had excellent taste, to go to Pokrovsky and take charge of the improvements in his house. It seemed to him that that belonged to his friend's province.

"By the way," said Stepan Arkadyevitch one day, after his return from the country, where he had arranged everything for the young couple's reception, "have you your certificate of confession?"

"No; why?"

"You can't be married without it."

"Ay, ay, ay!" cried Levin; "but it is nine years since I have been to confession! and I haven't even thought of it!"

"That is good!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laughing, "and you look on me as a nihilist! But that can't be allowed to go on; you must go to communion."

"When? there are only four days more!" Stepan Arkadyevitch arranged this matter as he had every other, and Levin prepared for his devotions. An unbeliever himself, he nevertheless respected the faith of others, but he found it very hard to attend and participate in all religious ceremonies. In his tender and sentimental frame of mind, the necessity of dissimulating was not only odious to him; it was well-nigh impossible. Now, he would be obliged either to mock at sacred things, or to lie, at a time when his heart was bursting, when he felt at the height of bliss. He felt that he could do neither. But in spite of all his efforts to persuade Stepan Arkadyevitch that there must be some other way of obtaining a certificate without being forced to confess, Stepan Arkadyevitch declared that it was impossible.

"*Da!* What harm will it do you? only two days! and the priest is a capital, bright little old man. He will pull this tooth without your knowing it."

During the first mass that he attended Levin did his best to recall the strong religious impressions of his youth, when he was between sixteen and seventeen years old; but he found it impossible. He then tried to look upon religious forms as an ancient custom, without any real meaning, something like the habit of making calls; this also he felt that he could never do. Like most of his contemporaries, Levin was completely undecided in regard to his religious

views. He could not believe; he was also equally unable absolutely to disbelieve. This confusion of feelings caused him extreme pain and annoyance during the time allotted to his devotions; his conscience cried out that to act without understanding was an evil and deceitful action.

Not to be in too open contradiction with his convictions, he tried at first to attribute some meaning to the divine service with its different rites; but, finding that he was criticizing instead of understanding, he tried not to listen, but to lose himself in his inmost thoughts, which encroached upon him during the solemn night office in the church. Mass, vespers, and evening prayers passed in this way; the next morning he rose early, and came at eight o'clock, without having eaten anything, to morning prayers and confession. The church was deserted; he saw nobody except a mendicant soldier, two old women, and the officiating priests. A young deacon came to meet him; his long, thin back was clearly defined in two halves beneath his short cassock; he approached a little table near the wall, and began to read prayers. Levin, hearing him repeat in a hurried, monotonous voice, clipping his words, the refrain, "Lord, have mercy upon us," remained standing behind him, trying to keep from listening and criticizing, so that his own thoughts might not be disturbed.

"What a charm there is about her hands," he thought, recalling the evening before, which he had spent with Kitty at the table in one corner of the drawing-room. There had been nothing exciting about their conversation; she had amused herself by opening and shutting her hand as it rested on the table, all the while laughing at her childishness. He remembered how he had kissed this hand, and examined its lines. "Still have mercy upon us," thought Levin, making the sign of the cross, and bowing, while he noticed the deacon's supple movements, as he prostrated himself in front of him. "Then she took my hand, and in turn examined it. 'You have a famous hand,' she said to me." He looked at his own hand, and then at the deacon's, with its stubbed fingers. "*Da!* Now it will soon be over. No; he is beginning another prayer. Yes; he is bowing to the ground; that is the end."

The deacon took the three-ruble note, discreetly slipped into his hand, and moved quickly away, making his new boots echo over the flag-stones of the empty church; he dis-

appeared behind the altar, after promising Levin to register his name for confession. In a moment he reappeared and beckoned to him. Levin went towards the ambo. He mounted several steps, turned to the right, and saw the priest, a little old man, whose beard was almost white, with kindly but rather weary eyes, standing near the reading-desk, turning over the leaves of a missal. After a slight bow to Levin, he began to read the prayers; then he kneeled down as he finished, —

"May the invisible Christ be present at your confession," said he, turning towards Levin and holding up the crucifix. "Do you believe all that the Holy Apostolic Church teaches us?" he continued, crossing his hands under his stole.

"I have doubted, I still doubt everything," said Levin, in a voice which sounded disagreeable to his own ears, and he was silent.

The priest waited a few moments, then closing his eyes and speaking very rapidly, —

"To doubt is characteristic of human weakness; we must pray the Lord Almighty to strengthen you. What are your principal sins?"

The priest spoke without the least interruption, and as though he were afraid of losing time.

"My principal sin is doubt, which I cannot get rid of; I am nearly always in doubt, and I doubt everything."

"To doubt is characteristic of human weakness," repeated the priest, using the same words; "what do you doubt principally?"

"Everything. I sometimes even doubt the existence of God," said Levin, in spite of himself almost frightened at the impropriety of these words. But they did not seem to produce on the priest the effect that he feared.

"How can you doubt the existence of God?" he asked, with an almost imperceptible smile.

Levin was silent.

"What doubts can you have about the Creator when you contemplate his works? Who ornamented the celestial vault with its stars, decked the earth with all its beauty? How can these things exist without a Creator?" And he cast a questioning glance at Levin.

Levin felt the impossibility of a philosophical discussion with a priest, and replied to his last question, —

"I do not know."

"You do not know? But then why do you doubt that God has created everything?"

"I cannot understand it," replied Levin, blushing, and feeling the absurdity of replies, which in the present case could not be anything else than mere words.

"Pray to God, have recourse to him; the Fathers of the Church themselves doubted, and asked God to strengthen their faith. The devil is mighty, and we should resist him. Pray to God, pray to God," repeated the priest rapidly.

Then he kept silent for a moment, as though he were buried in thought.

"They tell me that you intend to marry the daughter of my parishioner and spiritual son, the Prince Shcherbatsky," he added with a smile. "She is an accomplished young girl."

"Yes," replied Levin, blushing for the priest. "Why does he need to ask such questions at confession?" he said to himself.

The priest continued:—

"You are thinking of marriage, and perhaps God may grant you offspring. What education will you give to your little children if you do not succeed in conquering the temptations of the devil, who causes you to doubt? If you love your children, you will not only wish for them riches, abundance, and honor, but still more, as a good father, the salvation of their souls and the light of truth; is this not so? How will you reply to the innocent child who asks you, '*Papasha*, who made all that delights me on the earth, the water, the sunshine, the flowers, the plants?' Will you answer, 'I know nothing about it'? Can you ignore what the Lord God in his infinite goodness has revealed to you? And if the child asks you, 'What awaits me beyond the tomb?' what will you say to him if you know nothing? How will you answer him? Will you give him up to the temptations of the world and the devil? That is not right!" said he, stopping; and turning his head on one side, looked at Levin out of his kindly, gentle eyes.

Levin was silent, not because he was afraid this time of an unbecoming discussion, but because nobody had ever put such questions to him before, and because he thought there was plenty of time to consider them before his children should be in a state to question him.

"You are about to enter upon a phase of life," continued

the priest, "where one must choose his path and keep to it. Pray God in his mercy to keep and sustain you; and in conclusion: May our Lord God, Jesus Christ, pardon you, my son, in his goodness and loving kindness to all mankind." And the priest, ending the formulas of absolution, took leave of him, after giving him his blessing.

Levin began the day full of happiness at the thought of being free from a false situation without having been obliged to lie. Besides, he carried away from this good old monk's little sermon a vague impression that, instead of listening to absurdities, he had heard things worth the trouble of investigation.

"Not now, of course," he thought, "but later on." Levin felt keenly at this time that there were troubled and obscure places in his soul; concerning his religion, he was exactly where Sviazhsky and others were, whose incoherent opinions struck him disagreeably.

That evening which Levin spent with his *fiancée* at Dolly's was very gay; while talking with Stepan Arkadyevitch, he said that he was like a dog being trained to jump through a hoop, which, delighted at having finally learned his lesson, wags his tail, and is eager to leap over the table and through the window.

II.

The princess and Dolly strictly observed the established customs; so Levin was not allowed to see his *fiancée* on the day of the wedding; he dined at his hotel with three bachelors, who met in his room by chance: they were Katavasof, an old university friend, now professor of natural sciences, whom Levin had met on the street, and brought home to dinner; Tchirikof, his best man, justice of the peace at Moscow, a bear-hunting companion; and finally, Sergéi Ivanovitch.

The dinner was very lively. Sergéi Ivanovitch was in excellent spirits, and Katavasof's originality amused him very much; the latter, feeling that he was appreciated, tried to show off, and Tchirikof added his share of gayety to the conversation.

"So, here is our friend Konstantin Dmitriévitch," said Katavasof, with the slow speech of a professor accustomed to be listened to. "What a talented fellow he was!

I speak of him in the past, for he no longer exists. He loved science when he left the university; he took an interest in humanity; now he employs half his faculties in deceiving himself, and the other half in trying to give an appearance of reason to his illusions."

"I never met a more confirmed enemy of marriage than you," said Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"Not at all; I am a friend of the distribution of labor. People who do nothing cannot, ought not, to be the ones to propagate the race. Others should devote themselves to their intellectual development and welfare. That is my opinion. I know a great many people are inclined to confound these two branches of work; but I am not of the number."

"How delighted I should be to hear that you were in love!" exclaimed Levin. "Pray invite me to your wedding."

"But I am already in love."

"Yes; with your mollusks. You know," said Levin, "Mikhaïl Sémenuitch has written a work on the nutrition, and" —

"*Nu!* I beg of you not to confuse matters! It is of no consequence what I have written; but it is a fact that I love mollusks."

"That need not prevent your loving a wife."

"No; but my wife would object to my loving the mollusks."

"Why so?"

"You will see how it will be. Now, you love hunting, agronomy — *Nu!* just wait awhile!"

"I met Arkhip to-day," said Tchirikof; "he says that there are quantities of elk at Prudnof, and two bears."

"*Nu!* You may hunt them without me."

"You see how it is," said Sergéi Ivanovitch. "*Da!* you may as well say good-bye to bear-hunting: your wife won't allow it."

Levin smiled. The idea that his wife would object to his hunting seemed so delightful that he was ready to renounce the pleasure of ever meeting a bear again.

"The custom of saying good-bye to one's bachelor life is not without meaning," said Sergéi Ivanovitch. "However happy one may be, he is always sorry to give up his liberty."

"Confess that, like Gogolevsky, when he was engaged, you feel like jumping out the window."

"Certainly; but he won't confess it," said Katavasof, with a loud laugh.

"The window is open — Let us go to Tver! We might find one bear in her den. Indeed, we have still time to catch the five o'clock train," said Tchirikof, smiling. "Hear them laugh!"

"Well, upon my honor," replied Levin, smiling, too, "I cannot discover the least trace of regret in my soul for my lost liberty."

"*Da!* Your soul is in such a chaos that you cannot find anything in it," said Katavasof. "Wait till it becomes calmer; then you will see. You are a hopeless case. *Nu!* Let us drink to his recovery."

After dinner, the guests separated, to dress for the wedding.

When alone, Levin again asked himself whether he really regretted the liberty of which his friends had just been talking, and he smiled at the idea.

"Liberty? What of liberty? Happiness for me consists in loving, in thinking her thoughts, in wishing her wishes, without any liberty. That is happiness!"

"But can I know her thoughts, her wishes, her feelings?" said something like a voice. The smile disappeared from his face. He fell into a deep study, and was suddenly seized with fear and doubt. "And if she does not love me? If she is marrying me merely for the sake of being married? If she does not herself know what she is doing? Will she, perhaps, see her mistake, and discover, after we are married, that she does not love me, and that she never can love me?" And a strange, even painful, thought about Kitty came to his mind; he began to be violently jealous of Vronsky, just as he had been the year before; there came up before him, like the memory of yesterday, that evening when he had seen them together, and he suspected her of not having confessed everything to him.

"No," thought he, with despair, jumping up from his chair, "I cannot let this remain so! I will go and find her, — I will talk with her, and say to her again, for the last time: 'We are free; is it not better to stop just where we are? Anything is better than life-long unhappiness, shame, distrust!'" And with despair in his heart, full of hatred to-

wards all mankind, towards himself and Kitty, he hastened to her house.

He found her sitting on a large chest, busy with her maid, looking over dresses of all colors, spread out on the floor, and over the backs of the chairs.

"*Ach!*" she exclaimed, beaming with joy at seeing him. "Is it *tui?* is it *vui?* [Till this last day she had sometimes said *tui,* sometimes *vui.*] I did not expect this! I am just disposing of my maiden wardrobe."

"Ah! that is good!" he replied, frowning at the maid.

"Run away, Duniasha; I will call you," said Kitty; and as soon as she had gone she asked, "What is the matter?" She was surprised at her lover's strange, confused, and angry face, and was seized with fear.

"Kitty, I am in torture, and I cannot suffer alone!" he said to her in despair, stopping in front of her in a beseeching way, to read her eyes. Her beautiful, limpid eyes, full of love and frankness, showed him at once how idle his fears were, but he felt an urgent need of being reassured.

"I came to tell you that it is not yet too late; that everything can even now be taken back."

"What? I do not understand. What is the matter with thee?"

"I am — as I have said and thought a thousand times before — I am not worthy of you. You once could not consent to marry me. Think of it! Perhaps you are mistaken now. Think of it well. You cannot love me — if — it is better to acknowledge it" — he continued, without looking at her. "I shall be miserable, but no matter; let people say what they please; anything is better than unhappiness! Now, while there is yet time" —

"I do not understand you," she replied, looking frightened at him. "You mean you want to take back your word — break off our —?" —

"Yes, if you do not love me."

"You must be insane!" she exclaimed, red with vexation. But the sight of Levin's piteous face arrested her anger; and pushing aside the dresses, which covered the chairs, she drew near to him.

"What are you thinking of? tell me all."

"I think that you cannot love me. Why should you love me?"

"*Bozhe moï!* what can I do?" said she; and she burst into tears.

"*Ach!* what have I done?" he cried instantly, and throwing himself on his knees, he covered her hands with kisses.

When the princess came into the room five minutes later, she found them completely reconciled. Kitty had not only convinced her *fiancé* of her love, but she had explained to him why she loved him. She said that she loved him because she understood him perfectly; because she knew that he could love, and that all he loved was good and beautiful.

Levin found the explanation perfectly satisfactory. When the princess came in, they were sitting side by side on the big chest, looking over the dresses, and discussing their fate. Kitty wanted to give Duniasha the brown dress that she wore the day Levin proposed to her; and he insisted that it should not be given to anybody, and that Duniasha should have the blue dress.

"But don't you see that she is a brunette, and the blue dress will not be becoming to her? I have thought it all over" —

When she learned why Levin was there, the princess was half vexed at him, and sent him home to make his own toilet, as Charles was going to dress Kitty's hair.

"She is quite excited enough," said she; "she has eaten nothing for days, and is loosing all her beauty; and here you come to trouble her with your foolishness. Come, go away now, my dear!"

Levin went back to the hotel, guilty and ashamed, but reassured. His brother, Darya Aleksandrovna, and Stepan Arkadyevitch, in full dress, were already waiting with holy images to bless him. There was no time to be lost. Darya Aleksandrovna had to go home again to get her son perfumed and curled for the occasion; the child was to carry the sacred image before the bride. Then one carriage must be sent for the *shafer* (best man), while another was to come to the hotel for Sergéi Ivanovitch. This day was full of complications. He must make haste, for it was already half-past six.

The ceremony of the benediction was anything but solemn. Stepan Arkadyevitch assumed a comically grave attitude beside his wife, raised the sacred image, and obliged Levin to kneel before it, while he blessed him with an affectionate and wicked smile; at last he kissed him three times; and Darya Aleksandrovna did the same very hastily, for she was in a great hurry to get away, and in great perplexity about the carriage arrangements.

"*Nu!* This is what we will do: you go for him in our carriage, and perhaps Sergéi Ivanovitch will be so good as to come immediately, and send back his"—

"Certainly, with pleasure."

"We will come back together. Has the luggage been sent?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Yes," replied Levin, and he called Kuzma to help him dress.

III.

The church, brilliantly lighted, was crowded with people, principally women; those who could not get inside were pushing up around the windows, and elbowing each other as they strove for the best places.

More than twenty carriages stood in a line in the street, under the supervision of policemen. A police officer in brilliant uniform, unmindful of the cold, stood under the peristyle, where one after another the carriages left sometimes ladies in full dress, holding up their trains, now men taking off their hats as they entered the church. The lustres and candles burning before the images shed a flood of light on the golden *ikonostás* with its red background, on the gilded chacing of the *ikons*, the great silver candelabra, the censers, the choir banners, the steps of the pulpit, the old dingy missals, and the priestly robes. In the elegant crowd on the right-hand side of the church people dressed in uniforms, white neckties, and satin, silk, and velvet robes, with flowers and gloves, were holding lively conversations in an undertone, and the murmur of their voices echoed strangely beneath the high, vaulted roof. Whenever the door opened with a plaintive creak, the murmur ceased, and everybody turned around, hoping at last to see the bridal pair. But the door had already opened more than ten times, and each time it proved to be some late comer who was to join the group of invited guests, or some spectator who had been clever enough to deceive or elude the police officer. The friends and strangers had passed through every phase of waiting; at first they did not attach any importance to the delay; then they began to turn around more frequently, wondering what could have happened; at last the relatives and invited guests assumed an air of indifference, as though they were absorbed in their conversation, to conceal their uneasiness.

The archdeacon, as though regretful of his time, every now and then gave an impatient cough, which made the windows rattle; the singers, tired of waiting, were trying their voices in the choir; the priest sent now a sacristan, now a deacon, to find out when the bridal party should arrive, and appeared himself at one of the side-doors in a lilac gown with an embroidered sash. Finally a lady looked at her watch, and said to the one sitting next her, "This is very strange!" And immediately all the invited guests expressed their surprise and discontent. One of the ushers (*shafers*) went to see what could have happened.

During all this time Kitty, in her white dress, long veil, and wreath of orange blossoms, was standing in the Shcherbatskys' drawing-room, with her sister, Madame Lvova, and her nuptial god-mother (*posazhionaïa mat*), looking out of the window, waiting in vain for the *shafer* to announce her lover's arrival at the church.

Levin, meanwhile, in black trousers, but without either vest or coat, was walking up and down his room at the hotel, opening the door every minute to look out into the hall. But in the hall nothing was to be seen, and wringing his hands in despair, he would pour forth his complaints to Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was calmly smoking.

"Did you ever see a man in such a horribly absurd situation?"

"*Da!* abominable!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with his tranquil smile. "But be calm; they will bring it right away."

"No, hang it!" said Levin, with difficulty restraining his anger. "And these miserable open vests. Absolutely useless!" he added, looking at his tumbled shirt bosom. "And what if my trunks have already gone!" he exclaimed, quite beside himself.

"You can wear mine."

"I might have done that in the first place."

"No good being absurd: wait; it will all come out right."

The fact was that when Levin began to dress, Kuzma, his old servant, was supposed to have taken out his dress coat, his vest, and all that was necessary.

"But the shirt!" cried Levin.

"You have your shirt on," replied Kuzma, with an innocent smile.

All his things had been taken to the Shcherbatskys' house,

whence they were to be sent to the railway station. The one that Levin had worn all day was not fit to put on, and besides, it did not go with his open vest; it would take too long to send to the Shcherbatskys'. They sent out to buy one; there were no shops open; it was Sunday. A shirt was brought from Stepan Arkadyevitch's house; it was ridiculously broad and short; at last, in despair, he had to send to the Shcherbatskys' to have his trunks opened. So, while the people were waiting in the church, the unfortunate groom was ramping with despair up and down his room like a wild beast in a cage, and wondering what Kitty would think now.

Finally the guilty Kuzma rushed into the room all out of breath, with the shirt in his hand.

"I got there just in time, as they were carrying off the trunks!" he exclaimed.

Inside of three minutes Levin rushed through the hall, without daring to look at his watch, for fear of increasing his agony of mind.

"You can't change anything," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to him, following leisurely. "I told you it would all come out right."

IV.

"Here they come! There he is! Which one? Is it the youngest? Just look at her! Poor little *Mátushka*, more dead than alive!" was murmured through the crowd, as Levin came in with Kitty.

Stepan Arkadyevitch told his wife why they were late, and a smile passed over the congregation as it was whispered about. As for Levin, he neither saw anybody nor anything, but kept his eyes fixed on his bride. Everybody said that she had grown very homely during these last days, and certainly she did not look as pretty as usual in her bridal dress; but such was not Levin's opinion. He looked at her high coiffure, her long white veil, her flowers, the trimming of her dress modestly encircling her slender neck, and just showing it a little in front, her remarkably graceful figure; and she seemed more beautiful to him than ever. But it was not because the flowers or her veil or her Parisian dress added anything to her beauty: it was the expression of her lovely face, her eyes, her lips, with their innocent sincerity, preserved in spite of all this adornment.

"I was beginning to think that you had made up your mind to run away," she said to him with a smile.

"What happened to me was so absurd that I am ashamed to tell you about it," he replied, blushing, and turning to Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"The tale of the shirt is a good one," said the latter, throwing back his head with a laugh.

"Yes, yes," replied Levin, without understanding a word that had been said.

"*Nu!* Kostia, now is the time to make a serious decision," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, pretending to be greatly embarrassed. "The question is a grave one, and you must appreciate its full importance. I have been asked whether the candles shall be new ones, or those that have been partly burned; the difference is ten rubles," he added. "I have decided about it, but I am afraid that you will not approve of it."

Levin knew that there was some joke about it; but he could not smile.

"What will you decide on? new ones, or old ones?—that is the question."

"Yes, yes; new ones."

"*Nu!* I am very glad. The question is settled," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Of how little importance a man is at such a time as this!" he murmured to Tchirikof, while Levin drew near to his bride, after looking at her in a bewildered way.

"Notice, Kitty, who first sets foot on the carpet!" said the Countess Nordstone, stepping up to her.—"You look your best," she added, addressing Levin.

"Are you frightened?" asked Marya Dmitrievna, an old aunt.

"You aren't cold, are you? You look pale. Bend forward a moment," said Madame Lvova, raising her beautiful round arms to repair some disarrangement of her sister's flowers.

Dolly approached in her turn, and tried to say something; but her emotion choked the words, and she began to laugh nervously.

Kitty looked at those around her as absent-mindedly as Levin.

During this time the officiating clergy had again put on their sacerdotal robes, and the priest, accompanied by the deacon, came to the lectern placed at the entrance of the

sacred doors. The priest addressed a few words to Levin; but Levin failed to understand what he said.

"Take her hand and go forward," whispered his *shafer* to him.

For a long time he was unable to make out what was expected of him. Then he did the opposite of what he was told. Finally, just as everybody was discouraged and ready to let him follow his own inspiration, he comprehended that he was to take Kitty's right hand with his right hand, without changing his position. The priest then took a few steps, and stopped in front of the lectern. The relatives and invited guests followed the young couple; a murmur of voices and a rustling of dresses ensued. Somebody stooped down to arrange the bride's train; then a silence so profound reigned in the church, that the drops of wax could be heard falling from the candles.

The old priest, in a calotte, his white hair shining like silver, drawn back behind his ears, drew forth his little wrinkled hands from beneath his heavy silver chasuble, ornamented with a cross of gold, approached the lectern, and turned over the leaves of the missal.

Stepan Arkadyevitch came softly, and spoke in his ear, made a sign to Levin, and then stepped back.

The priest lighted two candles decorated with flowers, and, holding them in his left hand, without minding the dripping wax, turned towards the young couple. It was the same old man who had heard Levin's confession. He looked at the bride and bridegroom out of his sad, weary eyes, and then, with a sigh, blessed Levin with his right hand; then, with especial tenderness, placed his fingers on Kitty's bended head, gave them the candles, moved quietly away, and took the censer.

"Is this all real?" thought Levin, glancing at Kitty's profile, and noticing from the motion of her lips and her eyebrows, that she felt his look. She did not raise her head; but he knew from the trembling of the ruche, which reached to her little pink ear, that she was stifling a sigh, and he saw her hand, imprisoned in a long glove, tremble as it held the candle.

Everything at once vanished from his memory, — his late arrival, his dissatisfaction with his friends, the foolish affair of the shirt; he no longer was conscious of anything but a mixed feeling of terror and joy.

The archdeacon, a handsome man with hair curling all around his head, wearing a dalmatica of silver cloth, advanced, raised his stole with two fingers, in an easy way, and stopped before the priest.

"Bless us, O Lord!" he intoned slowly, and the words echoed solemnly through the air.

"May the Lord bless you now and through all ages," replied the old priest in a sweet and musical voice, still turning over the leaves.

And the response chanted by the invisible choir, filled the church with a deep, full sound, which increased, then ceased for a moment, and softly died away.

They prayed as usual for the eternal repose and welfare of their souls, for the synod, and the emperor, and then for the servants of God, Konstantin and Ekaterina.

"Let us pray the Lord to send them his love, his peace, and his aid," the whole church seemed to say in the voice of the archdeacon.

Levin listened to these words, and was impressed by them. "How did they know that aid was exactly what I need? Yes, aid. What can I know, what can I do, without help?" he thought, recalling his doubts and his recent fears.

When the deacon had ended the liturgy, the priest, with a book in his hand, turned toward the bridal couple, —

"O God Eternal, who unitest by an indissoluble bond those who are separate," he read in a strong, melodious voice, "thou who didst bless Isaac and Rebecca, and showest thy mercy to their descendants, bless also thy servants, Konstantin and Ekaterina, and pour forth thy benefits upon them. For the glory of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be" —

"Amen," again chanted the invisible choir.

"'Who unitest by an indissoluble bond those who are separate!' How those profound words respond to what one feels at such a time! Does she understand it as I do?" thought Levin. And he gazed into her face, and tried to read her thoughts.

From the expression of Kitty's face he concluded that she did feel it as he did; but he was mistaken; — absorbed by the feeling which overpowered and filled her heart more and more, she had scarcely followed the religious service. She

felt a deep joy at seeing at last fulfilled that which, for six weeks, had made her happy and restless by turns. From the moment when, in her cinnamon-colored dress, she had approached Levin to give herself silently wholly to him, the past, she felt, had been torn from her soul, and had given place to another existence, new and unknown, without, however, changing her outward life. These six weeks had been at once a very happy and very trying time. Her whole life, her hopes and desires, were all concentrated on this man, whom she did not fully understand, towards whom she felt a sentiment which she understood still less, and who, attracting her and repelling her by turns, inspired her with a complete and absolute indifference towards her past life. Her former habits, the things that she had loved, and even her relatives, whom she loved, and who loved her, her mother, who was pained by her indifference, and her gentle father, whom she had loved more than any one else in the world, — none of them were anything more to her; and while alarmed by her disloyalty, she rejoiced in the sentiment which was the cause of it. But this new life had not yet begun, and she could form no definite idea of it. It was a sweet and terrible expectation of something new and unknown; and this expectation, as well as the remorse of not regretting the past, were at an end, and the new life was beginning. She was frightened naturally, but the present moment was only the sanctification of the decisive hour which came six weeks before.

The priest, turning towards the lectern, took Kitty's little ring, and with difficulty passed it as far as the first joint of Levin's finger.

"I unite thee, Konstantin, servant of God, to Ekatarina, servant of God;" and he repeated the same formula in placing a large ring on Kitty's delicate little finger.

The bridal pair tried to understand what was expected of them, but each time made a mistake, and the priest corrected them in a low voice. At last the priest, blessing them with his fingers, again gave Kitty the large ring, and Levin the small one, and again they failed to interchange them as they should have done. Dolly, Tchirikof and Stepan Arkadyevitch stepped out to assist them in their difficulty. The people around them smiled, and whispered; but they remained more serious and solemn than before; and the smile on Stepan Arkadyevitch's face, as he went to them, died away. It seemed to him that a smile might be offensive to them.

"O Thou who, from the beginning of the world, hast created man, male and female," continued the priest after the ceremony of the rings, "and hast given him woman to be his inseparable aid, do Thou, our Lord God, bless thy servants Konstantin and Ekatarina, and confirm their nuptials in faith and concord and truth and love!"

Levin's breast heaved; disobedient tears filled his eyes. He felt that all his thoughts on marriage, his visions of the future, had hitherto been infantile. And this was something that had never been comprehensible to him; and now he understood its meaning less than ever.

V.

All Moscow was at the marriage. In this crowd of handsomely dressed women, and men in white neckties or in uniform, there was a cautious whispering, especially among the men, for the women were absorbed in observing all the details of the ceremony so full of interest for them.

A little group of friends surrounded the bride, and among them were her two sisters, Dolly, and the beautiful Madame Lvova just returned from abroad.

"Why is Mary in lilac at a wedding? It is almost mourning," said Madame Korsunskaïa.

"With her complexion it's her only salvation," replied Madame Drubetskaïa. "But why did they have the ceremony in the evening? That savors of the merchant."

"It is pleasanter. I, too, was married in the evening," said Madame Korsunskaïa, sighing, and recalling how beautiful she had been on that day, and how ridiculously in love with her her husband had been. Now it was all so different!

"They say that those who have been *shafers* more than ten times never marry. I tried to make myself proof against marriage, in this way, but the place was taken," said Count Siniavin to the handsome young Princess Tcharskaïa, who had designs on him.

The latter only replied with a smile. She was looking at Kitty and thinking what she would do when it came her turn to be standing in Kitty's place, with Count Siniavin; then she would remind him of the joke that he had made.

Sheherbatsky confided to the old Fréïlina Nikolayeva his intention to place the crown on Kitty's headdress to bring her good luck.

"There is no need of wearing a headdress," replied Fréïlina Nikolayeva, deciding that if the widower whom she was setting her cap for should offer himself, she would be married very simply. "I don't like this display."

Sergéi Ivanovitch was jesting with the lady next him, declaring that the fashion of wedding tours was becoming widespread because young couples were shamefaced.

"Your brother may well be proud of his choice. She is charming. You must envy him."

"The time has gone by for that, Darya Dmitrievna," he replied, and an unexpected expression of sadness overspread his face.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was telling his sister-in-law his conundrum about divorce.

"Somebody ought to arrange her wreath," replied the latter, without listening.

"What a shame that she has grown so ugly!" said the Countess Nordstone to Madame Lvova. "After all, he isn't worth her little finger, is he?"

"I don't agree with you; I am very much pleased with him, and not only because he is going to be my *beau-frère*," replied Madame Lvova. "How well he appears! It is so difficult to appear well at such a time. He is neither ridiculous nor stiff; one feels that he is touched."

"Did you expect this marriage?"

"Almost. He has always been in love with her."

"*Nu!* We shall see which will be the first to step on the carpet. I have advised Kitty to look out for that."

"That was not worth while," replied Madame Lvova; "in our family we are all submissive to our husbands."

"But I have taken pains to keep mine under the thumb. —How is it with you, Dolly?"

Dolly was standing near them, and heard them, but she did not reply. She was affected; tears filled her eyes, and she could not have uttered a word without crying. She was glad for Kitty and Levin; she was thinking of her own wedding; and as she glanced at the brilliant Stepan Arkadyevitch, she forgot the real state of things, and only remembered his first, innocent love. She was thinking, too, of other women, —her friends, — whom she remembered at this important and solemn hour of their lives; how they, like Kitty, stood under the crown; how they renounced the past with joy, and began a mysterious future, with hope and fear

in their hearts. Among the number she recalled her dear Anna, who she had just heard was to be divorced; she had seen her enveloped in a white veil, as pure as Kitty, with her wreath of orange-blossoms. And now? "It is terribly strange!" she whispered.

The sisters and friends were not the only ones to follow with interest the minutest details of the ceremony; there were women among the strangers looking on, who held their breath, for fear of losing a single movement of bride or bridegroom, and who replied absent-mindedly to the jokes or idle remarks of the men, often not even hearing them.

"Why is she so troubled? Are they marrying her against her will?"

"Against her will? to such a handsome man? Is he a prince?"

"Is the one in white satin her sister? *Nu!* Just hear the deacon howl, 'Let her fear her husband'!"

"Are the singers from Tchudof?"[1]

"No; from the synod."

"I have asked the servant about it. He says that her husband is going to take her away to his estate. Awfully rich, they say. That is why she is marrying him."

"They make a pretty pair."

"And you pretend to say, Marya Vasilievna, that they don't wear hoop-skirts any longer. Just look at that one in a puce-colored dress! You would say she was an ambassador's wife by the way she is dressed. Do you see now?"

"What a sweet little creature the bride is!—like a lamb for the slaughter. You may say what you please, I can't help pitying her."

Such were the remarks of the spectators who had been smart enough to get past the door.

VI.

Just at this moment one of the officiating priests came to spread a piece of rose-colored silk through the centre of the church, while the choir intoned a psalm of difficult and complicated execution, in which the tenor and bass sang responsively; the priest motioned to the pair and pointed to the carpet.

They were both familiar with the superstition that which-

[1] A monastery, famous for its singers.

ever one of a bridal couple first sets foot on the carpet becomes the real head of the family, but neither Kitty nor Levin thought anything about it after they had gone a few steps. And they did not hear the remarks exchanged about them or the discussions between those who thought that he was the first and those who were sure that they touched it simultaneously.

A new office began. Kitty listened to the words of the prayers and tried to understand them, but without success. The further the ceremony proceeded, the more her heart overflowed with triumphant joy, which prevented her from fixing her attention.

They prayed to God that "the pair might have the gift of chastity, and might rejoice in the sight of many sons and daughters"; they recalled how God had made "the first woman from Adam's side," that "the woman must leave father and mother and cling to her husband, and they twain shall be one flesh"; they prayed God "to give them fecundity and prosperity, as he had blessed Isaac and Rebecca, Joseph, Moses, and Sephora, and to let them see their children to the third and fourth generation."

"All this is lovely," thought Kitty as she heard these words, and a smile of happiness, which was reflected on the faces of all who saw her, shone on her fair, lovely face.

"Put it entirely on," were the words heard in every part of the church as the priest brought forward the crowns, and Shcherbatsky, in his three-button gloves, tremblingly held the wreath high above Kitty's head.

"Put it on," whispered the latter, smiling.

Levin turned round, and, struck by her radiant face, he felt, like her, happy and serene.

They listened with joy in their hearts to the reading of the Epistle, and the deacon's voice echoing the last verse fully appreciated by the strangers, who were impatiently waiting for it. Joyfully they drank the warm red wine and water from the flat cup, and followed the priest almost gayly as he led them around the lectern, holding both their hands in his. Shcherbatsky and Tchirikof, carrying the crowns, followed them smiling, and constantly treading on the bride's train. The gleam of joy on Kitty's face seemed to be communicated to all present. Levin was sure that the deacon and the priest fell under its influence as well as himself.

When the crowns had been laid aside, the priest read the

last prayers and congratulated the young couple. Levin looked at Kitty and thought he had never seen her so beautiful; it was the beauty of that inward radiance which transformed her; he wanted to speak to her, but checked himself, fearing that the ceremony was not yet over. The priest said gently to him, with a kindly smile, —

"Kiss your wife, and you, kiss your husband," and he took their candles.

Levin with circumspection kissed his wife's smiling lips, gave her his arm, and went out of the church with a new and strange feeling of being suddenly very near to her. He had not been able to realize all that was happening until now, and did not begin to believe it until their astonished and timid eyes met; then he felt very really that they were indeed one.

That same evening, after the supper, the young couple started for the country.

VII.

Vronsky and Anna had been travelling together in Europe for three months. They had visited Venice, Rome, Naples; and now they were just arrived at a small Italian city, where they intended to make a considerable stay.

A gentleman was asking some questions of the imposing hotel-clerk, who stood with his hands in his pockets, and scarcely deigned to reply. He was a handsome man, with thick, pomaded hair, through which ran a part that started from his neck. He wore a dress suit, and a huge expanse of white linen covered his bosom. A bunch of watch-charms was poised upon his rotund belly. Hearing steps on the other side of the entrance, the major-domo turned around, and seeing the Russian count, who rented his most expensive apartments, he respectfully drew his hands out of his pockets, and, with a low bow, informed the count that a messenger had come to say that the *palazzo* was at his service. The agent was ready to sign the agreement.

"Ah! Very good," said Vronsky. "Is madame at home?"

"She has been out, but she has returned," replied the major-domo.

Vronsky took off his wide-brimmed soft hat, and wiped his heated forehead with his handkerchief, and smoothed

his hair, which was so arranged as to hide his baldness. Then he cast a hasty glance at the stranger, who had stopped, and was looking at him earnestly.

"This gentleman is a Russian, and was inquiring for you," said the major-domo.

With a ridiculous feeling of anger because he never could get away from acquaintances, and at the same time a pleasure at the idea of any distraction from his monotonous existence, Vronsky turned about, and at one and the same time their eyes met.

"Golennishchef!"

"Vronsky!"

It was indeed Golennishchef, one of Vronsky's schoolmates in the Corps of Pages. He belonged to the liberal party; and, after his graduation, he took a civil rank (*tchin*), and did not enter the army. The comrades had entirely drifted apart since their graduation, and had not even met but once. At this meeting Vronsky perceived that Golennishchef looked down from the lofty heights of his liberal profession upon Vronsky's profession and career. Consequently, Vronsky, at this meeting with Golennishchef, gave him that cold and haughty reception which it was his fashion to treat people withal, as much as to say: 'You may like or dislike my manner of life, but it is absolutely of no consequence to me; you must prize me if you want to know me.' Golennishchef was entirely indifferent to Vronsky's manner. That meeting, it would seem, must have driven them still further apart; yet, now at the sight of each other, they each uttered a cry of delight. Vronsky had never realized how glad he would be to see Golennishchef; but the fact was, that he did not know how bored he was. He forgot the unpleasant circumstances of their previous meeting, and with manifest pleasure extended his hand. And likewise a look of satisfaction succeeded the troubled expression on Golennishchef's face.

"How glad I am to see you!" said Vronsky, with a friendly smile, that showed his handsome white teeth.

"I heard the name Vronsky, but which — I did not know — very, very glad."

"But come in! *Nu!* What are you doing?"

"Oh, I have been living here for more than a year, working."

"Ah!" said Vronsky, with interest. "But come in."

And, according to the habit of Russians when they do not wish to be understood by their servants, he said in French, —

"Do you know Madame Karénina? We have been travelling together. I was just going to her room." And while he was speaking he studied Golennishchef's face.

"Ah! I did not know" (but he did know), remarked Golennishchef carelessly. "Have you been here long?"

"I? Oh, this is the fourth day," replied Vronsky, continuing to study his companion.

"*Da!* He is a gentleman, and looks upon things in the right light," he said to himself, giving a favorable interpretation to Golennishchef's way of turning the conversation; "he can be presented to Anna; his views are all right."

Vronsky, during this three months of travel with Anna, had felt every time that he met with new acquaintances a hesitation as to the manner in which they would look upon his relations with Anna, and for the most part the men had looked upon them "in the right light." If he or they had been asked what they meant by the expression "in the right light," they would have found it hard to tell; but they did not care to press the matter, and contented themselves with a wise discretion, not asking questions or making allusions, and behaved altogether in the way of well-bred people when presented with a delicate and complex situation.

Vronsky instantly saw that Golennishchef was one of these discreet people, and was therefore glad of the encounter. Indeed, Golennishchef would behave towards Madame Karénina in exactly the manner that Vronsky demanded, and it evidently would cost him no effort to avoid all words that would lead to unpleasant suggestions.

He had never seen Anna before, and was delighted with her beauty, and still more with the perfect simplicity with which she accepted the situation. She flushed when she saw Vronsky come in with Golennishchef, and this infantile color which spread over her frank and lovely face pleased him immensely. But he was delighted because, even in the presence of a stranger, which might have caused restraint, she called Vronsky Alekséi, and told about their plans for a new house of their own, which she dignified with the name of *palazzo*. This simple and straightforward facing of their situation was delightful to Golennishchef. Perceiving Anna's happy and vivacious manner, knowing Alekséi Alek-

sandrovitch and Vronsky, it seemed to him that he understood, as she herself did not understand, how she could desert her unhappy husband and her son, and lose her good repute, and still feel animated, gay, and happy.

"This *palazzo* is in the guide-book," said Golennishchef. "There is a superb Tintoretto there. In his latest manner."

"Do you know? It is splendid weather; let's go over and look at it again," said Vronsky, addressing Anna.

"I should like to very much. I will go and put on my hat. Did you say it was hot?" halting on the threshold and looking back to Vronsky. And again the bright color came into her face.

Vronsky saw by her look that she was uncertain in what way to treat Golennishchef, and was mutely entreating him to tell her if her behavior was what he desired.

He looked at her long and tenderly. Then he replied,—

"No, not very."

Anna perceived by his eyes that he was satisfied with her, and replying with a smile, she went out with a quick and graceful motion.

The friends looked at each other, and there came into the faces of both an expression of embarrassment, as though Golennishchef, admiring her, wished to make some complimentary remark and had not the courage, while Vronsky both wished and feared to hear it.

"*Tak vot kak*," Vronsky began, so that some conversation might be started. "So you are settled here? Are you still interested in the same pursuits?" he asked, remembering that he had been told that Golennishchef was writing something.

"Yes; I have been writing the second part of the *Two Origins*," replied Golennishchef, kindling with delight at this question; "that is, to be more exact, I am not writing yet, but have been collecting and preparing my materials. It will be far more extended, and will endeavor to answer all questions. With us, in Russia, they can't understand that we are the successors of Byzantium," and he began a long dissertation.

Vronsky at first was confused because he did not know about the first part of the *Two Origins*, about which the author spoke as though it were a classic. But afterwards, as Golennishchef began to develop his thought, and Vronsky saw what he meant, his interest wakened even though he did

not know about the *Two Origins;* and as he listened, he felt that his ideas were good. But it was unpleasant for him to see Golennishchef's agitation. The longer he spoke, the brighter grew his eyes, the more animated were his arguments in refutation of his opponents, and the more angry and excited the expression of his face. Vronsky remembered Golennishchef at the School of Pages, — a lad of small stature, thin, nervous, agile, a good-hearted and good-natured *malchik*, always at the head of his class, and he could not imagine how he had changed so much and become so irritable. And it was especially incomprehensible to him that Golennishchef, a man of good social standing, should put himself down on the level of these common scribblers, and get angry with them because they criticised him. Was it worth while? It displeased him; but, as he felt that Golennishchef was making himself miserable, he was sorry for him.

This unhappy expression was particularly noticeable on his vivacious, handsome face just as Anna came in, he was so much occupied with the angry expression of his thoughts.

As Anna, in walking costume, and with a sunshade in her lovely, slender hand, came in and stood near them, Vronsky was happy to turn away from Golennishchef's keen and feverish eyes, and to look with ever-new love at his charming friend, radiant with life and gayety.

It was hard for Golennishchef to come to himself, and at first he was surly and cross; but Anna, through her amiable disposition, quickly brought him into sympathy with her gay and natural manner. She gradually led the conversation round to painting, about which he spoke very well, and she listened to him attentively.

"I am very glad of one thing," said Anna to Golennishchef, "Alekséi will have a nice *atelier*. Of course thou hast been into this room?" she added, turning to Vronsky and speaking to him in Russian, using the familiar *tui* (thou) as though she already looked upon Golennishchef as an intimate, before whom it was not necessary to be reserved.

"Do you paint?" asked Golennishchef, turning vivaciously to Vronsky.

"Yes, I used to paint long ago, and now I am going to take it up again," replied Vronsky, with color.

"He has great talent," cried Anna, with a radiant smile. "Of course I am not a judge. But good judges whom I know say so."

VIII.

Anna, during this first period of freedom and rapid convalescence, felt herself exuberantly happy and full of joyous life. The memory of her husband's unhappiness did not poison her pleasure. This memory in one way was too horrible to think of. In another, her husband's unhappiness was the cause of a happiness for her too great to allow regret. The memory of everything that had followed since her sickness, the reconciliation with her husband, the quarrel, Vronsky's wound, his sudden appearance, the preparations for the divorce, the flight from her husband's home, the separation from her son, — all this seemed like a frightful dream, from which her journey abroad alone with Vronsky had relieved her. Of course, what she had done was evil, but this was her only salvation, and it was better not to return to those horrible memories.

There was one consolation which somewhat appeased her conscience whenever she thought of the past. She expressed it to herself at the very first moment of her departure: "I have done my husband an irrevocable injury, but at least I get no advantage from his misfortune. I also suffer and shall suffer. I give up all that was dearest to me; I give up my good name and my son. I have sinned, and therefore I do not desire happiness or a divorce, and I accept my shame and the separation from my son."

But however sincere Anna was when she reasoned thus, she had not suffered. She had felt no shame. With that tact which both she and Vronsky possessed to perfection they had avoided, while abroad, any meeting with Russian ladies, and they had never put themselves into any false position, but had associated only with those who pretended to understand their situation much better than they themselves did. Nor even the separation from her son, whom she loved, caused her any pain at this time. Her baby, her daughter, was so lovely and so filled her heart, that she seemed to have only the daughter, and rarely thought of the son.

The joy of living caused by her convalescence was so keen, the conditions of her existence were so new and delightful, that Anna felt extraordinarily happy. The more she came to know Vronsky, the more she loved. She loved him for his own sake and for his love for her. The complete surrender

to him was a delight. His presence was always a joy. All the traits of his character seemed to her to improve on acquaintance. His appearance, now that he dressed in civil attire instead of uniform, was as entrancing to her as for a young girl desperately in love. In everything that he said, thought, or did she saw only the good and the noble side. She herself felt almost frightened at this excessive worship of him. She tried in vain to find any imperfection in him. She did not dare to confess to him her own inferiority, lest he, knowing it, should love her less. And now there was nothing that terrified her so as the thought of losing his love. But her terror was not justified by Vronsky's conduct; he never manifested the slightest regret at having sacrificed to his passion a career in which he would certainly have played an important part. Moreover, he was always respectful, and careful that she should never feel in the slightest degree the compromising character of her position. This man, so masculine, so wilful, had no will beside hers, and his only aim seemed to be to anticipate her desires. And she could not but appreciate this, though this assiduity itself in his attentions, this atmosphere of lover which he threw around her, sometimes wearied her.

Vronsky, meantime, notwithstanding the complete realization of all that he had desired so long, was not entirely happy. He soon began to feel that the accomplishment of his desires was only a small portion of the mountain of pleasure which he had anticipated. This reality now came to him like the eternal error which people make, who imagine how great their pleasure will be in the accomplishment of their desires. When he was first united with her, and had put on his citizen's clothes, he felt all the pleasure of a freedom such as he had never known before; and he was satisfied with that, and with her love, but not for long. He soon began to feel in his soul desires that caused pain. Involuntarily, he began to follow every light caprice as though they were serious aspirations and ends.

To fill sixteen hours of each day was not easy, living as they did abroad in perfect freedom, away from the social and military duties that took his time at Petersburg. He could not think of trying the distractions which he had known in the previous trips abroad; one time a scheme of a supper with some acquaintances caused Anna a most unexpected and uncomfortable storm of despair. The enjoyment

with foreign or Russian society was impossible on account of the peculiarity of their relation. And to amuse himself with the curiosities of the country was not to be spoken of, not only because he had already seen them, but because in his quality of Russian and man of sense, he could not find in them that immense importance that the English are pleased to attach to them.

And as a hungry animal throws itself on everything that falls before its teeth, so Vronsky, with extraordinary indiscrimination, attacked, now politics, now painting, now new books.

When he was young, he had shown some inclination towards art, and not knowing what to do with his money, had made a collection of engravings. And now he took up the idea of painting, in order to give his activity some scope. He was not lacking in good task, and he had a gift of imitation, which he confounded with original talent. All styles were one to him, and for some time he hung doubtful which he would choose, — the religious, the historical, *genre*, or the realistic. He understood all kinds, and could get inspiration for each; but he did not seek his inspiration directly from nature, from life; and thus he understood neither, except as he had seen them expressed in art; but he executed tolerable sketches. More than all others, the graceful and effective French school appealed to him, and he began a portrait of Anna in this style. She wore an Italian costume; and this portrait seemed to him, and to all who saw it, very successful.

IX.

The old, dilapitated *palazzo* in which they set up their establishment served to endow Vronsky with an agreeable illusion; it seemed to him that he had gone through a metamorphosis, and from a Russian proprietor, a colonel in retirement, he had been changed into an enlightened amateur and protector of art, who, in his own modest way, painted a little, while sacrificing the world, his ties, his ambition, for a woman's love. The ancient palace, with lofty painted ceilings, its walls covered with frescoes, its mosaic floors, its vases on mantel-piece and console, its yellow tapestries, its thick, yellow curtains at the windows, its carved doors, and its vast, melancholy halls, filled with paintings, lent itself readily to his illusion.

His new *rôle* satisfied Vronsky for some time. He made the acquaintance of an Italian painter, under whose instruction he made some studies from nature. At the same time, he undertook to make investigations into Italian life during the middle ages, which inspired him with such a lively interest, that he began to wear a mediæval hat, and throw his plaid over his shoulders in the antique style, which was very becoming to him.

"Do you like Mikhaïlof's painting?" asked Vronsky one morning of Golennishchef, who came in to see him, and at the same time he handed him a Russian paper, containing an article on this artist, who had just completed a picture of such merit, that it had been sold on the easel. He was living in this same city, without receiving any official encouragement or aid; and the article severely criticised the government and the academy for neglecting an artist of such genius.

"I know him," replied Golennishchef. "He certainly has no lack of talent, but his theories are absolutely false. He always shows the Ivanof-Strausz-Renan tendencies in his conceptions of Christ and the religious life."

"What is the subject of his painting?" asked Anna.

"Christ before Pilate. The Christ is a Jew of the most pronounced type of realism."

And as this subject was a favorite one with him, he began to develop his ideas.

"I cannot understand how they can fall into such a gross mistake. The type of the Christ in art was well defined by the old masters. If they want to represent a sage or a revolutionist, let them take Franklin or Sokrates, or Charlotte Corday, — anybody they please, — but not Christ. He is the only one that art ought not to meddle with, and then" —

"Is it true that this Mikhaïlof is in misery?" asked Vronsky, who felt that in his quality of Russian Mæcenas he ought to find some way of aiding the artist without regard to the value of his painting. "Couldn't we ask him to paint Anna Arkadyevna's portrait?"

"Why mine?" she demanded. "After your portrait of me, I want no other. It would be better to let him paint Ani [so she called her daughter], or her," she added, with a furtive glance at Vronsky, and pointing to the pretty Italian nurse, who was just taking the baby into the garden.

This Italian woman, whose mediæval type of beauty Vronsky admired, and whose face he had taken as a model, was the only shadow in Anna's life. She was afraid that she was going to be jealous, and was accordingly all the more kind to her and her little boy. Vronsky looked out of the window, and then catching Anna's eyes, he turned to Golennishchef.

"Do you know this Mikhaïlof?"

"I have met him. He is an original [*tchudak*], without any education, — one of these new-fashioned savages such as you meet with now-a-days — you know them — these free-thinkers, who rush *d'emblée* [headlong] into atheism, materialism, universal negation. Once," Golennishchef went on to say, without allowing Vronsky or Anna to put in a word, "once the free-thinker was a man of lofty, religious, and moral ideas, who did not ignore the laws by which society is regulated, and who reached freedom of thought only after long struggles. But now we have a new type of them, — free-thinkers who grow up without even knowing that there are such things as laws in morality and religion, who will not admit that sure authorities exist, and who possess only the sentiment of negation; in a word, savages. Mikhaïlof is one of these. He is the son of a major-domo [*ober-lakéi*] at Moscow, and never had any education. He entered the academy, and showed some promise. He was willing to be taught, for he is not a fool; and, with this end in view, he turned to that source of all learning, — the magazines and reviews. In the good old times, if a man — let us say a Frenchman — wanted to get an education, he would study the classics, — the preachers, the tragic poets, the historians, the philosophers; and you can see all the intellectual labor that involved. But now-a-days it is far more simple; he turns to negative literature, and it is very easy to get a smattering of such a science. And, again, twenty years ago, this same literature bore traces of the struggle against the authorities and secular traditions of the past; and these very traces of struggle gave an inkling that these things existed. But now no longer are pains taken to combat with the past. Men are contented with words. — natural selection, *évolution*, struggle for existence, negation, and all. In my article" —

"I'll tell you what we must do," said Anna, resolutely, cutting short Golennishchef's verbiage, after exchanging a glance with Vronsky; "let us go and see your painter."

Golennishchef readily consented; and as the artist's studio was situated in a remote quarter, they had a carriage called. An hour later, the carriage, with Golennishchef, Vronsky, and Anna, stopped in front of a new and ugly house. A woman came to receive them, and told them that Mikhaïlof was at his studio, only a few steps away. The visitors sent in their cards, and begged to be admitted to see his paintings.

X.

Mikhaïlof was at work as usual, when the cards of Count Vronsky and Golennishchef were brought him. He had been painting all the morning in his studio; but when he reached his house, he became enraged with his wife because of her failure to make terms with an exacting landlady.

"I have told you twenty times not to dispute with her. You are a fool anyway; but when you try to argue in Italian, you are three times as much of a fool."

"Why do you get behindhand so? It is not my fault. If I had any money" —

"For heaven's sake, give me some peace!" cried Mikhaïlof, his voice thick with tears; and putting his hands over his ears, he hastily rushed to his workroom, separated from the sitting-room by a partition, and bolted the door. "She hasn't any common sense," he said to himself, sitting down at his table and addressing himself to his work with feverish ardor.

He never worked better than when money was wanting, and especially after a quarrel with his wife. He had begun a study of a man suddenly seized with a tempest of wrath. But now he was not able to find it, and so he went back to his wife with an air of vexation, and without looking at her, asked his eldest daughter for the sketch which he had given her. After a long search it was found, soiled and covered with drops of tallow. He took it as it was, laid it on the table, examined it from a distance, squinting his eyes, and then smiled, with a satisfied gesture.

"So! so!" he cried, taking a pencil and drawing some rapid lines. One of the tallow spots gave his sketch a new aspect.

As he worked he remembered the prominent chin of the man of whom he bought his cigars, and instantly he gave his design an energetic and sharp outline, and the sketch ceased

to be something vague and dead, but became animated and alive. He laughed with delight. As he carefully finished his design, the two cards were brought him.

"I will come instantly," he replied. Then he went back to his wife.

"*Nu*, come, Sasha, don't be vexed," he said, with a smile at once tender and timid. "You were wrong; so was I. I will settle matters." And giving her a kiss of reconciliation, he put on an olive overcoat with velvet collar, took his hat, and hurried to his studio, greatly wondering what the visit of these stylish Russian gentlemen, who came to see him in a carriage, could mean.

In last analysis his opinion on the painting which was on exhibition then was as follows: "No one could produce another like it." It was not that he believed himself superior to the Raphaels; but he was sure that he had accomplished in it his utmost desires, and he did not believe that others could do as much. Yet in spite of this conviction, which dated from the day that the picture was begun, he attached great value to the judgment of the public, and the expectation of what this judgment would be stirred him to the depths of his soul. He felt that his critics had a depth of insight superior even to his own, and he expected to have them discover in his picture new features that had escaped his own observation. As he hurried on with long strides he was struck, in spite of his preoccupation, by the appearance of Anna, who was standing in a soft radiance in the shadow of the portico, talking with Golennishchef and watching the artist's approach, as though she were trying to study him from a distance. The artist, without definite consciousness of it, instantly stowed away in the pigeon-holes of his brain the impression that she made on him, to make use of it some day, just as he had used the tobacconist's chin.

The visitors, whose ideas of Mikhaïlof had been greatly modified by Golennishchef's description of him, were still more disenchanted when they saw him. He was a thick-set man, of medium height, and his nervous walk, his chestnut-colored hat, his olive-green coat, and his tight trousers, out of date, produced an impression which the vulgarity of his long face and the mixture of timidity and pretentious dignity which it expressed were not calculated to render more favorable.

"Do me the honor to enter," he said, trying to assume an air of indifference, while he turned the key and opened the door of his studio.

XI.

As soon as they entered, Mikhaïlof again glanced at his guests. Vronsky's face, with its rather prominent cheek-bones, instantly engraved itself in his memory, for this man's artistic sense was always at work, storing up new materials. His delicate and shrewd observations were based on almost imperceptible indications. "That one [meaning Golennish-chef] must be a Russian resident in Italy." Mikhaïlof could not remember either his name or the place where he had met him, and still less, whether he had ever spoken to him; but he remembered the faces that he saw, and he knew that he had once before classed him in the immense category of faces which lack expression in spite an apparent air of originality. A very high forehead and an abundance of long hair gave his head a semblance of individuality which might easily deceive, while an expression of puerile agitation was concentrated in the narrow space between his eyes. Vronsky and Anna were, according to Mikhaïlof's intuition, Russians of high rank, rich, and ignorant of art, like all rich Russians who play the amateur and the connoisseur.

"They have undoubtedly seen all the old galleries," he thought, "and now are visiting the studios of the German charlatans and the imbecile English pre-Raphaelites, and bring their tour to an end by doing me the honor of a visit."

He knew very well the fashion in which dilettants visited the studios of modern painters, and they amused him rather than vexed him. He saw that their single aim was to be able to prove the incontestible superiority of ancient over modern art. He expected all this, and he read it in the indifference with which his visitors conversed together as they walked up and down the studio, leisurely examining the manikins and busts, while he was arranging his paintings.

Notwithstanding his prejudice and his private conviction that rich and titled Russians were infallibly fools and imbeciles, he got out his studies, raised his curtains, and with eager hand unveiled his masterpiece.

"Here," he said, stepping back from the easel and beckoning to the sightseers, "is the *Christ before Pilate*." (Matthew, chapter xxvii.) He felt his lips tremble with emotion, and he took his place behind his guests. During

the few seconds of silence that followed, Mikhaïlof looked at his picture with a sort of indifference, as though he were one of the spectators. In spite of him he expected a superior criticism, an infallible judgment, from these three people, whom but a moment before he despised. Forgetting his own opinion as well as the indubitable merits which during three years had constantly appealed to him, he looked at it now with the cold and critical look of a stranger, and found it full of faults. How far would the politely hypocritical remarks which he expected to hear be justified? how much right his guests would have to pity him and ridicule him after they were gone!

The silence, which in reality did not last a minute, seemed to him intolerably long, and to abridge it and hide his trouble, he made an effort to address Golennishchef.

"I think that I have had the honor of meeting you before," said he, glancing anxiously first at Anna, then at Vronsky, so that he might not lose for an instant the changing expression of their faces.

"Certainly; we met at Rossi's the evening when that Italian girl, the new Rachel, made a recitation; don't you remember?" replied Golennishchef, turning away his face without the least show of regret.

He saw, however, that Mikhaïlof was expecting him to say something about the picture, and he added, —

"Your work has made great progress since the last time I saw it; and now I am greatly impressed with your Pilate, just as I was then. You have represented a good but feeble man, — a *tchinovnik* to the bottom of his soul, — who is absolutely blind to the meaning of his action. But it seems to me" —

Mikhaïlof's mobile face lighted up, his eyes gleamed, he wanted to reply; but his emotion prevented him, and he pretended to have a fit of coughing. This discriminating observation, though it was valueless to him, because he had such a low estimation of Golennishchef's artistic instinct, filled him with joy. He suddenly conceived a liking for his guest, and suddenly flew from dejection to enthusiasm. Instantly his painting regained in his eyes its meaning so complex and so profound.

Vronsky and Anna were talking in that low tone of voice peculiar to picture exhibitions, and caused by the desire not to say anything that might give offence, and, more than all,

not to let any one hear those absurd remarks which are so easily made in regard to art. Mikhaïlof thought that he heard a favorable criticism on his picture; and he drew closer to them.

"What an admirable expression the Christ has," said Anna, thinking that this eulogy could not help being agreeable to the artist, as the Christ was the principal figure in the painting. She added, "One can see that he pities Pilate." This, again, was one of those million accurate but idle observations which mean so little. The Christ's face, of course, should represent resignation to death, the feeling of absolute disenchantment with the world, a supernatural peace, a sublime love, and, in consequence, also pity for his enemies. Pilate, the *tchinovnik*, should represent the fleshly life in contradistinction to Christ, the pattern of the spiritual life, and therefore have the aspect of a vulgar office-holder; but, nevertheless, Mikhaïlof's face was radiant with joy.

"*Da!* And how that figure is painted! One could go round it," said Golennishchef, meaning to show by this observation that he did not approve of the realistic element in the Christ.

"Yes; it is a master-work," said Vronsky. "How alive those figures in the background are! What technique!" he added, turning to Golennishchef, and alluding to a discussion in which he had avowed his discouragement in the technique of the art.

"Yes, yes; very remarkable," said Golennishchef and Anna simultaneously. But Vronsky's last remark nettled Mikhaïlof; he scowled and looked at Vronsky with an angry expression. He did not know what he meant by the word *technique*. He had often noticed, even in the praises which his work called forth, that technical skill was opposed to the intrinsic merit of a work as though it were possible to paint a bad picture with talent.

"The only criticism that I should dare to make, if you will allow me"—

"*Ach!* I should be very glad,—beg you to favor me," replied Mikhaïlof, smiling without gayety.

"It is that you have painted a man made God, and not God made man. However, I know that that was your intention."

"I cannot paint any Christ except the one I comprehend," replied Mikhaïlof gloomily.

"In that case, excuse me if I look at it from my own standpoint; your painting is so beautiful, that this observation can do it no harm. Take Ivanof, for example — why does he reduce the Christ to the proportions of an historical figure? He would do better to choose a new theme less hackneyed."

"But suppose this theme is the grandest of all for art?"

"By searching, one might be found just as grand. Art, in my estimation, cannot suffer discussion; now this question is raised by Ivanof's painting: Is that God, or not God? and thus the unity of the impression is destroyed."

"Why so? It seems to me that this question can no longer be asked by enlightened men," replied Mikhaïlof.

Golennishchef was not of this opinion; and, full of his idea, drew the painter into a discussion in which he could not defend himself.

XII.

Anna and Vronsky, wearying of their friend's learned loquacity, exchanged glances. Finally they left the two men to their discussion, and went to make a further examination of the studio. They stopped before a small painting.

"*Ach!* How charming! What a gem!" said both of them at once.

"What pleases them so?" thought Mikhaïlof. He had completely forgotten this picture, painted three years before. When once he had painted a picture, he no longer cared to see it, and he had brought this one out only because an Englishman had thought of purchasing it.

"That is nothing," he said — "only an old study."

"But it is capital," replied Golennishchef very honestly, falling under the charm of the painting.

Two children were fishing under the shade of a laburnum. The elder, all absorbed, was cautiously pulling his line from the water. The younger, lying in the grass, leaning his blond, frowsly head on his hand, was gazing at the water, with great, pensive eyes. What was he thinking about?

The enthusiasm caused by this study brought back somewhat of Mikhaïlof's first emotion; but he did not love the vain memories of the past, and he preferred to take his guests to a third painting. But Vronsky angered him

by asking if the painting was for sale; the question of money seemed to him to be in bad taste, and he frowned as he replied, —

"It was put up for sale."

After his visitors had gone, Mikhaïlof sat down before his painting of Christ and Pilate, and mentally reviewed all that had been said and understood by them. And how strange! the observations which seemed so weighty when they were present, and when he put himself on their plane, now lost all significance. As he examined his work with his artist's eye he regained his full conviction of its perfection and its lofty value, and he therefore again felt the disposition of mind necessary for the continuance of his work.

The foreshortening in the leg of the Christ was not quite correct. He seized his palette, and while he was correcting it, looked long at the head of John, which seemed to him to show the highest degree of perfection — and his visitors had not even noticed it. He tried to give this also a few touches; but to work well he must be less excited and reach the right medium between indifference and exultation. At this moment he was agitated. He started to cover the canvas. Then he stopped, and, lifting the drapery with one hand, he smiled ecstatically at his St. John. At last, tearing himself from his contemplation, he let the curtain fall, and went home, weary but happy.

Vronsky, Anna, and Golennishchef, returning to the *palazzo*, were very lively and gay. They talked about Mikhaïlof and his paintings. The word *talent* was often heard as they talked; they meant by it not only an inner gift, almost physical, independent of spirit and heart, but also something more extended, the real meaning of which escaped them.

"Talent," they said, "he certainly has, but this talent is not sufficiently developed, because he lacks intellectual culture, a fault common to all Russian artists."

But the painting of the two boys appealed to their tastes, and again and again they recurred to it. "How charming! How natural and how simple! And he did not realize how good it was. *Da!* I must not fail to buy it," said Vronsky.

XIII.

Mikhaïlof sold Vronsky the little picture, and also decided to paint Anna's portrait. He came on the appointed day and began his work, which even on the fifth sitting struck Vronsky by its resemblance and by its very delicate feeling for the beauty of his subject.

"One must know her and love her as I love her, to get her gentle and spiritual expression," thought Vronsky; and yet he found in Mikhaïlof's portrait exactly that very expression.

"I have been struggling so long and never get ahead," said Vronsky, referring to his portrait of Anna, "and he has only to look at her to paint her. That is what I call knowing one's profession."

"That will come," said Golennishchef, to console him, for in his eyes Vronsky had talent, and, moreover, had a training which ought to wake in him the feeling for art. But Golennishchef's convictions in this regard were corroborated by the need that he felt for Vronsky to praise him and sympathize with him in his own work: it was a fair exchange.

In the house of strangers, and especially in Vronsky's *palazzo*, Mikhaïlof was an entirely different man from what he was at home and in his studio. He showed himself respectful almost to affectation, as though he were anxious to avoid all intimacy with people whom at heart he did not regard. He always called Vronsky "Your Excellency" [*váshe siátelstvo*]; and in spite of Vronsky's and Anna's repeated invitations, he never would stay to dinner or come except at the hours for the sitting. Anna was even more genial to him than to the others; Vronsky was more than polite to him, and was anxious for his criticism on his paintings; Golennishchef never lost an opportunity of inculcating sound theories of art: still Mikhaïlof kept his distance. But Anna felt that he liked to look at her even though he avoided all conversation with her. When Vronsky desired his opinion on his work, he remained obstinately silent, and looked at the pictures without ever a word, and he took no pains to conceal the weariness which Golennishchef's sermons caused him.

This mute hostility produced a painful impression, and relief was felt by all when the sittings were over, and Mikhaïlof, having completed an admirable portrait, ceased to come

to the *palazzo*. Golennishchef was the first to express a thought which all had been thinking, that the painter was envious of Vronsky.

"What makes him furious is to see a wealthy man, of high position, a count, — and apparently they are all vexed at that, — reaching without trouble the skill to paint as well, if not better, than he. He has devoted his life to painting, but you have a mental culture which people like Mikhaïlof never succeed in attaining."

Vronsky, though he took the painter's part, felt at heart that his friend was right; for it seemed to him extremely natural that a man in an inferior position should envy him.

The two portraits of Anna might have shown him the difference between him and Mikhaïlof. It was only after Mikhaïlof's portrait was done, that he began to see it. He felt it sufficiently to lay his own aside, saying that it was a superfluity; and he devoted himself wholly to his mediæval painting. He himself and Golennishchef and Anna especially felt that it was good, because it resembled, more than all that Mikhaïlof did, the works of the old masters.

Mikhaïlof, meantime, in spite of the pleasure which he took in doing Anna's portrait, was glad to be freed from Golennishchef's discourses and Vronsky's paintings. Of course, it was impossible to prevent Vronsky from amusing himself, he and all other dilettants having unfortunately the right to paint as much as they please; but he suffered in consequence of this amateurish occupation. No one can prevent a man from making for himself a big wax doll and kissing it; but if this man takes his doll and sits in the presence of lovers and makes his caresses before them, then it becomes unpleasant to the lover. Vronsky's painting produced on him a similar feeling; it was ridiculous, and disgusting, and pitiable, and vexatious.

Vronsky's enthusiasm for painting and the middle ages was, however, of short duration; his art instinct was strong enough to prevent him from finishing his painting, and he recognized sadly, that his faults, at first apparently trifling, grew more and more grievous as he went on. He was like Golennishchef, who willingly nurtured himself on illusions, and imagined that he was collecting materials, and storing up ripened thoughts, because he felt that there was a void in his mind. But while Golennishchef grew bitter and irritable, Vronsky remained perfectly calm: incapable of self-decep-

tion, he simply gave up his painting, with his habitual decision of character, without seeking to justify himself or to offer explanations.

But, without this occupation, life in this little Italian city quickly became intolerable; the *palazzo* suddenly appeared old and dirty; the spots on the curtains assumed a sordid aspect; the cracks in the mosaics, the broken stucco of the cornices, the eternal Golennishchef, the Italian professor, and the German tourist, all became unspeakably wearisome. Anna was surprised by this abrupt disenchantment, but willingly consented to return to Russia to live in the country. Vronsky wanted to pass through Petersburg to make business arrangements with his brother, and Anna was anxious to see her son. They decided to spend the summer on Vronsky's large patrimonial estate.

XIV.

Levin had been married three months. He was happy, but in a different way from what he had anticipated; and, notwithstanding certain unlooked-for delights, he was met at every step with some new disenchantment. Married life was utterly different from his dreams. He seemed like a man who has been charmed with the graceful and joyful motion of a boat on the sea, and afterwards finds himself in the boat. He felt the difference between simple contemplation and action. It was not enough to sit still and not rock; it was necessary to be on the lookout, never for a moment forgetful of the course, to think of the water under his feet, to direct the sailors, and not alone to look on, but to work, and with unskilful hands move the heavy oars.

In other days, when still a bachelor, he often laughed in his sleeve at the little miseries of conjugal life, — quarrels, jealousies, vexatious details: never should any such thing happen in his future married life, never should his private life resemble that of others. But now, lo and behold! all these same petty tribulations reappeared, and, in spite of him, assumed an extraordinary and irrefutable importance.

Like all men, Levin had expected to find in marriage the satisfaction of his love, without the admixture of any prosaic details; love was to give him rest after labor; his wife was to be his love, and that was all. Like all men, he absolutely forgot that she too had to work. His surprise was great to

find this charming and poetic Kitty, even in the first days of their married life, thinking, planning, taking charge of the linen, the furniture, the mattresses, the table service, the kitchen. The decided way in which she refused to travel, so that they might come immediately to their country home, and her willingness to let it be known that she knew something about domestic economy, and could think of such things in spite of her love, had struck him even during their engagement. It vexed him then, and now he felt still more vexed to find that she cared for these wearisome minutiæ and the material sides of life. But he saw that it was unavoidable; he bantered her on the subject.

Yet, in spite of her occupations, he loved her, and was amused to see her presiding over the arrangement of the new furniture which came from Moscow, hanging curtains, providing for the guest-rooms and the rooms that Dolly would have, directing the new chamber-maid and the old cook, discussing with Agafya Mikhaïlovna, whom she removed from the charge of the provisions. The old cook smiled gently as he received fantastic orders, impossible to execute; Agafya Mikhaïlovna shook her head pensively at the new measures introduced by her young *baruina*. Levin looked on, and thought her wonderfully charming when she came to him, half laughing, half crying, to complain because her maid, Masha, insisted on treating her like a child, and no one took her seriously. It all seemed to him charming, but strange.

He could not comprehend the sense of metamorphosis which she felt at finding herself the mistress, obliged to see to the preparation of cauliflower and *kvas*, or confections, to spend and to command as she pleased, after having always had her parents to restrain her fancies.

She was now making joyful preparations for the arrival of Dolly and the children, and was thinking of the pies which she would have made for them. The details of housekeeping had an irresistible attraction for her, and, as though she foresaw evil days to come, she instinctively prepared her little nest against the approaching spring.

This zeal for trifles, so entirely opposed to Levin's lofty ideal of happiness, seemed to him one of his lost illusions, while this same activity, the meaning of which escaped him, but which he could not see without pleasure, seemed to him a new delight.

The quarrels were also a surprise. Never had it entered into Levin's head that between him and his wife there could be any relations other than those of gentleness, respect, tenderness; and here, even in their honeymoon, they were disputing! Kitty declared that he was selfish, and burst into tears and wrung her hands.

The first of these little differences arose in consequence of a ride that Levin took to see a new farm; he stayed half an hour longer than he had said, having missed his way in trying to come home by a shorter road. As he approached the house, Kitty occupied his thought to the exclusion of everything else, and as he galloped along, his heart was on fire at the idea of his happiness, of his love for his wife. He hurried into the drawing-room in a state of mind somewhat like that which he had experienced on the day that he became engaged. An angry expression, such as he had never seen in her face, received him. He went to kiss her; she pushed him away.

"What is the matter?"

"You've been having a good time," she began, wishing to show herself cold and bitter.

But hardly had she opened her mouth when the ridiculous jealousy, which had been tormenting her while she sat on the window-seat during his absence, broke out in a torrent of angry words.

He then began for the first time to understand clearly what before he had seen only confusedly, when after the crowning they went out of the church. He saw that she was not only near to him, but that he did not know at all where his own personality began or her personality ended. He felt a painful sensation of internal division. Never had such an impression come to him so clearly. He was vexed at first, but in a second he perceived he must not vex her. He wanted to exonerate himself, and show Kitty how wrong she was; his natural temptation was to cast the blame on her, but then he would have irritated her still more and increased their unhappiness. To remain under the shadow of an injustice was cruel, to irritate her under the pretext of a justification was still more blameworthy. Like a man half asleep who struggles to free himself from some terrible pain, and on waking finds that the pain is in himself, he recognized that patience was the only remedy.

. Reconciliation quickly followed. Kitty, though she did

not confess it, felt herself in the wrong, and was more than ever tender to him, so that they felt that their love was doubled.

Unhappily, these differences kept constantly rising, often from causes as idle as they were unexpected, and because they were still ignorant of what was indispensable for each. These first months were trying; neither of them was in a natural state of mind, and the most childish things were sufficient to provoke misunderstandings, the causes of which they quickly forgot. Each of them pulled in contrary ways on the chain that bound them, and this honeymoon, from which Levin expected such wonders, left them in reality only painful memories. Both of them afterwards tried to blot from their memories the thousand unfortunate, but almost ludicrous, incidents of this period, during which they so rarely found themselves in a normal state of mind.

Life became better regulated only after their return from Moscow, where they made a short visit in the third month after the wedding.

XV.

They were just back from Moscow, and enjoyed their solitude. Levin was sitting at his library-table, writing; Kitty, dressed in a dark-violet dress, which she had worn in the first days of their marriage, and which Levin had always liked, was making *broderie anglaise* (English embroidery) as she sat on the great leather divan which ever since the days of Levin's father and grandfather had stood in the library.

Levin enjoyed her presence while he was writing and thinking. His investigations and his labors and his books, through which he was trying to evolve his new method of conducting his estate, were not given up; but just as they seemed to him small and useless in those unhappy days when his life was overshadowed, so now in the full light of joy he found them significant.

In former days this occupation seemed like the salvation of his life; in former days he felt that without it life would be altogether gloomy; now these occupations were necessary in order that his life might not be too monotonously bright. As he read over what he had written, Levin felt a joyous realization that it was valuable in spite of some exaggerated

notions, and he began to fill in many gaps as he got a new conception of the question. He now wrote a new chapter, in which he treated of the unfavorable conditions under which Russian agriculture suffered. The poverty of the country, in his estimation, was not caused entirely by the unequal distribution of the land property and false economical tendencies, but rather to a premature introduction of European civilization: railroads, constructed, not by reason of actual necessity, but from political motives, produced an exaggerated centralization in the cities; the development of luxury, and consequently the creation of new industries at the expense of agriculture, an extraordinary extension of the credit system and its concomitant, — stock speculation. It seemed to him that the normal increase in the riches of the country admitted these signs of exterior civilization only when the cultivation of the land had attained a proportional development.

While Levin was writing, Kitty was thinking of her husband's unnatural behavior on the evening before they left Moscow towards the young Prince Tcharsky, who, with remarkable lack of tact, had made love to her. "He is jealous," she said to herself. "*Bozhe moï!* how good and stupid he is! To be jealous of me! If he only knew what an effect on me they all have! exactly the same as Piotr the cook!" And she glanced with a strange feeling of proprietorship at the back of her husband's head and his strong neck.

"It is a shame to interrupt him, but he has plenty of time. I must see his face; will he feel how I am looking at him? I will *will* for him to turn round, *Nu* . . ." And she opened her eyes as wide as she could, as if to concentrate more strength into her gaze.

"*Da!* they attract all the best sap and give a false appearance of wealth," murmured Levin, dropping his pen as he felt his wife's eyes fixed on him. He turned around.

"What is it?" he asked, smiling.

"He *did* turn round," she thought.

"Nothing; I only willed to make you turn around," and she looked at him as if to fathom whether he was vexed because he had been disturbed.

"*Nu!* How good it is to be alone together! For me, at least," said he, getting up, radiant with joy, and going out to where she sat.

"I am so happy here! I never, never, want to go away again, especially not to Moscow."

"But what were you thinking about?"

"I? I was thinking — no, no; go on with your writing! don't let your mind be distracted," she replied, pouting. "I must cut all these œilletholes now; do you see?" And she took her scissors and began to snip.

"No; tell me what you were thinking about!" he insisted, sitting down near her, and following all the movements of her little scissors.

"*Ach!* What was I thinking about? About Moscow and — the nape of thy neck!"

"What have I done to deserve this great happiness? It is supernatural. It is too good," said he, kissing her hand.

"The happier I am, the more natural I find it!"

"You have a little pigtail," he said, turning her head around carefully.

"A pigtail? let it be. We must think about serious things."

But the serious things were interrupted; and, when Kuzma came to announce tea, they separated as though they were guilty.

"Have they come from town?" asked Levin of Kuzma.

"Just come, — everything was sold all right."

"Come as quickly as you can," said Kitty, going from the library.

Levin, left alone, shut up his books and papers in a new portfolio, bought by his wife, washed his hands in an elegant new washbasin, also bought by her, and, smiling at his thoughts, raised his head with a feeling that resembled remorse. His life had become too indolent, too spoiled. It was a life of a Capuan, and he felt ashamed of it. "To live so is not good," he thought. "Here, for three months, I have not done a thing! To-day, for the first time, I have set about anything seriously, and I have hardly begun before I give up. I even neglect my ordinary occupations. I don't watch the men. I don't go anywhere. Sometimes I am sorry to leave her; sometimes I fear that she will get lonely; I who believed that existence before marriage counted for nothing, and only began after marriage! And here, for three months, I have been spending my time in absolute idleness. This must not go on. It is not her fault, and one could not lay the least blame on her. But I must show firm-

ness, and preserve my manly independence; otherwise, I shall get into confirmed bad habits — of course, she is not to blame" —

A discontented man finds it hard not to blame some one or other for his discontent. And so Levin felt with sadness, that if the fault was not his wife's, — and he could not lay it to her charge, — it was owing to her bringing up. "This *durak* [fool] of a Tcharsky, for example, — I know she wanted to get rid of him; but she did not know how."

Then he went on again, —

"*Da!* Besides, the petty interests of housekeeping — she looks out for those, and enjoys them; besides her toilet and her *broderie anglaise*, nothing seriously interests her. No sympathy in my labors, for my schemes, or for the *muzhiks*, no taste for reading or music; and yet she is a good musician. She does absolutely nothing, and yet she is perfectly content."

Levin, in judging her thus, did not comprehend that his wife was making ready for a time of activity, which would oblige her to be at once wife, mother, mistress of the house (*khozaïka*), nurse, teacher. He did not understand that she knew this by intuition, and was preparing for this task, and could not blame herself for these indolent moments, and the enjoyment of love, which made her so happy, while she was slowly building her nest for the future.

XVI.

When Levin came upstairs again, he found his wife sitting in front of the new, silver *samovar*, reading a letter from Dolly, with whom she kept up a brisk correspondence. Agafya Mikhaïlovna, with a cup of tea before her, was cosily ensconced at a small table beside her.

"You see, your wife [*baruina*] has asked me to sit here," said the old women, looking affectionately at Kitty.

These last words showed Levin that the domestic drama which had been going on between Kitty and Agafya Mikhaïlovna was at an end. Notwithstanding the chagrin which the latter felt at resigning the reigns of government, Kitty was victorious, and had just made peace with her.

"Here I have been looking over your letters," said Kitty, handing her husband an illiterate-looking envelope. "I think it is from that woman — you know — of your

brother's — I have not read it. This is from Dolly — imagine it: she has been to take Grisha and Tania to a children's ball at the Sarmatskys's. Tania was dressed like a little marchioness."

But Levin was not listening. He took the letter of Marya Nikolayevna, his brother's discarded mistress, and read it. This was already the second time that she had written him. In her first letter she told him that Nikolaï had sent her away without reason, and she added with touching simplicity, that she asked no assistance though she was reduced to penury, but that the thought of Nikolaï Dmitritch was killing her. What would become of him without her, feeble as he was? She begged his brother not to lose him out of his sight. Her second letter was in a different tone. She said that she had found Nikolaï in Moscow, and had gone with him to a provincial city, where he had received an appointment. There he quarrelled with the chief and immediately started for Moscow; but having been taken violently ill on the way, he would probably never leave his bed again. "He constantly calls for you, and besides, we have no money," she wrote.

"Read what Dolly writes about thee," Kitty began; but when she saw her husband's dejected face, she stopped speaking. Then she said, —

"What is it — what has happened?"

"She writes me that Nikolaï, my brother, is dying. I must go to him."

Kitty's face suddenly changed. Dolly, Tania, and all were forgotten.

"When shall you go?"

"To-morrow."

"Can I go with thee?" she asked.

"Kitty! what an idea!" he replied reproachfully.

"Why *what an idea?*" she exclaimed, vexed to see her proposal received with such bad grace. "Why, pray, should I not go with you? I should not hinder you in any way."

"I am going because my brother is dying," said Levin. "What can you do?"—

"Whatever you do."

"At a time so solemn for me, she thinks only of the discomfort of being left alone," said Levin to himself, and this reflexion troubled him.

"It is impossible," he replied sternly. Agafya Mikhaï-

lovna, seeing that a quarrel was imminent, put down her cup and went out. Kitty did not even notice it. Her husband's tone wounded her all the more deeply because he evidently did not believe what she said.

"I tell you, if you go, I am going too. I shall certainly go with you," said she with angry determination. "I should like to know why it would be impossible. Why did you say that?"

"Because God knows when or in what place I shall find him, or by what means I shall reach him. You would only hinder me," said he, doing his best to retain his self-control.

"Not at all. I don't need anything. Where you can go, I can go, too, and"—

"*Nu!* If it were only because of this woman, with whom you cannot come in contact."—

"Why not? I know nothing about all that, and don't want to know. I know that my husband's brother is dying; that my husband is going to see him; and I am going too, because"—

"Kitty! don't be angry! and remember that in such a serious time it is painful for me to have you add to my grief by showing such weakness,—the fear of being alone. *Nu!* If you are lonely, go to Moscow"—

"You *always* ascribe to me that I have such miserable sentiments," she cried, choking with tears of vexation. "I am not so weak . . . I know that it is my duty to be with my husband when he is in sorrow, and you want to wound me on purpose. You don't want to take me"—

"No! this is frightful! to be such a slave!" cried Levin, rising from the table, no longer able to hide his anger; at the same instant he perceived that he was doing himself harm.

"Why, then, did you get married? You might have been free. Why — if you repent already?" — and Kitty fled from the room.

When he went to find her, she was sobbing.

He began to speak, striving to find words not to persuade her, but to calm her. She would not listen, and did not allow one of his arguments. He bent over her, took one of her recalcitrant hands, kissed it, kissed her hair, and then her hands again; but still she refused to speak. But when, at length, he took her head between his two hands and called her "Kitty," she softly wept, and the reconciliation was complete.

It was decided that they should go together on the next day. Levin declared that he was satisfied that she wished nothing but to be useful, and that there was nothing unpleasant in Marya Nikolayevna's presence with his brother; but at the bottom of his heart he was angry, and he was angry with his wife. Strange! he who had not been able to believe in the possibility of such a joy as her loving him, now felt almost unhappy because she loved him too well. Disgusted at his own weakness, he felt shocked to think of the inevitable acquaintance between his wife and his brother's mistress. The thought of seeing them together in the same room filled him with horror and repulsion.

XVII.

The provincial inn where Nikolaï Levin was dying was one of those establishments of recent construction pretending to offer neatness, comfort, and even elegance, to a public little accustomed to these modern refinements. But the same public had caused it to degenerate into an ill-kept grog-shop. Everything about it produced an unpleasant effect on Levin's mind, — the soldier in dirty uniform, who served as Swiss, and was smoking a cigarette in the vestibule; melancholy, dark, cast-iron staircase; the lazy waiter in black coat covered with grease-spots; the common dining-table decorated with a frightful bouquet of wax flowers gray with dust; the general condition of disorder and discomfort; even the abundant liveliness, which seemed to him entirely in keeping with the spirit introduced by the new railroad. The whole establishment was in absolute contrast to their recent happiness, and it gave them the most painful impression when they thought of what was waiting for them.

They found that the best rooms were taken, — one by the supervisor of the railroad, another by a Muscovite lawyer, the third by Princess Astavyeva from the country. One disorderly bed-room was left for them, with the promise of another when evening came. Levin took his wife to it, vexed to find his prognostications so speedily realized, and impatient because he was obliged to get settled instead of hurrying to his brother.

"Go, go!" said Kitty, with a melancholy look of contrition.

He left her without saying a word, and just outside the

door he ran against Marya Nikolayevna, who had just heard of his arrival. She had not changed since he last saw her in Moscow. She wore the same woolen dress, without collar or cuffs, and her pock-marked face expressed the same unfailing good nature.

"*Nu!* How is he?"

"Very bad. He doesn't sit up, and he is all the time asking for you. You — she — Is your wife with you?"

Levin at first did not see why she seemed confused; but she immediately explained herself.

"I am going to the kitchen; he will be glad; he remembers seeing her abroad."

Levin perceived that she meant his wife, and did not know what to say. "Come," said he, "come."

But they had not gone a step, before the chamber door opened and Kitty appeared. Levin grew red with vexation to see his wife in such a predicament; but Marya Nikolayevna was still more confused, and crouching back against the wall ready to cry, she caught the ends of her apron and wound it around her red hands, not knowing what to say or to do.

Levin saw the expression of lively curiosity in the look with which Kitty regarded this creature, so incomprehensible and almost terrible to her; it lasted but a moment.

"*Nu!* what is it? how is he?" she asked, turning to her husband, and then to the woman.

"*Da!* we cannot stay to talk in the corridor," replied Levin, looking angrily at his wife, who with quick steps had now come out into the hall-way.

"*Nu!* come into the room then," said Kitty, addressing Marya Nikolayevna, who was beginning to beat a retreat; then seeing her husband's horror-stricken face, she added, as she turned back to the room, "Or rather go — go, and send after me."

Levin hastened to his brother.

He expected to find him in that state of illusion so common to consumptives, and which had so struck him during his visit. He expected to see him looking still more emaciated and feeble than before, with the indications of approaching death. He expected that he should be moved with pity for this well-beloved brother, and should feel again, even stronger than before, the terrors which the thought of his death had caused for him. He was quite prepared for all this. But what he saw was absolutely different.

In a little, close, dingy, ill-smelling room, the walls of which were marked by the bad usage of many travellers, separated by a thin partition from another room, where conversation was going on, he saw lying on a wretched bed a body lightly covered with a counterpane. Stretched out upon it was a hand huge as a rake, and holding in a strange way by the end a sort of long and slender bobbin. The head, resting on the pillow, showed the thin hair glued to his temples, and an almost transparent brow.

"Can it be that this horrible body is my brother Nikolaï?" thought Levin; but as he came near, the doubt ceased. It was enough to glance at the lively eyes turned towards him as he entered, or the motions of his mouth under the long moustache, to recognize the frightful truth that this corpse indeed was his brother.

Nikolaï looked at his brother with a stern and angry face. His look seemed to bring living relations between living beings. Konstantin felt in it a reproach for his own health, and a regret.

He took his brother's hand. Nikolaï smiled; but the smile was so slight and feeble that it did not change the expression of his eyes.

"You did not expect to find me so," he succeeded in saying.

"Yes — no," replied Levin, with confusion. "Why didn't you let me know sooner, before my marriage? I had a regular search to find you."

He wanted to keep on speaking, so as to avoid a painful silence; but he did not know what to say, the more as his brother looked at him without replying, and seemed to be weighing each one of his words. Finally he told him that his wife had come with him, and Nikolaï appeared delighted, adding, however, that he was afraid he should frighten her. A silence followed; suddenly Nikolaï began to speak, and Levin felt by the expression of his face that he had something of importance to tell him, but he spoke only of his health. He blamed his doctor, and regretted that he could not have consulted a celebrity in Moscow. Levin perceived that he still was hopeful.

After a moment Levin got up, with the pretext that he was going to get his wife, but in reality to tear himself away, for a little while at least, from these cruel impressions.

"*Nu!* good! I will have things put in order here. It is

dirty here and smells bad; I guess Masha attended to things," said the sick man, with effort. "*Da!* and when you have put things to rights, go away," he added, looking at his brother questioningly.

Levin went out without replying; but he had scarcely reached the corridor, when he began to repent of having promised to bring his wife; thinking of what he himself had suffered, he made up his mind to persuade her that this visit was unnecessary. "Why torment her as I am tormented?" he asked himself.

"*Nu*, how is it?" asked Kitty, with frightened face.

"*Ach!* it is horrible, horrible! Why did you come?" Kitty looked at her husband for an instant without speaking; then going to him she put both hands on his arm. She said timidly, "Kostia, take me to him; it will be easier for both of us. Take me and leave me with him; can't you see that it is more cruel to me than anything else to witness your grief and not see the cause of it? Perhaps I shall be useful to him, and to you also. I beg of you, let me go." She besought him as though it were for the happiness of her life, and Levin was obliged to let her go with him.

In his haste he completely forgot all about Marya Nikolayevna.

Kitty, walking lightly and showing her husband a courageous and affectionate face, stepped quietly into the room and shut the door noiselessly. She went with light, quick steps up to the bed, and sat down so as not to make the sick man turn his head, and with her fresh, soft hand she took the dying man's enormous hand, and employing that tact peculiar to women, of showing sympathy without wounding, she began to speak to him with a gentle cheerfulness.

"We saw each other at Soden without becoming acquainted; you did not think then that I should ever become your sister?"

"You would not have known me, would you?" he said; his face was lighted up with a smile when he saw her come in.

"O yes, indeed. How glad I am that you sent for us! Not a day has passed without Kostia speaking of you. He has been very anxious because he did not hear from you."

The sick man's animation lasted only a short time. Kitty had not finished speaking, before that expression of severe reproach towards one who is in good health came back to his face.

"I am afraid that you are not very comfortable here," continued the young woman, avoiding the look which he gave her, and examining the room.

"We must ask for another room, and be nearer to him," she said to her husband.

XVIII.

Levin could not bear to look at his brother, could not even feel at ease in his presence. When he came into the sick man's room, his eyes and his motions entirely absorbed him, and he did not see and did not realize his frightful situation.

He was now struck with the uncleanliness and disorder of the room, and the bad air which oppressed them, and the sick man's groans, and it seemed to him that there was no hope. It did not occur to him to investigate how his poor limbs were lying under the coverlid, to try to comfort him materially, and if he could not improve his condition, at least to make the best of a bad situation. The mere thought of these details made a cold chill run down his back; and the sick man, feeling instinctively that his brother was powerless to help him, was irritated. So Levin kept leaving the room under various pretexts, and coming back again, — unhappy to be with his brother, still more unhappy to be away from him, and unable to stay alone by himself.

Kitty saw these things under a very different light: as soon as she came near the dying man, she was filled with pity for him, and instead of feeling fear or repulsion, her womanly heart moved her to seek every means of ameliorating his sad condition. Convinced that it was her duty to help him, she did not doubt the possibility of making him more comfortable, and she set herself to work without delay. The details which repelled her husband were the very ones which attracted her attention. She sent for a doctor, she sent to the drug store; she set her maid and Marya Nikolayevna to sweeping, washing, and dusting, and she even helped them herself. She had all needless articles carried away, and she had them replaced by things that were needed. Without minding those whom she met on the way, she came and went from her room to her brother-in-law's, unpacking the articles that were necessary, — cloths, pillow-cases, towels, nightshirts.

The waiter who served the *table d'hôte* dinner several times came with surly face when she rang; but she gave her orders with such gentle authority, that he never failed to execute them. Levin did not approve of all this commotion. He did not see any reason for it, and he was afraid of worrying his brother. But Nikolaï remained calm and indifferent, albeit somewhat confused, and followed with his eyes the young woman's movements.

When Levin came back from the doctor's, he saw, on opening the door, that they were changing the sick man's linen. His enormous back and his stooping shoulders, his prominent ribs, were all uncovered, while Marya Nikolayevna and the maid were in great perplexity over the sleeves of Nikolaï's nightshirt, into which they were vainly striving to get his long, thin arms. Kitty quickly closed the door, without looking at her brother-in-law; but he groaned, and she hastened to him.

"Be quick," she said.

"*Da!* Don't come near me," muttered the sick man, angrily. "I will put it on myself."

"What do you say?" asked Marya.

But Kitty heard and understood that he was ashamed of being found in such a state.

"I am not looking," said she, trying to get his arm into the nightshirt. "Marya Nikolayevna, you go to the other side of the bed and help us.—Go and get a little flask out of my bag, and bring it to me," she said to her husband. "In the meantime we will finish fixing him."

When Levin came back with the flask, the invalid was lying down in bed, and everything about him had assumed a different appearance. Instead of the stuffy air which they were breathing before, Kitty was perfuming the room with aromatic vinegar from an atomizer. The dust was all gone; a carpet was spread under the bed; on a little table were arranged the medicine vials, a *carafe*, the necessary linen, and Kitty's English embroidery. On another table, near the bed, stood a candle, his medicine, and powders. The sick man, bathed, with smoothly brushed hair, lying between clean sheets, and propped up by several pillows, was dressed in a clean nightshirt, the white collar of which came around his extraordinarily long, thin neck. A new expression of hope shone in his eyes as he looked at Kitty.

The doctor whom Levin found at the club was not the one

who had vexed Nikolaï. He came and carefully sounded the sick man's lungs, raised his head, wrote a prescription, and gave explicit directions about the applications of his remedies and about his nourishment. He ordered fresh eggs, almost raw, and seltzer water with milk heated to a certain temperature. After he was gone, the sick man said a few words to his brother, only the last words of which were audible: "... your Katya." But by his face Levin knew that he said something in her praise. Then he called Katya, as he had named her.

"I feel much better," he said to her. "With you I should get well; everything is so nice now."

He tried to lift his sister-in-law's hand to his lips; but fearing that it might be unpleasant to her, he contented himself with caressing it. Kitty pressed his hand affectionately between her own.

"Now turn me over on the left side, and all of you go to bed." Kitty alone understood what he said, because she was near him.

"Turn him on his side," said she to her husband. "He always sleeps on that side. I cannot do it myself; and I should not like to leave it to the man. Can you lift him?" she asked of Marya Nikolayevna.

"I am afraid not," she replied.

Levin, though terrified at the thought of lifting this frightful body under his coverlid, submitted to his wife's influence, and put his arms around the invalid, with that resolute air she knew so well. The great weight of these emaciated limbs surprised him. While he was, with difficulty, changing his brother's position, Nikolaï threw his arms around his neck, and Kitty quickly turned the pillows so as to make the bed more comfortable. Nikolaï kept one of his brother's hands in his, and drew it towards him. Levin's heart failed him when he felt him put it to his lips to kiss it. He let him do so, however; then, shaken with sobs, he hurried from the room, without being able to utter a word.

XIX.

"He has hidden it from the wise, and revealed it unto children and fools," thought Levin as he was talking with his wife a little while later. It was not that he meant to compare himself to a wise man, in thus quoting the Gospel.

He did not call himself wise; but he could not help feeling that he was more intellectual than his wife and Agafya Mikhaylovna, that he employed all the powers of his soul, when he thought about death. This terrible thought other manly spirits before him had tried to fathom, with all the forces of their intellects. He had read their works; but they too had not seemed to know one hundredth part as much as his wife and his old nurse, Agafya Mikhaylovna, and Katya, — as his brother called her, and he also now began to take pleasure in doing, — had, in this respect, a perfect sympathy, though otherwise they were entirely opposite. Both knew, without a particle of doubt, the meaning of life and of death, and though they were of course incapable of answering the questions fermenting in Levin's mind, they had their own way of explaining these great facts of human existence; and they shared their belief in this regard with millions of human beings. As a proof of their familiarity with death, they could, without an instant's delay, know what to do for those who were dying, and feel no fear, while Levin and those who like him could spin out long discussions on the theme of death, had no courage, and felt incapable of aiding a dying man. Konstantin Levin, when alone with his brother, would gaze with terror into his face, and, with growing terror, await his end with fear, and be able to think of nothing to do for him.

The sight of the sick man paralyzed him; he did not know what to say, how to look or to walk. To speak of indifferent things seemed unworthy, impossible; to speak of melancholy things, of death, was likewise impossible; to be silent was even worse. "If I look at him, he will think that I am studying him, I fear; if I do not look at him, he will believe that my thoughts are elsewhere. To walk on tiptoe irritates him, to walk as usual seems brutal."

Kitty apparently did not think about herself, and she had not the time. Occupied only with the invalid, she seemed to have a clear idea of what to do; and she succeeded in her endeavor.

She related the circumstances of their marriage; she told about herself; she smiled upon him; she caressed him; cited cases of extraordinary cures; and it was all delightful: she understood how to do it. Levin could not see where she had obtained this inner wisdom. And neither Kitty nor Agafya Mikhaylovna was satisfied with offering physical

solace or performing purely material acts: both of them instinctively, vitally, unreasoningly, turned their attention to the dying man's higher needs. In speaking of the old servant who had lately passed away, Agafya Mikhaylovna said, "Thank God, he had confession and extreme unction; God grant us all to die likewise." Katya, though she was busy with her care of the linen, the medicines, and the bandages, even on the first day succeeded in persuading her brother-in-law to receive the sacrament.

When Levin came to their rooms at the end of the day, he sat down with bowed head, confused, not knowing what to do, unable to think of eating his supper, of arranging for the night, of doing anything at all, even talking with his wife. But Kitty showed extraordinary animation. She had supper brought, she herself unpacked the trunks, helped undress the beds and even remembered to scatter Persian powder upon them. She felt the same excitement and quickness of thought which men of genius show on the eve of battle, or at those serious and critical moments in their lives when the chance of showing their value presents itself.

It was not yet twelve o'clock, when everything was neatly and carefully arranged: their two hotel rooms presented the appearance of private apartments; near Kitty's bed, on a table covered with a white towel, stood her travelling mirror, with her combs and brushes.

Levin found it unpardonable in himself to eat, to sleep, even to speak; every motion seemed inappropriate. She, on the contrary, arranged her toilet articles without her activity seeming in the least disturbing or unsuitable.

Neither of them could eat, however, and they sat long before they could make up their minds to go to bed.

"I am very glad that I persuaded him to receive extreme unction to-morrow," said Kitty, as she brushed her perfumed hair, before her mirror, in her nightgown. "I never saw it given; but mamma told me that they repeat prayers for restoration to health."

"Do you believe that he can get well?" asked Levin, as he watched the part disappear from her hair, when she took the comb away from her little round head.

"I asked the doctor; he says that he cannot live more than three days. But what does he know about it? I am glad that I persuaded him," she said, looking at her husband. "All things are possible," she added, with that peculiar,

almost crafty expression which came over her face when she spoke about religion.

Never, since the conversation that they had while they were engaged, had they spoken about religion; but Kitty still continued to go to church and to say her prayers with the calm conviction that she was fulfilling a duty. Notwithstanding the confession, which her husband had felt impelled to make, she firmly believed that he was a good Christian, perhaps better even than herself. He amused himself, possibly, by calling himself an unbeliever, just as he did when he jested about her *broderie anglaise*.

"*Da!* This woman, Marya Nikolayevna, would never have been able to persuade him," said Levin; "and I must confess that I am very, very glad that you succeeded. You made everything look so neat and comfortable." He took her hand without daring to kiss it; it seemed to him a profanation even to kiss her hand in the presence of death, but he pressed it, as he looked into her shining eyes with evident contrition.

"You would have suffered too terribly all alone," she said, as she raised her arms to cover the glow of satisfaction that she felt in her cheeks, and at the same time to coil up her hair and fasten it to the top of her head. "She does not know, but I learned many things at Soden."

"Were there people there as ill as he is?"

"Yes; more so."

"It is terrible to me not to see him as he used to be when he was a boy. You can't imagine what a handsome fellow he was; but I did not understand him then."

"Indeed, indeed, I believe you. I feel that we *should have been* friends," said she, and she turned toward her husband, frightened at what she had said, and the tears shone in her eyes.

"Yes, *would have been*," he said, mournfully. "He is one of those men of whom one can say with reason that he was not meant for this world."

"Meanwhile, we must not forget that we have many days ahead of us; it is time to go to bed," said Kitty, consulting her tiny watch.

XX.

DEATH.

Communion was administered the next morning. Nikolaï prayed fervently during the ceremony. Passionate and hopeful entreaty could be read in his great eyes gazing at the sacred image placed on a card-table covered with a colored towel. It was terrible for Levin to look at him so; for he knew that the pain at tearing himself from life, to which he clung so desperately, would be all the more cruel. He knew his brother and his brother's ideas; knew that his skepticism was not the result of a desire to abandon religion for the sake of a freer life. His religious beliefs had been shaken by the theories of modern science; therefore his return to faith was not logical or normal, owing simply to his overmastering desire for recovery; it could not be anything else than temporary and unreal. Kitty had formed this hope by her stories of extraordinary cures.

Levin was troubled by these thoughts as he looked at his brother's hopeful face, as he saw his difficulty in lifting his emaciated hand to touch his yellowed forehead to make the sign of the cross, and saw his fleshless shoulders, and his hollow, rattling chest, unable longer to contain the life which he was begging to have restored. During the sacrament Levin did what he had done a thousand times, skeptic that he was, —

"Heal this man if Thou dost exist," he said, addressing God, "and Thou will save me also."

The invalid felt suddenly better after the ceremony; for more than an hour he did not cough once. He assured Kitty, as he kissed her hand with smiles and tears of joy, that he was not suffering, and that he felt a return of strength and appetite. When his broth was brought, he got up by himself and asked for a cutlet. Impossible as his recovery was, Levin and Kitty spent this hour in a kind of timid joy.

"Is he not better?"

"Much better."

"It is astonishing."

"Why should it be astonishing? He is certainly better," they whispered, smiling at each other.

The illusion did not last. After a painful nap of half an

hour, the invalid was wakened by a terrible spell of coughing. The hopes vanished for all, even for the sick man himself. Forgetting his belief of an hour before, and ashamed even to remember it, he asked for a bottle of iodine to breath.

Levin gave it to him, and his brother looked at it with the same imploring, passionate look which he had given the image, as if to confirm the words of the doctor, who attributed miraculous virtues to iodine.

"Kitty isn't here?" he asked, in his hoarse whisper, when Levin had unwillingly repeated the doctor's words.

"*Non?* then I can speak! — I played the comedy for her sake. — She is so sweet! But you and I cannot deceive ourselves! This is what I pin my faith to," said he, pressing the bottle in his long hands as he smelled of the iodine.

About eight o'clock in the evening Levin and his wife were taking tea in their room, when Marya Nikolayevna came running towards them all out of breath. She was pale, and her lips trembled. "He is dying!" she stammered, "I am afraid that he is dying!"

Both of them hurried to Nikolaï. He was sitting up, leaning over one side of the bed, his head bowed, his long back bent.

"How do you feel?" asked Levin tenderly, after a moment of silence.

"I feel that I am going," whispered Nikolaï, struggling painfully to speak, but as yet pronouncing the words distinctly. Without raising his head he turned his eyes towards his brother, whose face he could no longer see. "Katya, go away!" he whispered once again.

Levin led his wife gently from the room.

"I am going," the dying man whispered once again.

"Why do you think so?" asked Levin for the sake of saying something.

"Because I am going," he repeated, as if he had an affection for the phrase. "It is the end."

Marya Nikolayevna came to him.

"Lie down; you will feel better,"

"Soon I shall be lying calmly, dead," he whispered with a sort of mournful irony. "*Nu!* Bury me whenever you please."

Levin laid his brother down on his back, took a seat near him, and, hardly able to breathe, studied his face. The dy-

ing man's eyes were shut, but the muscles of his forehead twitched from time to time as though he were in deep thought. Levin involuntarily tried to unriddle what was passing in the dying man's mind; this stern face, and the play of the muscles above his eyebrows, seemed to show that his brother perceived mysteries hidden from him.

"Yes — yes — So," the dying man murmured slowly, with long pauses; "lay me down!" Then long silence followed. "So!" said he suddenly, as though all had been explained for him. "O Lord!" and he sighed heavily.

Marya Nikolayevna felt of his feet. "They are growing cold," she said in a low voice.

Long the sick man remained motionless; but he was still alive, and sighed from time to time. Weary from the mental strain, Levin felt that he could not understand what his brother meant to express. He seemed to be far away from the dying man; he could no longer think of the mystery of death; the most incongruous ideas came into his mind. He asked himself what he was going to do; — to close his eyes, dress him, order the coffin? Strange! he felt cold and indifferent; the principal feeling that he had was one almost envy: his brother now would know the certainty which he himself could not approach.

Long he waited by his bedside, expecting the end: it did not come. The door opened, and Kitty came in. He got up to stop her, but instantly the dying man moved.

"No, don't go away!" said Nikolaï, stretching out his hand. Levin took it, and angrily motioned his wife away.

Still holding the dying man's hand, he waited a half-hour — an hour — and still another hour. He ceased to think of death; he thought what Kitty was doing. Who could it be that had the next room? Had the doctor a house of his own? Then he became hungry and sleepy. He gently let go the dying man's hand and felt of his feet. They were cold; but still Nikolaï was breathing. Levin tried to stand on his tiptoes; but again the invalid stirred, and said, "Don't go away!"

* * * * * *

Morning: the situation was unchanged. Levin gently arose, and without looking at his brother went to his room, threw himself on the bed, and fell asleep. When he awoke, instead of hearing of his brother's death as he expected, he was told that he had come to his senses again. He was sit-

ting up in bed and wanted something to eat. He no longer spoke of death, but expressed the hope of getting well again, and was more irritable and restless than before. No one, not even his brother or Kitty, could calm him. He blamed every one for his sufferings, demanded that the famous doctor from Moscow should be sent for; and whenever they asked him how he was, he replied with expressions of anger and reproach, "I am suffering terrible, unendurable agony."

He suffered more and more, and his irritableness increased. Even Kitty could not control him; and Levin saw that she was suffering physically as well as morally, although she would not confess it. The sadness caused by the approach of death was joined with other feelings. All knew that the end was inevitable; they saw the invalid almost dead, and they felt that the sooner it came, the better it would be; yet, still, they continued to give medicines, to call the doctor, and try new remedies. But they deceived him and themselves and each other; and this dissimulation was more painful to Konstantin than to the others, because he loved his brother more deeply, and because nothing was more contrary to his nature than lack of sincerity.

Levin, who had long felt the desire to reconcile his two brothers before Nikolaï should die, wrote to Sergéi Ivanovitch. He replied, and Konstantin read the letter to the sick man: Sergéi Ivanovitch could not come, but he asked his brother's pardon in touching terms.

Nikolaï said nothing.

"What shall I write him?" asked Konstantin. "I hope that you are not angry with him."

"No, not at all," replied Nikolaï, in a tone of vexation. "Write him to send me the doctor."

Three cruel days passed in this manner, the invalid remaining in the same condition. All those who saw him — the waiter and the landlord and all the lodgers and the doctor and Marya Nikolayevna and Levin and Kitty — wished only one thing, and spoke only of death; but the invalid alone did not express any such wish, and he continually grumbled because they did not send for the doctor; and he took his remedies and he spoke of life. At rare moments, when he was under the influence of opiates, he would forget his pangs, and in a sort of doze confess what weighed on his mind as well as on the others': "*Ach!* If this could only end!" or "When this is over."

His sufferings, growing ever more and more severe, did their work and prepared him to die. Every movement was a pang; every member of his poor body caused him pain. The memories, the impressions, and the thoughts of the past were odious to him; the sight of those who surrounded him, and their talk, were a trial to him. Every one felt it; no one dared to use any freedom of motion, to express a wish or an idea. Life for all concerned was concentrated in the feeling of the dying man's sufferings, and in an ardent desire to see him freed from them.

The supreme moment came when death to him seemed desirable as a truce to his pains, even as a joy. Everything, — hunger, weariness, thirst, — these sensations which once after suffering or privation caused him a certain pleasure, were now only painful. He could only hope to be delivered from the very source of his woes, from his tortured body. Without finding words to express this thought, he continued out of habit to ask for what once gave him comfort. "Turn me on the other side," he would say, and then immediately wish to return to his former position. "Give me *bouillon!* Take it away! Speak, and don't stay so still!" and as soon as any one began to speak, he would shut his eyes and show fatigue, indifference, and disgust.

On the tenth day after their arrival Kitty was taken ill; and the doctor declared that it was caused by her emotions and weariness. He advised quiet and rest.

Yet, after dinner, she got up and went as usual with her work to Nikolaï's room. He looked at her sternly, and smiled scornfully when she told him that she had been ill. All day long he never ceased to cough and to groan piteously.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Worse," he replied with difficulty. "I am in pain."

"Where do you feel the pain?"

"All over."

"You will see it'll be all over to-day," said Marya Nikolayevna in an undertone.

Levin hushed her, thinking that his brother, whose ear was very acute, might hear; he turned and looked at him. Nikolaï had heard, but the words made no impression; his look remained as before, reproachful and intense.

"What makes you think so?" asked Levin, taking her into the corridor.

"He tries to uncover himself."

"What do you mean?"

"This way," she said, plucking at the folds of her woolen dress. Levin himself noticed that all that day the invalid had been plucking at his bed-clothes as though to uncover himself.

Marya Nikolayevna's prediction came true. Towards evening Nikolaï had not strength enough left to lift his arms, and his motionless eyes assumed an expression of concentrated attention. Even when his brother and Kitty bent over him in order that he might see them, this look remained unchanged. Kitty had the priest summoned to say the prayers for the dying.

During the ceremony the invalid, by whose bedside stood Konstantin, Kitty, and Marya Nikolayevna, gave no sign of life. But before the prayers were ended, he stretched himself a little, sighed, and opened his eyes. The priest, having finished the prayer, placed the crucifix on his icy brow, for a moment or two he stood silently near the bed, then he touched with his fingers the huge bloodless hand of the dying man.

"It is all over," he said at last, about to go away; then suddenly Nicolaï's lips trembled slightly, and from the depths of his breast came these words, which sounded distinctly in the room, —

"Not yet — soon."

A moment later his face brightened, a smile came to his lips, and the women hastened to perform the last service of his mortal toilet.

All Levin's horror at the terrible enigma of death was awakened with the same intensity as on that autumn night when his brother came to see him. More than ever he felt his inability to fathom this mystery and the terror, now that he felt it so near to him, and so inevitable. His wife's presence prevented him from falling into despair; for in spite of his terrors he felt the need of living, and loving. He felt that love alone saved him from despair, and became all the stronger and purer because it was threatened.

And scarcely had this mystery of death taken place before he found himself face to face with another miracle of love and of life equally unfathomable.

The doctor told him of Kitty's hopes of maternity.

XXI.

As soon as Karénin learned from Betsy and Stepan Arkadyevitch that every one, and Anna more than all, expected him to give his wife her freedom, he felt himself in perplexity. Unable to make a decision personally, he placed his fate in the hands of the others, glad enough to rid himself of it, and ready to accept anything that might be proposed to him. He did not awake to the reality until the morning after Anna's departure, when the English governess asked if she should dine with him or by herself.

During the first days after Anna's departure, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch kept up his audiences, went to Council, dined at home as usual; all the powers of his mind had only one aim, — to appear calm and indifferent. He made superhuman efforts to answer the questions of the servants in regard to what should be done about Anna's rooms and her things, and to show the manner of a man prepared for whatever happened, and who saw nothing extraordinary in it. Two days he succeeded in hiding his pain, but on the third, when Kornéi handed him a bill from the milliner's shops, which Anna had forgotten to pay, and told him that the messenger was there, Alekséi had him introduced.

"Your Excellency will please excuse us," said the messenger, "and give us Madam's address, if it be to her that we must write."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch appeared to be cogitating, then suddenly turning round, he sat down near the table; for some time he sat there, his head resting on his hand, trying in vain to speak.

Kornéi understood his master, and told the messenger to come another time. Left alone, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch felt that he had no longer the power to keep up the show of firmness and ease; he sent away his carriage, which was waiting for him, refused to see visitors, and no longer went out to dine.

He felt that he could not endure the disdain and hardness which he clearly read on the faces of the messenger, of his servants, of all whom he met, without exception. If he had deserved this public detestation by blameworthy conduct, he might have hoped to regain the esteem of the world by improvement in conduct: but he was not to blame; he was

unhappy, and with an unhappiness that was odious and shameful. He knew that it was precisely for the reason that his heart was torn that they would be pitiless to him. It seemed to him that his fellow-men persecuted him as dogs torture to death some poor cur maimed and howling with pain. He knew that the only safety from men was to hide his wounds; but two days of struggle had already used up his energies.

His despair was made deeper by the knowledge that he was absolutely alone with his suffering. In all Petersburg there was not a man to whom he could confide all his wretchedness, not one who would have any pity for him now, not as a lofty *tchinovnik* or a member of society, but simply as a human being in despair.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had lost his mother when he was ten years old; he had no remembrance of his father; he and his one brother were left orphans with a very small inheritance; their uncle Karénin, a man of influence, held in high esteem by the late emperor, took charge of their bringing up.

After a successful course at the gymnasium and the university, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, through his uncle's aid, made a brilliant start in official life, and burning with ambition, devoted himself exclusively to his career. He formed no ties of intimacy either in the gymnasium or the university, or afterward in society; his brother alone was dear to him, but he entered the department of foreign affairs, and died abroad soon after Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's marriage.

While Karénin was governor of one of the provinces, Anna's aunt, a very wealthy *baruina*, introduced her niece to this governor, who was young for such a position, if not in years, and she forced him to the alternative of getting married or leaving the city. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch long hesitated. There seemed as many reasons against marriage as in its favor, but he could not in the present case apply his favorite maxim, "when in doubt, *don't*." Anna's aunt sent word to him through a friend that his attentions had compromised the young lady, and that as a man of honor he must offer her his hand. He offered himself, and gave her, first as *fiancée*, afterwards as wife, all the affection which it was in his power to show.

This attachment prevented him from feeling the need of any other intimacy. And now out of all the number of his acquaintances he had not one friend. His position was such

that he could invite great personages to dinner, ask favors of them in the interests of his public capacity or protection for some petition; he could even discuss and freely criticize the actions of other people and have a certain number of listeners, but his relations of cordiality with these people were exclusively confined to this official domain, from which it was impossible to escape. There was one university professor with whom he felt well acquainted, and to whom he would have been willing to speak of his private sorrows, but this professor happened to be away. Of all the people in Petersburg the nearest and most practicable acquaintances were his chief secretary and his doctor.

Mikhaïl Basiliévitch Sliudin was a simple, good, intelligent, and well-bred man, and he seemed full of sympathy for Karénin; but the hierarchy of office put a barrier between them which silenced confidences.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, having signed the papers which he brought, found it impossible, as he looked at Sliudin, to open his heart to him. The question, "Do you know my misfortune?" was on his lips; he could not give it utterance, and when they parted, he limited himself to his usual formula of farewell, "You will have the goodness to prepare me this work."

The doctor was another man who was well disposed to him, but Alekséi Aleksandrovitch knew he was a very busy man, and between them there was a tacit pledge by which each recognized the other as full of business, and thus cut short their interviews.

As to friends among women, and chief among these the Countess Lidia, Karénin did not think of them at all. Women simply as women were strange and repulsive.

XXII.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch forgot the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, but she did not forget him. She reached his house at that very moment of solitary despair when he sat motionless, with his head between his hands. She did not wait to be announced, but made her way to Karénin's library.

"*J'ai forçé la consigne*" [I have broken your commands], she said, as she came in with rapid steps, breathless with emotion and agitation. "I know all, Alekséi Aleksandro-

vitch, my friend!" and she pressed his hand between her own, and looked at him from the depths of her beautiful eyes.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, with a frown, arose, and, having withdrawn his hand, offered her a chair. "I beg you to sit down. I am not receiving because I am suffering, Countess," he said, and his lips quivered.

"My friend!" repeated the countess, without taking her eyes from him. She lifted her eyebrows so that they formed a triangle on her forehead, and this grimace made her naturally ugly face still more ugly than before. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch understood that she was on the point of crying from pity, and his heart softened towards her. He seized her fat hand and kissed it.

"My friend," she said again, in a voice half stifled with emotion, "you must not give yourself up in this way to your grief. It is great, but you must try to conquer it."

"I am wounded, I am killed, I am no longer a man," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, letting go the countess's hand and still looking at her with his eyes full of tears. "My situation is all the more unbearable because I can find neither in myself nor outside of myself any help toward endurance of it."

"You will find this help, not in me, though I beg you to believe in my friendship. Our help is love, the love which He has given for an inheritance. His yoke is easy," she continued, with the exalted look that Karénin knew so well. "He will hear you and will give you His aid."

These words were sweet to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, albeit they were the signs of a new mystical exaltation just introduced into Petersburg.

"I am weak, I am humiliated. I foresaw nothing of this, and now I cannot understand it."

"My friend!" repeated the countess.

"I do not mourn so much my loss," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch; "but I cannot help a feeling of shame for the situation in which I am placed in the eyes of the world. It is bad, and I cannot, I cannot bear it."

"It is not you who have performed this noble act of forgiveness which has filled me with envy. It is *He* dwelling in your heart. So, too, you have no cause for shame," said the countess, ecstatically raising her eyes.

Karénin frowned, and pressing his hands together, he made his knuckles crack.

"You must know all the details," he said, in his shrill voice. "Man's powers are limited, countess; and I have reached the limit of mine. All this day I have wasted in domestic details, *arising* [he accented the word] from my new, lonely situation. The servants, the governess, the accounts, — this is a slow fire devouring me, and I have not strength to endure it. Yesterday at dinner — I cannot contain myself — I cannot endure to have my son look at me — he did not dare to ask me any questions, and I did not dare to look at him. He was afraid to look at me — but that is a mere trifle."

Karénin wanted to speak of the bill that had been brought him. His voice trembled, and he stopped. This bill on blue paper, for a hat and ribbons, was a recollection that made him pity himself.

"I understand, my friend, I understand it all. Aid and consolation you will not find in me, but I have come to help you if I can. If I could take from you these petty annoying tasks — I think that a woman's word, a woman's hand are needed; will you let me help you?"

Karénin was silent, and pressed her hand gratefully.

"We will look after Serozha together. I am not strong in practical affairs, but I can get used to them, and I will be your *ekonomka*. Do not thank me; I do not do it of myself" —

"I cannot help being grateful."

"But, my friend, do not yield to the sentiment of which you spoke a moment ago. How can you be ashamed of what is the highest degree of Christian perfection? *He who humbles himself shall be exalted.* And you cannot thank me. Thank Him, pray to Him for help. In Him alone we can find peace, consolation, salvation, and love."

She raised her eyes to heaven, and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch felt that she was praying.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch listened to her, and this phraseology which was once unpleasant to him now seemed natural and soothing. He did not approve this new ecstatic mysticism which was now so fashionable. He was a sincere believer, and religion interested him principally in its relation to politics; thus the new teachings aroused his antipathy from principle. The countess had not his approval in her enthusiastic acceptation of them, but instead of discussing the subject with her, he generally turned the conversation or

did not reply. But now he let her speak without hindrance, and even found a secret pleasure in her words.

"I am very, very grateful to you, both for your words and for your sympathy," he said, when she had ended her prayer.

Again the countess pressed her friend's hand.

"Now I am going to set to work," said she with a smile, wiping away the traces of tears on her face. "I am going to Serozha, and I shall not trouble you except in serious difficulties."

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna arose and went to the boy, and while she bathed the scared little fellow's cheeks with her tears, she told him that his father was a saint and his mother was dead.

The countess fulfilled her promise. She took charge of the details of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's house, but she exaggerated in no respect when she declared that she was not strong in practical affairs. It was impossible to carry out her orders, and so they were not executed, and the management gradually came into the hands of Kornéi, the valet. He by degrees wonted his master to listen (while he was dressing) to such reports as he deemed it best to make. The countess's help was none the less useful, however. Her affection and esteem were a moral support to him, and, to her consolation, she almost succeeded in converting him. At least, his lukewarmness through her influence was changed into a fervent and genuine sympathy for Christian instruction, such as shortly after came into vogue in Petersburg. This conversion was not difficult. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, as well as the countess and all those who fell under the sway of these new ideas, were not gifted with great imagination, or at least that faculty of the mind by which the illusions of the imagination have sufficient conformity with reality to cause their acceptation. Thus he saw no impossibility or unlikelihood in death existing for unbelievers and not for him, his soul being already free from sin because he held a complete and unquestioning faith, judged in his own way, or that even in this world he might look upon his safety as assured.

Nevertheless, the frivolity, the error, of these doctrines often struck him. He then felt how much deeper was the joy caused by the irresistible feeling that impelled him to grant Anna's pardon than from that caused by the constant thought

that Christ dwelt in his soul, and that by signing certain papers he was following His will. But illusory as this moral loftiness was, it was indispensable in his present humiliation. He felt the imperious necessity of looking down from the height of this imaginary elevation, upon those who despised him, and he clung to his new convictions as to a plank of safety.

XXIII.

The Countess Lidia Ivanovna had been married when she was a very young and enthusiastic girl to a good-natured young fellow, very wealthy, aristocratic, and dissolute. Two months after the wedding her husband deserted her. He had replied to her effusive expressions of love with scorn and even hatred which no one who knew the count's kindliness, and were not acquainted with the faults of Lidia's romantic nature, could comprehend. Since then, without any formal divorce, they had lived apart, each in his own way; the husband never meeting his wife without that bitterness which puzzled people to understand.

The countess long ago ceased to worship her husband, but she was always in love with some one and not seldom with several at once—men and women indiscriminately, and generally with notabilities. Thus she lost her heart to each of the new princes and princesses who married into the imperial family. Then she was in love with one metropolitan, one vicar, and one priest. Then she was in love with one journalist, three slavophiles and Komisarof; then with one foreign minister, one doctor, one English missionary, and finally Karénin. These multifarious love affairs and their different phases of warmth or coldness in nowise hindered her from keeping up the most complicated relations both with the court and society. But from the day when she took Karénin under her special protection, from the time when she began to busy herself with his domestic affairs and work for his salvation, she felt that all her former passions were of no account, but that she now loved Karénin alone with perfect sincerity. Besides, as she analyzed her former sentiments and compared them with those that she now experienced, she clearly saw that she would never have loved Komisarof if he had not saved the Emperor's life, or Ristilsh-Kudzhitsky, had not the Slav question existed.

But Karénin she loved for himself, for his great, unappreciated spirit, for his character, for the sound of his voice, his deliberate speech, his weary eyes, and his soft white hands with their swollen veins. Not only did the thought of seeing him fill her with joy, but it seemed to her that she saw on her friend's face the expression of a feeling like her own. She did her best to please him, no less by her person than by her conversation. Never before had she spent so much on her toilet. More than once she found herself wondering what would happen if she were not married and he were only free! When he came in, she colored with pleasure and she could not restrain a smile of ecstasy if he said something pleasant to her.

For several days the countess had been greatly annoyed. She knew that Vronsky and Anna were back in Petersburg. It was necessary now to spare Alekséi Aleksandrovitch the torture of seeing his wife. How could she free him from the odious thought that this wretched woman was living in the same town with him and might meet him at any instant?

Lidia Ivanovna set enquirers on foot to discover the plans of these *repulsive people*, as she called Anna and Vronsky, and she tried to direct all of Karénin's movements so that he might not meet them. The young adjutant, a friend of Vronsky's, from whom she learned about them, and who was hoping through the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's influence to get a position, told her that they were completing their arrangements and expected to depart on the following day. Lidia Ivanovna was beginning to breathe freely once more, when on the next morning she received a note, the handwriting of which she recognized with terror. It was from Anna Karénina. The envelope of English paper thick as bark, on the oblong, yellow sheet of paper adorned with an immense monogram. The note exhaled a delicious perfume.

"Who brought it?"

"The *kommissioner* from the hotel."

The countess waited long before she had the courage to sit down and read it. Her emotion almost brought on one of her attacks of asthma. At last, when she felt calmer, she opened the following note written in French:—

"*Madame la Comtesse:*

"The Christian sentiments filling your heart prompt me, with unpardonable boldness, I fear, to address you. I am unhappy at being separated from my son, and I ask you to

do me the favor of letting me see him once more before I depart. If I do not make direct application to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, it is because I do not wish to give this generous-hearted man the pain of thinking of me. Knowing your friendship for him, I felt that you would understand me; will you have Serozha sent to me here? or do you prefer that I should come at an appointed hour? or would you let me know how and at what place I could see him? You cannot imagine my desire to see my child again, and consequently you cannot comprehend the extent of my gratefulness for the assistance that you can render me in these circumstances. ANNA."

Everything about this note exasperated the Countess Lidia Ivanovna; its tenor, the allusions to Karénin's magnanimity, and the especially free and easy tone which pervaded it.

"Say that there is no reply," and, hurriedly opening her blotting-pad, she wrote to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch that she hoped to meet him about one o'clock at the Palace; it was the Emperor's birthday, and the Imperial family received congratulations.

"I must consult with you in regard to a sad and serious affair; we will decide at the Palace when I can see you. The best plan would be at my house, where I will have *your* tea ready. It is absolutely necessary. *He* imposes the cross, but He gives us also the strength," she added, that his mind might be somewhat prepared.

The countess wrote Alekséi Aleksandrovitch two or three times a day; she liked this way of keeping up her relations with him, and thought it both elegant and mysterious, while ordinary ways were not sufficient.

XXIV.

THE congratulations were over. As they went away, they talked about the latest news, the rewards given on this day, and the changed positions of some high officials.

"What should you say if the Countess Marya Borisovna was made minister of war, and the Princess Vatkovskaïa, chief of staff?" asked a little, gray-haired old man, in a gold-embroidered uniform, who was talking with a tall, handsome maid of honor about the recent changes.

"In that case, I should be made adjutant," replied the young girl, smiling.

"You? Your place is already settled. You are to have charge of the department of religions, and Karénin is to be your assistant."

"How do you do, Prince?" said the little old man, shaking hands with some one who came along.

"Were you speaking of Karénin?" asked the prince.

"Yes; he and Putiatof have been decorated with the order of Alexander Nevsky."

"I thought he had it already."

"No; look at him," said the little old man, pointing with his gold-laced hat towards Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, who was standing in the doorway, talking with one of the influential members of the Imperial Council; he wore the court uniform, with his new red ribbon across his shoulder. "Happy and contented as a copper kopek! isn't he?" And the old man stopped to press the hand of a handsome, athletic chamberlain passing by.

"No; he has grown old," said the chamberlain.

"With cares. He spends his life in writing projects. He has buttonholed his unhappy prey, and will not let him go until he has explained everything point by point."

"What, grown old?" *Il fait des passions.* The Countess Lidia ought to be jealous of his wife."

"*Nu!* I beg of you not to speak ill of the Countess Lidia."

"Is there any harm in her being in love with Karénin?"

"Is Madame Karénina really here?"

"Not here at the Palace, but in Petersburg. I met her yesterday with Alekséi Vronsky *bras dessus, bras dessous* [arm in arm], on the Morskaïa."

"*C'est un homme qui n'a pas,*" — began the chamberlain, in French; but he broke short off to salute and make way for a member of the Imperial family who was passing.

While they were thus criticising and ridiculing Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, the latter was barring the way of the Imperial Counsellor, and without pausing to take breath, lest he should lose him, was giving a detailed explanation of a financial scheme.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, about the time that his wife left him, had reached a situation painful for an official, — the culmination of his upward career. Possibly he was the only one who did not see that his career was ended. Either his collision with Stremof, or his trouble with his wife, or the

simple fact that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch had reached his limit, the fact remained that every one saw clearly that his official race was run. He still held an important place: he was a member of many important committees and councils; but he was one of those men of whom nothing more is expected: his day was over. All that he said, all that he proposed, seemed antiquated and vain. But Alekséi Aleksandrovitch himself did not realize this, but felt that he could appreciate the acts of the government more fairly since he had ceased to take an active share in it, and thought that it was his duty to indicate certain reforms which should be introduced. Shortly after his wife's departure he began to write his first pamphlet about the new tribunals, and proposed to follow it up with a series on the different branches of the administration.

He not only did not realize his hopeless situation in the official world, and therefore did not lose heart. but he took immense delight in his activity.

"He that is unmarried is careful for the things of the Lord, how he may please the Lord; but he that is married is careful for the things of the world, how he may please his wife," said the Apostle Paul. And Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, who now directed his life in all respects according to the Epistle, often quoted this text. It seemed to him, now that he was deprived of his wife, that by devotion to these projects he served the Lord more faithfully than ever.

The Imperial Counsellor's very manifest impatience in no way abashed Karénin, but he stopped a moment as a prince of the Imperial family was passing, and his victim seized his opportunity to escape.

Left to himself, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch bowed his head, tried to collect his thoughts, and, with an absent-minded glance about him, stepped towards the door, hoping to meet the countess there.

"How strong and healthy they look!" he said to himself, as he caught sight of the vigorous neck of the prince, who wore a close-fitting uniform, and the handsome chamberlain with his perfumed side-whiskers. "It is only too true that all is evil in this world," he thought, as he looked at the chamberlain's sturdy legs.

"Ah! Alekséi Aleksandrovitch!" cried the little old man, with a wicked light glowing in his eyes, as Karénin passed him with a cold bow. "I have not yet congratulated you," and he pointed to the newly received ribbon.

"I thank you. This is a *fine* day!" replied Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, accentuating the adjective, as was his habit.

He knew that these gentlemen were making sport of him; but, as he expected nothing but hostile feelings, he was entirely indifferent.

The countess's yellow shoulders and soft, pensive eyes now became visible and invited him from afar; with a smile that showed his even, white teeth, he went to join her.

Lidia Ivanovna's toilet had cost her much labor, like all her recent efforts in this direction; for she was pursuing a very different aim from that which she had set thirty years before. Formerly she had thought only of adorning herself, and was never too elegant for her taste; now she sought to render the contrast endurable between her person and her toilet, and in Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's eyes she succeeded: he thought her charming. This woman's sympathy and tenderness were for him a sole refuge from the general animosity; from the midst of this throng of enemies he felt drawn to her like a plant towards the light.

"I congratulate you," she said, looking at his decoration.

Karénin shrugged his shoulders and half closed his eyes, as if to say that this was nothing to him.

The countess knew that these distinctions, even though he would not confess it, caused him the keenest pleasure.

"How is our angel?" she asked, referring to Serozha.

"I cannot say that I am very well satisfied with him," replied Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, lifting his eyebrows and opening his eyes. "Sitnikof does not please him. [Sitnikof was Serozha's tutor.] As I told you, I find in him a certain apathy towards the essential questions which ought to move the soul of every man and of every child." And Alekséi Aleksandrovitch began to discourse on a subject which, next to the questions of administration, gave him the most concern, — his son's education.

Never till the present time had educational questions interested him; but having been called upon to look after his son's training, he spent a portion of his time in studying works on anthropology, pedagogy, and didactics, and he conceived a plan of study which the best tutor in Petersburg was then entrusted to put into practice. And this work constantly occupied him.

"Yes; but his heart? I find in this child his father's heart, and with that he cannot be bad," said the countess with enthusiasm.

"*Da!* Possibly. For me, I perform my duty: it is all that I can do."

"Will you come to my house?" asked the countess after a moment's silence. "I have a very painful matter to talk with you about. I would have given the world to spare you certain memories; others do not think the same. I have had a letter from *her*. *She* is in Petersburg."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch quivered at the recollection of his wife; but his face instantly assumed an expression of mortal petrifaction that showed how absolutely unable he was to treat of such a subject.

"I expected it," he said.

The countess looked at him with exaltation, and in the presence of a soul so great, tears of transport sprang to her eyes.

XXV.

When Alekséi entered the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's library, decorated with portraits and old porcelains, he failed to find his friend.

She was changing her dress.

On a round table covered with a cloth, stood a Chinese tea-service and a silver spirit-teapot. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch studied the numberless paintings that adorned the room; then he sat down near a table and picked up the New Testament. The rustling of a silk dress put his thoughts to flight.

"*Nu! Vot!* Now we can be a little more free from disturbance," said the countess with a smile, gliding between the table and the divan. "We can talk while drinking our tea."

After several words, meant to prepare his mind, she sighed deeply, and with a tinge of color in her cheeks, she put Anna's letter into his hands.

He read it, and sat long in silence.

"I do not feel that I have the right to refuse her," he said at length, raising his eyes with some timidity.

"My friend, you never can see evil anywhere."

"On the contrary, I find evil everywhere. But would it be fair to" —

His face expressed indecision, desire for advice, for support, for guidance in such a thorny question.

"No," interrupted Lidia Ivanovna, "there are limits to all things. I understand immorality," she said, not with

absolute sincerity, since she did not know why women could be immoral, "but what I do not understand is cruelty towards any one! Towards you! How can she remain in the same city with you? One is never too old to learn, and I learn every day your grandeur and her baseness!"

"Who shall cast the first stone?" asked Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, evidently satisfied with the part that he was acting. "After giving her everything, can I deprive her of what is a need of her heart, — her love for the child?"

"But is it love, my friend? Is it all sincere? You have forgiven her, and you still forgive her; I am willing. But have you the right to vex the soul of this little angel? He believes that she is dead; he prays for her and asks God to pardon her sins. It is better so. What would he think now?"

"I had not thought of that," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, perceiving the justice of her words.

The countess covered her face with her hands and was silent: she was praying.

"If you ask my advice," she replied at length, "you will not do this. Do I not see how you suffer, how your wound bleeds? Admit that you make a mere abstraction of yourself, but where will it lead you? You are laying up for yourself new sufferings, and an unknown trouble for the child! If she were still capable of human feelings, she would be the first to feel it herself. No! I have no hesitation about it, and if you give me your authority, I will reply to her."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch consented, and the countess wrote, in French, this letter: —

"*Madame*, — Recalling your existence to your son would be likely to raise questions which it would be impossible to answer without obliging the child to judge that which should remain sacred to him. You would, therefore, easily understand that your husband's refusal is in the spirit of Christian charity. I pray the Omnipotent to be merciful to you.

"Comptesse Lidia."

This letter accomplished the secret aim which the countess would not confess even to herself; it wounded Anna to the bottom of her soul.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went home disturbed, and unable to take up his ordinary occupations, or recover the peace of a man who has grace, and feels that he is among the elect.

The thought of his wife so guilty towards him, and towards whom he had acted like a saint, to use the countess's comparison, ought not to have disturbed him, and yet he was ill at ease. He could not understand a word of what he was reading, or succeed in driving away from his mind the cruel memories of the past. He remembered with a feeling like remorse Anna's confession the day of the races. Why had he not then obliged her to respect the proprieties? Why had he not challenged Vronsky to a duel? This was what troubled him most of all. And his letter to his wife, his futile pardon, his pains wasted on the baby that was not his, all came back to his memory, and overwhelmed his heart with shame and confusion.

"But how am I at fault?" he asked himself; and this question was followed by another, "Do other men feel differently, fall in love differently, and marry differently, — these Vronskys, Oblonskys, these chamberlains with their handsome calœrs?" His imagination called up a whole line of these vigorous minds, self-confident and strong, who had always attracted his curiosity and his wonder.

The more he tried to drive away such thoughts as these, and to remember that since the end and aim of his life was not this world, peace and charity alone ought to dwell in his soul, the more he suffered, as though eternal salvation was only a chimera.

Fortunately the temptation was not long, and soon Alekséi Aleksandrovitch regained that serenity and elevation of mind, by which he succeeded in putting away all that he wished to forget.

XXVI.

"*Nu*, Kapitonuich?" said Serozha, as he came in, rosy and gay, after his walk, on the evening before his birthday, while the old Swiss, smiling down from his superior height, helped the young man off with his coat, "did the bandaged *tchinovnik* come to-day? Did papa see him?"

"Yes; the secretary had only just got here when I announced him," replied the Swiss, winking one eye gayly.

"Serozha! Serozha!" called the Slavophile tutor, who was standing by the door that led to the inner rooms, "take off your coat yourself."

But Serozha, though he heard his tutor's weak voice, paid

no heed; standing by the Swiss, he held him by the belt, and gazed at him with all his eyes.

"And did papa do what he wanted?"

The Swiss nodded.

This *tchinovnik*, with his head in a bandage, who had come seven times to ask some favor of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, interested Serozha and the Swiss. Serozha had met him one day in the vestibule, and listened, as he begged the Swiss to let him be admitted, saying that nothing was left for him and his children but to die. Since that time the lad had felt great concern for the poor man.

"Say, did he seem very glad?" asked Serozha.

"Glad as he could be; he went off almost leaping."

"Has anything come?" asked Serozha, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, yes, *sudar*," said the Swiss, lifting his head, "there is something from the countess."

Serozha understood that it was a birthday present from the countess.

"What did you say? Where?"

"Kornéi took it to papa; it must be something beautiful."

"How big? as big as this?"

"Smaller, but beautiful."

"A little book?"

"No; its something. Run away, run away. Vasíli Lukitch is calling you," said the Swiss, hearing the tutor's steps approach, and gently removing the little gloved hand which held his belt.

"In a little bit of a moment, Vasíli Lukitch," said Serozha, with the amiable and gracious smile to whose influence even the stern tutor submitted.

Serozha was in radiant spirits, and wanted to tell his friend, the Swiss, about a piece of good fortune, which the countess, Lidia Ivanovna's niece, had told him while they were walking in the summer garden, had befallen the family. His happiness seemed greater still since he heard about the *tchinovnik's* success and his present. It seemed to Serozha that every one ought to be happy this beautiful day.

"Do you know papa has received the Alexander Nevsky order?"

"Why shouldn't I know? He has been receiving congratulations."

"Is he glad?"

"How could he help being glad of the Emperor's favor? Is it a proof that he deserves it?" asked the old Swiss, gravely.

Serozha reflected as he looked into the Swiss's face, which he knew even to the least detail, but especially the chin, between his gray side-whiskers. No one had seen his chin except Serozha, who looked up at it from below.

"*Nu!* and your daughter? Isn't it a long time since she has been to see us?"

The Swiss's daughter was a ballet-dancer.

"How could she find time to come on work-days?" he exclaimed. "They have their lessons as well as you yours, *sudar*."

When Serozha reached his room, instead of attending to his tasks, he poured out into the tutor's ears all his surmises about the present which had been brought him. "It must be a locomotive engine; what do you think about it?" he asked; but Vasíli Lukitch was thinking of nothing except the grammar lesson, which had to be ready for the professor, who came at two o'clock.

"Tell me just one thing, Vasíli Lukitch," asked the child, who was now sitting at his desk, with his book in his hands, "What is there higher than the Alexander Nevsky? You know that papa is decorated?"

The tutor said that the order of Vladimir was higher.

"And above that?"

"St Andrew above them all."

"And above that?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?" and Serozha, leaning his head on his hand, began to think.

The child's thoughts were very varied; he imagined that his father perhaps was going to have the orders of Vladimir and St. Andrew, and that, therefore, he would be more indulgent for his day's lessons. Then he said to himself, that when he grew up, he would do his best to deserve all the decorations, even those that would be given higher than that of St. Andrew. A new order would scarcely have time to be founded before he would make himself worthy of it. These thoughts made the time pass so quick, that when it was the hour to recite, he did not know his lesson at all; and the professor seemed not only vexed, but pained. Serozha was rueful; his lesson, though he studied it, had

not made any impression on his mind. When the professor was present, it was well; for by listening, he imagined that he understood; but when he was by himself, everything was mixed and confused. He seized a moment when his teacher was looking up some reference, to ask him, —

"Mikhaïl Ivanovitch, when is your birthday?"

"You would do better to think about your work; birthdays have no importance for a reasonable being. It is only a day just like any other, and must be spent in work."

Serozha looked attentively at his teacher, studied his sparse beard, his eye-glasses far down on his nose, and got into such a deep brown study, that he heard nothing of the rest of the lesson. He was wondering if his teacher believed what he said. By the tone in which he said it, he felt that it was incredible.

"But why do they all try to say to me the most tiresome things and the most useless things, and all in the same way? Why does this man keep me from him, and not love me?" he asked himself, and he could not tell.

XXVII.

After the professor, came the lesson with his father. Serozha, while waiting for him, played with his penknife as he leaned his elbow on the desk; and he fell into new thoughts.

One of his favorite occupations was to look for his mother while he was out walking. He did not know much about death; and he did not believe that his mother was dead, though his father and the Countess Lidia Ivanovna said she was. Every tall, graceful woman with dark hair he imagined to be his mother; at the sight of every such woman, his heart would swell with love, the tears would come into his eyes, and he would wait until the lady drew near him, and raised her veil; then he would see her face; she would kiss him, smile upon him; he would feel the sweet caress of her hand, smell the well-known perfume, and weep with joy, as he did one evening when he lay at her feet, and she tickled him, because she and he laughed so heartily, and gently bit her white hand, covered with rings. Later, when he learned accidentally from the old nurse that his mother was alive, but his father and the countess told him that she was dead because she was a wicked woman, this seemed still more

impossible to Serozha, because he loved her; and he looked for her and longed for her. This very day, in the Summer garden, he had seen a lady in a lilac veil, and his heart beat violently when he saw her take the same footpath where he was walking; but suddenly she vanished. Serozha felt a stronger love than ever for his mother; and now, while waiting for his father, he was cutting his desk with his penknife; with shining eyes, was looking straight ahead, and thinking of her.

"Here comes your papa," said Vasíli Lukitch.

Serozha jumped up from the chair, ran to kiss his father's hand, and looked for some sign of pleasure because he had received the decoration.

"Did you have a good walk?" asked Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, as he sat down in an armchair, and opened the Old Testament.

Though he had often told Serozha that every Christian ought to know the Old Testament history by heart, he had often to consult it for his lessons; and the child noticed it.

"Yes, papa, I enjoyed it very much," said Serozha, sitting across his chair and tipping it, which was forbidden. "I saw Nádenka [Nádenka was the countess's niece, whom she adopted], and she told me that they've given you a new decoration. Are you glad, papa?"

"In the first place, don't tip your chair so, and in the second place, know that what ought to be dear to us is work for itself and not the reward. I want you to understand that. If you seek only the recompense, the work will seem painful; but if you love work, your recompense will come of itself." And Alekséi Aleksandrovitch remembered that on this very day he had signed one hundred and eighteen different papers with no other support in a most unwelcome task than the feeling of duty.

Serozha's bright and shining eyes grew gloomy as his father looked at him.

He felt that his father in speaking to him put on a peculiar tone as though he were addressing one of those imaginary children found in books, and whom Serozha did not in the least resemble. He was used to it, and he did his best to find wherein he had anything in common with these exemplary little *malchiks*.

"You understand me, I hope."

"Yes, papa," replied the lad, playing the part of this imaginary little personage.

The lesson consisted of the recitation of several verses of the Gospel and the review of the first part of the Old Testament. The lesson went fairly well. But suddenly Serozha was struck by the appearance of his father's forehead, which made almost a right angle near the temples, and he gave the end of the verse entirely wrong. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch concluded that he did not understand the meaning of what he was reciting, and he was vexed.

He frowned, and began to explain what Serozha could not have forgotten, having heard it so many times. The child, scared, looked at his father and thought only one thing: would his father oblige him to repeat the explanation that he had given him, as he had done at other times? This fear kept him from understanding. Fortunately, his father passed on to the lesson in Sacred History. Serozha rapidly narrated the facts themselves; but when it came to the explanation of their meaning, he did not know it at all, though it was part of his lesson. The place where he could not recite and was troubled, where he whittled the table and rocked the chair, was the critical moment when he had to repeat the list of antediluvian patriarchs. Not one could he remember, not even Enoch, who went to heaven alive, though Enoch was his favorite character in Biblical history, and he connected with the translation of this patriarch a long string of ideas which completely absorbed him while he was staring at his father's watch-chain and a loose button on his coat.

Serozha absolutely disbelieved in death, though they had told him about it many times. He could not believe that those whom he loved could die, and especially incredible was the thought of his own death. It all seemed incredible and incomprehensible, but people in whom he had confidence told him that everybody must die. The nurse herself, though unwillingly, said the same thing. But Enoch did not die, and perhaps others might not have to die.

"Why did not others deserve as much as he to go up to heaven alive," asked Serozha. The wicked, those whom he disliked, might have to die, but the good might be like Enoch.

"*Nu!* how about these patriarchs?"

"Enoch — Enos"—

"You have already mentioned him. This is bad, Serozha, very bad. If you do not endeavor to learn the things essential for a Christian to know, what will become of you?"

asked his father, getting up. "I am dissatisfied with you, and Piotr Ignatitch is dissatisfied with you, so I am compelled to punish you."

Father and pedagogue both found fault with him, and Serozha was doubtless making bad work of it, and yet he was not a stupid boy; on the contrary, he was far superior to those whom his teacher held up to him as examples. If he did not want to learn what was taught him, it was because he could not, and for the reason that his mind had needs very different from those that his teachers imagined. He was only nine years old. He was only a child; but he knew his soul, and he objected to any one trying to force a way in without the key of love. He was blamed for being unwilling to learn, and yet he was all on fire with the yearning for knowledge; but he got his lessons from Kapitonuitch, his old nurse, Nádenka, and Vasíli Lukitch. The water which the father and the pedagogue poured on the mill-wheel was wasted, but the work was done in another place.

Serozha was accordingly punished. He was refused permission to go to see Nádenka; but his punishment turned out to be an advantage. Vasíli Lukitch was in good humor, and taught him the art of making a little wind-mill. The afternoon was spent in working and thinking of the ways and means to make the mill go. Should he fasten wings to it, or fix it so he could turn it himself? He forgot about his mother all the evening; but after he had got into bed, her memory suddenly came back to him, and he prayed in his own words that she might cease to veil herself, and make him a visit the next day, which was his birthday.

"Vasíli Lukitch, do you know what I prayed God for?"

"To study better?"

"No."

"Toys?"

"No. You must not guess. It is a secret; when it comes to pass, I will tell you. Are you sure you don't know?"

"No; you must tell me!" said Vasíli Lukitch, smiling, which was rare with him. "*Nu!* get into bed; I am going to put out the light."

"I see much better what I asked in my prayer when there isn't any light. There, I almost told my secret!" cried Serozha, laughing gayly.

Serozha believed that he heard his mother and felt her

presence when he was in the dark. She was standing near him, and looking at him tenderly with her loving face; then he saw a mill, a knife; then all melted into darkness, and he was asleep.

XXVIII.

When Vronsky and Anna reached Petersburg, they stopped at one of the best hotels. Vronsky had a room on the ground floor; Anna, up one flight of stairs, with her baby, the nurse, and her maid, occupied a suite of four rooms.

On the day of his return, Vronsky went to see his brother; he found his mother there, who had come down from Moscow on business. His mother and sister-in-law received him as usual, asked him about his travels, spoke of common friends, but they made no allusion to Anna. His brother, who returned his call the next morning, asked him about her and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. Vronsky explained to him that he considered the bond which united him to Madame Karénina the same as marriage, that he hoped to obtain a divorce, and then he should marry her, which would regulate their situation; he wanted his mother and sister-in-law to understand his intentions.

"The world may not approve of me; that is all one to me;" he added, "but if my family wish to remain on good terms with me, they must show proper respect for my wife."

The elder brother, always very respectful of his brother's opinions, allowed the world to settle this delicate question, and without hesitation went with Alekséi to call upon Madame Karénina. Vronsky spoke to Anna with the formal *vui* (you), as he always did before strangers, and treated her as a mere acquaintance; but it was perfectly understood what her relations to him were, and they spoke freely of Anna's visit to the Vronsky estate.

In spite of his knowledge of society, Vronsky fell into a strange error; he who better than any one else ought to have understood that society would shut its doors upon them, persuaded himself by a strange freak of imagination that public opinion, having progressed beyond its ancient prejudices, must have yielded to the influence of civilization. "Of course, we can't count on being received at court," he thought; "but our relatives, our friends, will understand things as they are."

A man may sit for some time with his legs doubled up in one and the same position, provided he knows that he can change; but if he knows that he must sit in such a constrained position, then his legs get cramps, he will feel drawn to get away. Vronsky experienced this in regard to society. Though he knew in the bottom of his soul that society was shut to them, he tried to force its door. But he quickly found that even if it were open to him, it was shut to Anna.

One of the first ladies of Petersburg society whom he met was his cousin Betsy. "At last?" she cried joyously, "and Anna? How glad I am! Where are you stopping? I can easily imagine the hideous effect that Petersburg must have upon you after such a journey! I can imagine your honeymoon in Rome! And the divorce? is it arranged?"

Vronsky saw that Betsy's enthusiasm cooled when she learned that the divorce was not yet forthcoming.

"I know well that I shall be stoned," said she; "but I am coming to see Anna. You won't stay long, I imagine?"

She came, in fact, on that very day; but her manner was entirely different from what it used to be. She seemed to make much of her courage, and insisted that it was a proof of her fidelity and friendship towards Anna. After talking for about ten minutes on the news of the day, she got up, and said as she went away, "You have not told me yet when the divorce is to be. Grant that I throw my bonnet over the mill, but I guess few will do as much, and you will find that others will turn the cold shoulder so long as you are not married, and it is so easy now-a-days, *ça se fait*. So you are going Friday? I am sorry that I shall not be able to see you again."

Betsy's manner might have warned Vronsky what sort of a reception society was waiting to show them. He knew well that his mother, though so enthusiastic in Anna's praise at their first meeting, would be relentless toward her now that she had spoiled her son's career; but Vronsky founded the loftiest hopes on Varia, his sister-in-law; she certainly would not be the first to cast a stone at Anna, but would come simply and naturally to see her.

On the next day, finding her alone, he opened the subject.

"You know, Alekséi, how fond I am of you," replied Varia, after hearing what he had to say, "and how devoted I am to you and willing I am to do anything for you; but if I kept silent, it is because I know that I cannot be of the

least use to you and Anna Arkadyevna. [She accented the two names.] Don't for a moment think that I allow myself to judge her — not at all; perhaps I should have done the same thing in her place. I cannot enter into details," she added timidly, as she saw her brother-in-law's face darken; "but we must call things by their right name. You would like me to go and see her, and then have her visit me, in order to restore her to society. But *I cannot* do it. My daughters are growing up; I am obliged, on my husband's account, to go into society. *Nu!* I will go to call on Anna Arkadyevna; but she knows that I cannot invite her here lest she should meet in my drawing-room people who do not think as I do, and that would wound her. I cannot receive her."

"But I do not for an instant admit that she is a fallen woman, and I would not compare her to hundreds of women whom you receive," interrupted Vronsky, rising, and seeing that his sister-in-law was not going to yield.

"Alekséi, don't be angry with me; it is not my fault," said Varia, with a timid smile.

"I am not angry with you, but I suffer doubly," said he, growing more and more gloomy. "I suffer because this breaks our friendship, or, at least, it wounds it; for you must know that such will be for us the inevitable result."

He left her with these words. He perceived the uselessness of new endeavors; and, as he still had to spend a few days in Petersburg, he resolved to act as though he were in a foreign city, and to avoid all occasion for new vexations.

One of the most painful circumstances that met him was to hear his name everywhere associated with that of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. Every conversation brought up the affair; and if he went out, he was sure to meet him, just as a person with a sore finger is always hitting it against the furniture.

On the other side, Anna's behavior vexed him. He saw that she was in a strange, incomprehensible moral frame of mind which he had never seen before. Now tender, now cold, she was always irritable and enigmatical. Evidently something tormented her; but, instead of being sensitive to the indignities which Vronsky suffered so keenly, and which in her ordinary delicacy of perception she would have suffered also, she seemed occupied solely in hiding her pain, and perfectly indifferent to the rest.

XXIX.

Anna's chief desire on her return to Russia was to see her son. From the day that she left Italy she was filled with this idea; and her joy increased in proportion as she drew near Petersburg. She did not trouble herself with the question how she should manage this meeting which seemed to her of such importance. It was a simple and natural thing, she thought, to see her child once more, now that she was in the same town with him; but since her arrival she suddenly realized her present relation towards society, and found that the interview was not easy to obtain.

She had been two days now in Petersburg, and never for an instant had she forgotten her son, but she had not seen him.

To go straight to her husband's house and risk coming face to face with her husband, seemed to her impossible. They might even refuse to admit her. To write to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch and ask permission of him, seemed to her painful even to think of. She could be calm only when she did not think of her husband; and yet she could not feel contented to see her son at a distance.

She had too many kisses, too many caresses, to give him. Serozha's old nurse might have been an assistance to her, but she no longer lived with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

On the third day, having learned of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's relations with the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, Anna decided to write her a letter composed with the greatest care, in which she would tell her frankly that the permission to see her son depended on her. She knew that if her husband found it out, he, in his part of magnanimous man, would not refuse her.

It was a cruel blow to have her messenger return without an answer. She had never felt so wounded, so humiliated; and yet she had to acknowledge that the countess was right. Her grief was all the keener because she had to bear it alone. She could not and did not wish to confide it to Vronsky. She knew that though he was the chief cause of her unhappiness, he would look upon her meeting with her son as of little account; and the mere thought of the unsympathetic tone in which he would speak of it, made him seem odious to her. And the fear that she might come to hate him was the worst

of all. Therefore she made up her mind to hide from him her action in regard to the child.

She stayed at home all day long and racked her brain to think of other ways of meeting her son, and finally she decided upon the most painful of all, — to write directly to her husband. Just as she was beginning her letter, Lidia Ivanovna's reply was brought. She accepted it with silent resignation; but the unfriendliness, the sarcasm, that she read between the lines, pierced deep into her soul.

"What cruelty! What hypocrisy!" she said to herself. "They want to insult me and torment the child. I will not let them do so. She is worse than I am; at least, I do not lie."

She immediately decided to go on the morrow, which was Serozha's birthday, directly to her husband's house to see the child, no matter what it cost in fees to the servants, and to put an end to the ugly network of lies with which they were surrounding the innocent child.

She went to a neighboring shop and purchased some toys, and thus she formed her plan of action: she would start early in the morning before Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was up; she would have the money in her hand all ready to bribe the Swiss and the other servants to let her go up stairs without raising her veil, under the pretext of laying on Serozha's bed some presents sent by his god-father. As to what she should say to her son, she could not form the least idea; she could not make any preparation for that.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, Anna got out of her hired carriage and rang the door-bell of her former home.

"Go and see what is wanted! It's some *baruina*," said Kapitonuitch, in overcoat and galoshes, as he looked out of the window and saw a lady closely veiled standing on the porch. The Swiss's assistant, a young man whom Anna did not know, had scarcely opened the door before Anna thrust a three-ruble note into his hand.

"Serozha — Sergéi Aleksiévitch," she stammered; then she went one or two steps down the hall.

The Swiss's assistant examined the note, and stopped the visitor at the inner glass door.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he asked.

She did not hear his words, and made no reply.

Kapitonuitch, noticing the stranger's confusion, came out from his office and asked her what she wanted.

"I come from Prince Skorodumof to see Sergéi Aleksiévitch."

"He is not up yet," replied the Swiss, looking sharply at the veiled lady.

Anna had never dreamed that she should be so troubled by the sight of this house where she had lived nine years. One after another, sweet and cruel memories arose in her mind, and for a moment she forgot why she was there.

"Will you wait?" asked the Swiss, helping her to take off her *shubka*. When he saw her face, he recognized her, and bowed profoundly. "Will your ladyship[1] be pleased to enter?" he said to her.

She tried to speak; but her voice failed her, and with an entreating look at the old servant she rapidly flew up the stairs. Kapitonuitch tried to overtake her, and followed after her, catching his galoshes at every step.

"Perhaps his tutor is not dressed yet; I will speak to him."

Anna kept on up the stairs which she knew so well, but she did not hear what the old man said.

"This way. Excuse it if all is in disorder. He sleeps in the front room now," said the Swiss, out of breath. "Will your ladyship be good enough to wait a moment? I will go and see." And opening the high door, he disappeared.

Anna stopped and waited.

"He has just waked up," said the Swiss, coming back through the same door.

And as he spoke, Anna heard the sound of a child yawning, and merely by the sound of the yawn she recognized her son and seemed to see him alive before her.

"Let me go in — let me!" she stammered, and hurriedly pushed through the door.

At the right of the door was a bed, and on the bed a child was sitting up in his little open nightgown; his little body was leaning forward, and he was just finishing a yawn and stretching himself. His lips were just closing into a sleepy smile, and he fell back upon his pillow still smiling.

"Serozha!" she murmured as she went towards him.

Every time since their separation that she had felt an access of love for the absent son, Anna looked upon him as still a child of four, the age when he had been most charming. Now he no longer bore any resemblance to him whom

[1] *Vasha prevoskhoditelstvo*, literally, Your Excellency.

she had left: he had grown tall and thin. How long his face seemed! How short his hair! What long arms! How he had changed! But it was still the same, — the shape of his head, his lips, little slender neck, and his broad shoulders.

"Serozha!" she whispered in the child's ear.

He raised himself on his elbow, turned his frowzy head around, and trying to put things together, opened wide his eyes. For several seconds he looked with an inquiring face at his mother, who stood motionless before him. Then he suddenly smiled with joy, and with his eyes still half-closed in sleep, he threw himself, not back upon his pillow, but into his mother's arms.

"Serozha, my dear little boy!" she stammered, choking with tears, and throwing her arms around his plump body.

"Mamma!" he whispered, cuddling into his mother's arms so as to feel their encircling pressure. Smiling sleepily, he took his hand from the head of the bed and put it on his mother's shoulder and climbed into her lap, having that warm breath of sleep peculiar to children, and pressed his face to his mother's neck and shoulders.

"I knew," he said, opening his eyes; "to-day is my birthday; I knew that you would come. I am going to get up now."

And as he spoke he fell asleep again. Anna devoured him with her eyes. She saw how he had changed during her absence. She would scarcely have known his long legs coming below his nightgown, his hollow cheeks, his short hair curled in the neck where she had so often kissed it. She pressed him to her heart, and the tears prevented her from speaking.

"What are you crying for, mamma?" he asked, now entirely awake. "What makes you cry?" he repeated, ready to weep himself.

"I? I will not cry any more — it is for joy. It is all over now," said see, drying her tears and turning around. "*Nu!* go and get dressed," she added, after she had grown a little calmer, but still holding Serozha's hand. She sat down near the bed on a chair which held the child's clothing. "How do you dress without me? How" — she wanted to speak simply and gayly, but she could not, and again she turned her head away.

"I don't wash in cold water any more; papa has forbidden it: but you have not seen Vasíli Lukitch? Here he comes.

But you are sitting on my things." And Serozha laughed heartily. She looked at him and smiled.

"Mamma! *dúshenka, golúbtchika!*" [dear little soul, darling], he cried again, throwing himself into her arms, as though he now better understood what had happened to him, as he saw her smile.

"Take it off," said he, pulling off her hat. And seeing her head bare, he began to kiss her again.

"What did you think of me? Did you believe that I was dead?"

"I never believed it."

"You believed me alive, my precious?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" he replied, repeating his favorite phrase; and seizing the hand which was smoothing his hair, he pressed the palm of it to his little mouth, and began to kiss it.

XXX.

Vasíli Lukitch, meantime, not at first knowing who this lady was, but learning from their conversation that it was Serozha's mother, the woman who had deserted her husband, and whom he did not know, as he had not come into the house till after her departure, was in great perplexity. Ought he to tell Alekséi Aleksandrovitch? On mature reflection he came to the conclusion that his duty consisted in going to dress Serozha at the usual hour, without paying any attention to a third person — his mother, or any one else. But as he reached the door and opened it, the sight of the caresses between the mother and child, the sound of their voices and their words, made him change his mind. He shook his head, sighed, and quietly closed the door. "I will wait ten minutes longer," he said to himself, coughing slightly, and wiping his eyes.

There was great excitement among the servants; they all knew that the *baruina* had come, and that Kapitonuitch had let her in, and that she was in the child's room; they knew, too, that their master was in the habit of going to Serozha every morning at nine o'clock: each one felt that the husband and wife ought not to meet, that it must be prevented.

Kornéi, the valet, went down to the Swiss to ask why Anna had been let in; and finding that Kapitonuitch had taken her upstairs, he reprimanded him severely. The Swiss

maintained an obstinate silence till the valet declared that he deserved to lose his place, when the old man jumped at him, and shaking his fist in his face, said, —

"*Da! Vot*, you would not have let her in yourself? You've served here ten years, and had nothing but kindness from her, but you would have said, 'Now, go away from here!' You know what policy is, you sly dog. What you don't forget is to rob your master, and to carry off his raccoon-skin *shubas!*"

"Soldier!" replied Kornéi, scornfully, and he turned towards the nurse, who was coming in just at this moment. "What do you think, Marya Yefimovna? He has let in Anna Arkadyevna, without saying anything to anybody, and just when Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, as soon as he is up, will be going to the nursery."

"What a scrape! what a scrape!" said the nurse. "But, Kornéi Vasilyevitch, find some way to keep your master, while I run to warn her, and get her out of the way. What a scrape!"

When the nurse went into the child's room, Serozha was telling his mother how Nádenka and he had fallen when sliding down a hill of ice, and turned three somersaults. Anna was listening to the sound of her son's voice, looking at his face, watching the play of his features, feeling his little arms, but not hearing a word that he said. She must go away, she must leave him; this alone she understood and felt. She had heard Vasíli Lukitch's steps, and his little discreet cough, as he came to the door, and now she heard the nurse coming in; but unable to move or to speak, she remained as fixed as a statue.

"*Baruina! Golúbtchika!*" [mistress, darling], said the nurse, coming up to Anna, and kissing her hands and her shoulders. "God sent this joy for our birthday celebration! You are not changed at all."

"*Ach!* nurse [*nyanya*], my dear; I did not know that you were in the house," said Anna, coming to herself.

"I don't live here; I live with my daughter. I came to give my best wishes to Serozha, Anna Arkadyevna, *golúbtchika.*"

The nurse suddenly began to weep, and to kiss Anna's hand.

Serozha, with bright, joyful eyes, and holding his mother with one hand and his nurse with the other, was dancing in

his little, bare feet on the carpet. His old nurse's tenderness towards his mother was delightful to him.

"Mamma, she often comes to see me; and when she comes" — he began, but he stopped short when he perceived that the nurse whispered something in his mother's ear, and that his mother's face assumed an expression of fear, and at the same time, of shame.

Anna went to him.

"My precious!" she said.

She could not say the word "farewell" [*proshchái*]; but the expression of her face said it, and he understood.

"My precious, precious Kutik!" she said, calling him by a pet name which she used when he was a baby. "You will not forget me; you" — but she could not say another word.

Only then she began to remember the words which she wanted to say to him, but now it was impossible to say them. Serozha, however, understood all that she would have said; he understood that she was unhappy, and that she loved him. He even understood what the nurse whispered in her ear; he heard the words "always at nine o'clock," and he knew that they referred to his father, and that his mother must not meet him. He understood this, but one thing he could not understand: why did her face express fear and shame? . . . She was not to blame, but she was afraid of him, and seemed ashamed of something. He wanted to ask a question which would have explained this circumstance, but he did not dare: he saw that she was in sorrow, and he pitied her. He silently clung close to her, and then he whispered, "Don't go yet! He will not come yet awhile."

His mother pushed him away from her a little, in order to see if he understood the meaning of what he had said, and in the frightened expression of his face she perceived that he not only spoke of his father, but seemed to ask her how he ought to think about him.

"Serozha, my dear," she said, "love him; he is better than I am; and I have been wicked to him. When you have grown up, you will understand."

"No one is better than you," cried the child, with sobs of despair; and, clinging to his mother's shoulders, he squeezed her with all the force of his little trembling arms.

"*Dúshenka*, my darling!" stammered Anna; and, bursting into tears, she sobbed like a child, even as he sobbed.

At this moment the door opened, and Vasíli Lukitch came

in. Steps were heard at the other door; and, in a frightened whisper, he exclaimed, "He is coming," and gave Anna her hat.

Serozha threw himself on the bed, sobbing, and covered his face with his hands. Anna took them away to kiss yet once again his tear-stained cheeks, and then with quick steps hurried from the room. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch met her at the door. When he saw her, he stopped and bowed his head.

Though she had declared a moment before that he was better than she, the swift glance that she gave him, taking in his whole person, awoke in her only a feeling of hatred and scorn for him, and jealousy on account of her son. She hurriedly lowered her veil, and, quickening her step, almost ran from the room. She had entirely forgotten in her haste the playthings which, on the evening before, she had bought with so much love and sadness; and she took them back with her to the hotel.

XXXI.

Although Anna had tried to be prepared beforehand, she did not realize how violently she would be moved at the sight of her son; when she got back to the hotel again, she could not for a long time understand why she was there. "Yes; all is over; I am alone again," she said to herself; and, without taking off her hat, she threw herself into an easy-chair near the fireplace. And, fixing her eyes on a bronze clock standing on a bracket between two windows, she became absorbed in thought.

The French maid, whom she had brought from abroad with her, came in to get her orders; Anna looked at her with surprise, and replied, "By and by." A servant came to announce breakfast: "By and by," she said once more.

The Italian nurse came in, bringing the child whom she had just dressed; the little one smiled when she saw her mother, and beat the air with her little plump hands, like a fish waving its fins; she pulled at the starched tucks of her embroidered skirt, and reached out her arms to Anna, who could not resist her. She could not help kissing her little daughter's fresh cheeks and pretty shoulders, and letting her catch hold of one of her fingers, screaming with delight, and jumping; she could not help taking her in her arms, and

trotting her on her knee; but the sight of this child made her feel clearly that the affection which she felt for it was not the same kind of love that she had for Serozha. Everything about this little girl was lovely; but she did not fill the wants of her heart.

All the strength of her affection had heretofore centered in her first-born, although he was the child of a man whom she did not love. Her daughter was born under the saddest circumstances, had never received the one hundredth part of the care which she had spent on Serozha. Moreover, the little girl only represented hopes, while Serozha was almost a man, and a lovely man! He had already begun to struggle with his thoughts and feelings; he loved his mother, understood her, judged her perhaps, she thought, recalling her son's words; and now she was separated from him, morally as well as materially; and she saw no way of remedying the situation.

After she had given the little one back to her nurse, and sent them away, Anna opened a locket containing Serozha's picture at the same age as his sister; then, taking off her hat, she looked in an album for other pictures of him taken at different periods; she wanted to compare them, and she took them all out of the album. One was left, the last, the best photograph of him. It represented Serozha astride a chair, in a white frock, a smile on his lips, and a shadow in his eyes; it was a perfect likeness of his best expression. Holding the album in her little deft hands, which to-day moved with extraordinary effort, she tried with her slender white fingers to take it from its place; but the photograph stuck, and she could not get at it. There was no paper-cutter on the table, and she took up another photograph at random to push out the card from its place.

It was a picture of Vronsky, taken in Rome, with long hair and a round felt hat.

"*Da!* There he is," she said to herself, and as she looked at him she suddenly remembered that he was the cause of all her present suffering.

Not once had she thought of him all the morning; but the sight of this manly and noble face, which she knew and loved so well, brought a flood of affection to her heart.

"*Da!* Where is he? Why does he leave me alone a prey to my grief?" she asked with bitterness, forgetting that she herself carefully concealed from him everything concerning

her son. She sent a message to him, asking him to come to her immediately, and waited, with heavy heart, for the tender words with which he would try to console her. The servant returned to say that Vronsky had a visitor, but that he would come very soon: — could she receive him with Prince Yashvin, who had just arrived in Petersburg. "He will not come alone, and he has not seen me since yesterday at dinner," she thought; "and he does not come so that I can speak with him, but he comes with Yashvin." And a cruel thought crossed her mind: "If he no longer loves me?"

She went over in her mind all the incidents of the past few days; she found her terrible thought confirmed by them. The day before he had not dined with her; they did not have the same room now that they were in Petersburg; and now he was bringing some one with him as if to avoid being alone with her.

"But he must tell me this. I must know it. If it is true, I know what I must do," she said, quite beside herself from imagining what would happen if Vronsky's indifference should prove to be true. She began to feel that he did not love her any more; she imagined herself reduced to despair, and her feelings made her over-excited; she rang for her maid, went into her dressing-room, and took extreme pains with her dress as though the sight of her toilet and way of dressing her hair would bring back Vronsky's love, if he had grown indifferent. The bell rung before she was ready.

When she returned to the drawing-room, she saw not Vronsky but Yashvin, looking at Serozha's pictures, which she had left lying on the table.

"We are old acquaintances," she said to him, going towards him and placing her small hand in Yashvin's enormous hand. He was all confusion, and this seemed odd, contrasted with his gigantic form and decided features. "We met last year at the races. — Give them to me," she said, snatching her son's photographs from Vronksy who was looking at them, while her eyes blazed at him significantly. "Were the races successful this year? We saw the races at Rome on the Corso. But I believe you do not like life abroad," she added, with a fascinating smile. "I know you, and, although we seldom meet, I know your tastes."

"I am very sorry for that, because my tastes are generally bad," said Yashvin, biting the left side of his moustache.

After they had talked some little time, Yashvin, seeing

Vronsky look at his watch, asked Anna if she expected to be in Petersburg long. Then stooping with his huge back, he picked up his *képi*.

"Probably not long," she replied in some confusion, and looked at Vronsky.

"Then we shall not meet again?" said Yashvin, turning towards Vronsky. "Where are you going to dine?"

"Come and dine with me," said Anna, with decision; and, vexed because she could not conceal her confusion whenever her false situation became evident before a stranger, she blushed. "The table here is not good, but you will at least see each other. Of all Alekséi's messmates, you are his favorite."

"I should be delighted," replied Yashvin, with a smile which proved to Vronsky that he was very much pleased with Anna. Yashvin took leave of them and went away, while Vronksy lingered behind.

"Are you going too?" she asked him.

"I am already late. Go ahead, I will overtake you," he shouted to Yashvin.

She took his hand, and, without taking her eyes off from him, tried to find something to say to detain him.

"Wait; I want to ask you something," and she pressed Vronsky's hand against her cheek. "*Da!* did I do wrong to invite him to dinner?"

"You did quite right," he replied, with a calm smile.

"Alekséi, do you feel changed towards me?" she asked, pressing his hand between her own. "Alekséi, I am tired of staying here. When shall we go away?"

"Soon, very soon. You can't imagine how our life here weighs upon me too," and he drew away his hand.

"*Nu!* go, go away!" she said in an injured tone, and quickly left him.

XXXII.

When Vronsky came back to the hotel, Anna was not there. They told him that she had gone out with a lady who came to call upon her. This way of disappearing without saying where she was going, added to her agitated manner and the harsh tone with which she had taken away her son's photographs from him before Yashvin, made Vronsky wonder. He made up his mind to ask for an explanation, and waited in the drawing-room for her return.

Anna did not come back alone; she brought with her her old aunt, the Princess Oblonskaïa. She was the lady who had come, and with whom she had been shopping. Without noticing Vronsky's uneasy, questioning manner, Anna began to talk gayly about the purchases she had made in the morning; but he read a mental strain in her shining eyes, as she glanced at him furtively, and a feverish excitement in her movements which disturbed and troubled him.

The table was laid for four, and just as they were going to sit down, Tushkiévitch was announced. He had come from the Princess Betsy with a message for Anna.

Betsy sent her excuses for not coming in person to say good-bye to her. She was not well, and asked Anna to come to see her between half-past seven and nine o'clock. Vronsky looked at Anna as if he would draw her attention to the fact that in naming a time she had taken the necessary precautions against her meeting anybody; but Anna did not seem to pay any attention to it.

"I am very sorry, but I shall not be at liberty exactly between half-past seven and nine," she said with a slight smile.

"The princess will be very much disappointed."

"So shall I."

"I suppose you are going to hear Patti," said Tushkiévitch."

"Patti? You give me an idea. I would go certainly, if I could get a *loge*."

"I can get you one."

"I should be very much obliged to you," said Anna; "*da!* but won't you dine with us?"

Vronsky shrugged his shoulders slightly; he did not know what to make of Anna. Why had she brought home the old princess, why was she keeping Tushkiévitch to dinner, and above all, why did she ask him for a box? Was it to be thought of for a moment that she, in her position, could go to the opera on a subscription night, when she would meet all her acquaintances there? He looked at her seriously, but she responded with a half-despairing, half-mocking look, the meaning of which he could not understand. All through dinner Anna was very lively, and seemed to flirt first with Tushkiévitch, and then with Yashvin. When they rose from the table, Tushkiévitch went to engage a box, and Yashvin went down-stairs to smoke with Vronsky; after

some time the latter came upstairs again and found Anna in a light silk dress bought in Paris. It was trimmed with velvet and had an open front. On her head she wore costly white lace, which set off to advantage the striking beauty of her face.

"Are you really going to the theatre?" he asked, trying to avoid looking at her.

"Why do you ask me in such a terrified way?" she replied, hurt because he did not look at her. "Why shouldn't I go?"

She did not seem to understand the meaning of his words.

"Of course, there is no reason for it," said he, frowning.

"That is exactly what I said," she replied, not wishing to see the sarcasm of his remark, and calmly putting on a long perfumed glove.

"Anna, for heaven's sake, what is the matter with you?" he said to her, trying to bring her to her senses, as her husband had more than once done in vain.

"I don't know what you mean."

"You know very well that you can't go there."

"Why not? I am not going alone; the Princess Varvara has gone to dress; she is going with me."

"But don't you know?" — he began.

"*Da*, I don't want to know anything!" she said, almost crying. "I don't want to know. Am I sorry for anything I have done? No, no, no, indeed; if it were to begin over again, I would begin over again. There is only one thing of any consequence to you and me, and that is to know whether we love each other. Everything else is of no account. Why do we live separate here, and not see each other? Why can't I go where I please? I love you, and everything is right, if your feelings have not changed towards me," she said in Russian, with a peculiar look, which he could not understand; "why don't you look at me?"

He looked at her, he saw her beauty, and the dress which was so becoming to her; but this beauty and this elegance were precisely what irritated him.

"You know very well that my feelings cannot change; but I beg you not to go out," he said again in French, in a beseeching voice, but with a cold look.

She did not hear his words, but noticed only the coldness of his look, and replied with an injured air, —

"And I for my part beg you to explain why I should not go."

"Because it may cause you"— He was confused.

"I don't understand at all: Tushkiévitch, *n'est pas compromettant*, and the Princess Varvara is no worse than anybody else. Ah! here she is!"

XXXIII.

For the first time in his life Vronsky felt towards Anna a sensation of vexation bordering on anger. What vexed him above all was that he could not explain the reason of his vexation; that he could not tell Anna, frankly, that to appear at the opera in such a toilet, with a person like the princess, was equivalent to throwing down the gauntlet to public opinion; to confessing herself a lost woman, and, consequently, renouncing all hope of ever going into society again.

"Why did she not understand it? What has happened to her?" he asked himself. He felt at one and the same time a lessened esteem for Anna's character and a greater sense of her beauty.

Going back to his room, he sat down, full of anxiety, beside Yashvin, who was drinking a mixture of seltzer water and brandy, with his long legs stretched out on a chair. Vronsky followed his example.

"You spoke of Lanskof's horse? He is a fine animal, and I advise you to buy him," began Yashvin, glancing at his comrade's solemn face. His crupper is tapering, but what legs! and what a head! You couldn't do better."

"I think I should do well to take him," replied Vronsky.

All the while he was talking with his friend he never ceased thinking of Anna, and involuntarily listened to what was going on in the corridor, and kept looking at the clock on the mantel.

"Anna Arkadyevna left word that she had gone to the theatre," a servant announced.

Yashvin poured out another little glass of cognac and seltzer, drank it, and rose, buttoning up his uniform.

"Well, shall we go?" said he, half smiling beneath his long mustachios, and showing that he understood the cause of Vronsky's vexation, without attaching much importance to it.

"I am not going," replied Vronsky, gloomily.

"I promised, so I must go; good-bye! If you should change your mind, take Krasinsky's seat, which will be unoccupied," he added, as he went out.

"No; I have some work to do."

"A man has trials with a wife, but with a *not-wife* it is still worse," thought Yashvin as he left the hotel.

When Vronsky was alone, he rose, and began to walk up and down the room.

"*Da!* To-night? The fourth subscription night. My brother Yegor will be there with his wife, and with my mother, probably; in fact, all Petersburg will be there! Now she is going in, and is taking off her *shuba*, and there she is in the light! Tushkiévitch, Yashvin, the Princess Varvara! What am I to do? am I afraid? or have I given Tushkiévitch the right to protect her? However you may look at it, it is absurd, it is absurd! Why should she place me in such a ridiculous position?" he said, with a gesture of despair. This movement jostled the stand on which the tray with the cognac and seltzer water was placed, and nearly knocked it over; in trying to rescue it, he upset it entirely; he rang, and gave a kick to the table.

"If you want to remain in my service, don't forget what you have to do," said he to the valet who appeared. "Don't let this happen again; why didn't you take these things away before?"

The valet, knowing his innocence, wished to justify himself; but one glance at the *barin* showed him that it was best for him to be silent; and, making a hasty excuse, he got down upon the floor to pick up the broken glasses and water bottles.

"That is not your business; call a waiter, and get my coat."

Vronsky entered the theatre at half-past nine. The play had begun.

The *Kapelldiener* recognized Vronsky, as he took off his *shuba*, and called him "your Excellency" [*Vashe Siátelstvo*].

The lighted lobby was empty, with the exception of the *Kapelldiener* and two valets holding *shubas*, and listening at the doors; the sound of the orchestra could be heard carefully accompanying a woman's voice: the door opened as another *Kapelldiener*, who had charge of seating the spec-

tators, passed through, and the phrase, as it came to an end, reached Vronsky's ears. He could not hear the last part, for the door had closed again; but from the applause which followed, he knew that the aria was ended.

The plaudits still continued as he went into the auditorium, brilliantly lighted with lustres and bronze chandeliers; on the stage, the prima donna, with bare shoulders and covered with diamonds, was bowing and smiling, and, with the assistance of the tenor, who gave her his hand, was bending forward to pick up numerous bouquets.

A gentleman with carefully oiled hair reached out his arms to hand her a jewel-case, and the whole audience, boxes and parquet, shouted, applauded, and rose to their feet. The *Kapelmeister*, fixing his white necktie, came to meet him. Vronsky went forward to the middle of the parquet, stopped and looked through the audience, paying less attention than ever to the stage, the noise, and all this crowd of spectators crammed into the theatre.

There were the same ladies in the boxes, with the same officers behind them, the same gayly dressed women, the same uniforms, and the same dress coats; in the gallery the same disorderly crowd; and in all this closely packed house, perhaps forty people, men and women, represented *society*. Vronsky's attention was turned towards this oasis.

The act was just over as Vronsky went towards the first row of seats, and stopped near the railing beside Serpukhovskoï, who, seeing him at a distance, had beckoned to him with a smile.

Vronsky had not yet seen Anna, and purposely refrained from looking for her; but from the direction in which all eyes were turned, he guessed the place where she was to be found. Worse yet, he trembled for fear of seeing Alekséi Aleksandrovitch; to his joy the latter was not at the theatre this evening.

"How unmartial you look," said Serpukhovskoï; "one would take you for a diplomat — an artist — anybody."

"Yes; on my return home I put on citizen's dress," replied Vronsky, slowly taking out his opera-glasses.

"That is why I envy you; when I came back to Russia, I must confess that I regretted to put these on again, when I got home from abroad," said he, pointing to his epaulets. "I mourn for my liberty."

Serpukhovskoï had long since given up trying to push

Vronsky along in his military career, but he continued to have a warm affection for him, and seemed especially friendly towards him on this evening.

"It is too bad that you lost the first act."

Vronsky, while listening with one ear, examined the boxes and the first tier of seats, with his opera-glass; suddenly Anna's head came into view, proud, and strikingly beautiful, in its frame of laces, next a lady in a turban, and a bald-headed old man, who blinked as he gazed through his opera-glass. Anna was in the fifth box, not more than twenty feet from him; she was seated in the front of the box, turning slightly away, and was talking with Yashvin. Her neck, her beautiful, rich shoulders, the radiance of her eyes and face, — all brought her back to him as she had looked that evening at the ball in Moscow. But her beauty no longer inspired him with the same feelings; there was nothing mysterious about them: so, while more than ever under the sway of her charm, he felt almost hurt to see her so beautiful. She did not look at him, but he felt that she had already seen him.

When Vronsky again directed his opera-glass towards the box, he saw the Princess Varvara, very red in the face, looking frequently with a forced laugh at the next box; Anna, striking her closed fan against red velvet, was looking away, evidently intending not to notice what was going on about her. Yashvin's face wore the same expression as when a game went against him; he drew his left mustachio more and more into his mouth, frowned, and looked across into the neighboring box.

In this box were the Kartasofs. Vronsky knew them, and he knew that Anna, too, had been on friendly terms with them; Madame Kartasova, a little, thin woman, was standing with her back to Anna, and putting on an opera-cloak, which her husband handed to her; her face was pale and angry; she seemed to be expressing her mind very freely about something. Kartasof, a stumpy, bald-headed man, kept looking at Anna, and trying to calm his wife.

When Madame Kartasova left the box, her husband lingered, trying to catch Anna's eye, to bow to her; but she evidently did not wish to notice him, and leaned back to speak to Yashvin, whose shaven head was bent towards her. Kartasof went out without having bowed, and the box was left empty.

Vronsky did not understand the meaning of this little

scene, but he felt perfectly sure that Anna had been mortified; he saw by the expression of her face that she was summoning all her strength to keep up her part to the end, and to appear perfectly calm. Those who knew nothing of her history, who could not hear her old friends' expressions of indignation at her appearing in this way, in all the splendor of her beauty and of her dress, would not have suspected that this woman was undergoing the same feelings of shame as a malefactor at the pillory.

Vronsky, deeply troubled, went to his brother's box, hoping to learn something about the matter. He intentionally crossed the parquet, on the side opposite to Anna's box, and as he went, ran across his old colonel, who was talking with two of his acquaintances. Vronsky heard the Karénins' name spoken, and noticed that the colonel hastened to call to him aloud, while he gave his friends a significant look.

"Ah! Vronsky! When shall we see you again in the regiment? we shan't ask your permission to give you a banquet. You are ours, every inch of you," said the colonel.

"I shan't have the time now. I am awfully sorry," replied Vronsky, going rapidly up the steps which led to his brother's box.

The old countess, his mother, with her little steel-colored curls, was in the box. Varia and the young Princess Sorokina were walking together in the lobby. As soon as she saw her brother-in-law, Varia went back to her mother with her companion, and then, taking Vronsky's arm, broached the subject which concerned him. She showed more excitement than he had ever seen in her.

"I think it is dastardly and vile; Madame Kartasova had no right to do so. Madame Karénina" — she began.

"But what is the matter? I don't know what you mean."

"What? you haven't heard anything about it?"

"You know very well that I should be the last person to know anything of the kind."

"Is there a more wicked creature in the world than this Madame Kartasova!"

"But what has she done?"

"My husband told me about it: she insulted Madame Karénina. Her husband began to speak across to her from his box, and Madame Kartasova made a scene about it.

They say she said something very offensive in a loud voice, and went out."

"Count, your *maman* is calling you," said the young Princess Sorokina, opening the door of the box.

"I have been waiting for you all this time," said his mother to him, with a sarcastic smile; "we never see anything of you now."

The son felt that she could not conceal a smile of satisfaction.

"Good evening, *maman*. I am coming to see you," he replied, coolly.

"What, I hope you are not going *faire la cour à Madame Karénina*" [to pay court to Madame Karénina], she added, when the young Princess Sorokina was out of hearing; "*elle fait sensation. On oublie la Patti pour elle*" [she is making a sensation. Patti is forgotten for her].

"*Maman*, I have begged you not to speak to me about her," he replied, gloomily.

"I only say what everybody is saying."

Vronsky did not reply; and after exchanging a few words with the young princess, he went out. He met his brother at the door.

"Ah, Alekséi!" said his brother, "how abominable! She is a silly thing, nothing more. I am going to see Madame Karénina. Let us go together."

Vronsky did not listen; he ran hastily down the steps, feeling that he ought to do something, but knew not what it was.

Stirred with anger, furious at the false position in which Anna had placed them both, he nevertheless was full of pity for her.

As he went from the parquet towards Anna's *loge*, he saw Stremof leaning on the box, talking with her.

"There are no more tenors," he said; "*la moule en est brisé*" [the mould is broken].

Vronsky bowed to her, and stopped to speak with Stremof.

"You came late, it seems to me, and you lost the best aria," said Anna to Vronsky, in a way which seemed to him scornful.

"I am not a very good judge," he replied, looking at her severely.

"Like Prince Yashvin," she said, smiling, "who thinks Patti sings too loud."

"Thank you," she said, taking the programme that Vronsky passed to her, in her little hand, encased in a long glove; and at the same moment her beautiful face quivered; she rose and went to the back of the box.

The last act had hardly begun, when Vronsky, seeing Anna's box empty, rose, left the parquet, and went back to the hotel.

Anna had also returned; Vronsky found her just as she was at the theatre, sitting in the first chair she had come to, near the wall, looking straight before her. When she saw Vronsky enter, she glanced at him without moving.

"Anna," he said.

"It is you, you who are the cause of it all!" she exclaimed, rising, with tears of anger, and despair in her voice.

"I begged you, I implored you, not to go; I knew that it would be unpleasant to you."

"Unpleasant!" she exclaimed; "it was horrible! If I should live a hundred years, I shouldn't forget it. She said that it was a disgrace to sit near me."

"She was a fool to say such a thing; but why did you run the risk of hearing it; why did you expose yourself?" —

"I hate your calm way. You should never have driven me to this; if you loved me" —

"Anna! what has my love to do with this?"

"Yes, if you loved me as I love you, if you suffered as I" — she said, looking terrified.

He pitied her and protested his love, because he saw that it was the only way to calm her; but in the bottom of his heart he was angry with her.

She, on the contrary, drank in his expressions of love, which he thought idle to repeat, and gradually became herself again.

Two days later they left for the country, completely reconciled.

PART VI.

I.

Darya Aleksandrovna accepted the proposition which the Levins had made her, to come with her children and spend the summer at Pokrovsky; for her place, Yergushovo, was falling to ruin. Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was himself detained by business at Moscow, heartily approved of this arrangement, and expressed much regret that he could come to them only for a day or two. Besides the Oblonskys and their troop of children, the Levins had with them the old princess, who considered her presence near her daughter at this particular time indispensable; they had also Várenka, Kitty's Soden friend, and Sergéi Ivanovitch, who alone among this host at Pokrovsky represented the Levin side of the family, and even he was but partly a Levin. Konstantin, though strongly attached to all those who lived beneath his roof, discovered within himself a slight longing for his old ways, which proved that the "Shcherbatsky element," as he called it, was somewhat overpowering. The old house, so long deserted, had now scarcely an unoccupied room. Each day, before seating herself at the table, the princess would count the guests, to make sure that there were not thirteen; while Kitty, like an excellent housekeeper, devoted herself to providing chickens and ducks for the satisfaction of the various appetites of young and old, made keen by the country air.

The family were at table, and the children were planning to go out and hunt for mushrooms with the governess and Várenka, when, to the great astonishment of all, Sergéi Ivanovitch evinced a desire to join the expedition.

"Allow me to go with you," said he, addressing Várenka. "I am very fond of getting mushrooms; I think it is a very fine occupation."

"With pleasure," she answered, blushing.

Kitty exchanged looks with Dolly. This proposition confirmed an idea which had engrossed them for some time.

After dinner the two brothers chatted over their coffee, but Sergéi Ivanovitch watched the door through which the

children would have to pass out on their way to the field, and as soon as he saw Várenka in her linen dress, with a white kerchief over her head, he interrupted the conversation, swallowed the last drop in his cup, and exclaimed, —

"I am coming — I am coming, Varvara Andrevna!"

"What do you think of my Várenka? Is she not charming?" said Kitty to her husband, loud enough to be heard by Sergéi Ivanovitch. "And how lovely she is! Perfectly lovely!"

"You constantly forget your condition, Kitty. You ought not to shout so," interrupted the princess, coming hastily through the way.

On hearing Kitty's voice and her mother's reproof, Várenka quickly retraced her steps. Her face was animated, blushing, disturbed, because she felt that there was something unusual going on. Kitty kissed her, and mentally bestowed a benediction.

"I shall be very glad if a certain thing comes to pass," she said to her, in a whisper.

"Are you coming with us?" asked the young girl of Levin, to hide her embarrassment.

"Yes, as far as the barns; I have some new carts to examine. And you — where shall I find you?" he asked his wife.

"Upon the terrace."

II.

This terrace was a favorite resort of the ladies after dinner, and to-day a very important matter was under consideration. Besides the usual manufacture of various articles destined for the infant wardrobe, certain sweetmeats were being concocted after a process used by the Shcherbatskys, but unknown to the old Agafya Mikhaïlovna. Flushed, with tumbled hair, and with her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, she held the pan of sweetmeats above a small portable stove, in very ill humor, inwardly registering a vow that the raspberry should burn. The old princess, author of this new concoction, and feeling herself abused because she was not allowed to superintend it, surveyed these actions of the housekeeper with a side glance, at the same time talking with an indifferent air to her daughters. The conversation of the three ladies fell upon Várenka, and Kitty, not wishing to be

understood by Agafya Mikhaïlovna, spoke in French. She hoped to learn that Sergéi Ivanovitch had declared himself.

"What do you think of it, mamma?"

"I think he can consider himself the best match in Russia; he is no longer in his first youth; I know — but — as for her, she is an excellent person, but he might" —

"But think, mamma! Sergéi Ivanovitch, with his position in the world, has no need to marry for family or fortune; what he needs is some sweet, intelligent, loving young girl. Oh, that would be so nice! When they come in from their walk, I shall read it all in their eyes! What do you say to it, Dolly?"

"Do not get so excited," resumed the princess.

"Mamma, how did papa ask you to marry him?" said Kitty suddenly, proud, in her position as married woman, to be able to approach important subjects with her mother as an equal.

"Very simply," answered the princess, her face brightening at the remembrance.

"You loved him before he spoke?"

"Certainly. Do you suppose that you have invented something new? It was decided, as it always is, by looks and smiles. I doubt if Kostia said anything so very particular to you."

"Oh! he — he wrote his declaration with a bit of chalk. How long it seems since then, already!"

"I've been thinking," began Kitty, after a silence, during which the three ladies had been preoccupied with the same thoughts. "Ought not Sergéi Ivanovitch to be warned that Várenka has had a first love?"

"You imagine that all men attach as much importance to that as your husband," said Dolly. "I am convinced that the remembrance of Vronsky torments him still!"

"It does," said Kitty, with a pensive look.

"Why should that disquiet him?" asked the princess, disposed to resent the inference that her maternal watchfulness seemed to be called in question. "Vronsky did make love to you; but what young girl escapes that?"

"How fortunate for Kitty that Anna appeared upon the scene," said Dolly; "and how the *rôles* are changed! Anna was happy then, while Kitty thought herself to be pitied. I've often thought of it."

"It is quite useless to think of that heartless woman,"

exclaimed the princess, who was not resigned to having Levin for her son-in-law instead of Vronsky.

"Yes, indeed; and as for me, I do not wish to think of her at all."

"Whom do you wish not to think about?" asked Levin, appearing upon the terrace. No one answered, and he did not repeat his question.

"I am sorry to disturb your *tête-à-tête*," said he, vexed to find that he had interrupted a conversation which they were unwilling to continue in his presence; and for a second he found himself in sympathy with the old servant, furious at having to submit to the dominion of the Shcherbatskys.

Nevertheless, he approached Kitty with a smile.

"*Nu!* Are you coming to meet the children? I have ordered the horses. Will you join us, Princess?"

Levin could not bring himself to call the princess "*Maman*," as his brothers-in-law did, although he loved and respected her; it seemed to him like disloyalty to the memory of his own mother. This fancy annoyed the princess.

"Then I will walk," said Kitty, rising to take her husband's arm.

"*Nu!* Agafya Mikhaïlovna, are your preserves successful? Is the new method good?" asked Levin, smiling at the housekeeper in his desire to cheer her.

"Perhaps they're good; but, in my opinion, much overdone."

"At least it will prevent their spoiling, Agafya Mikhaïlovna," said Kitty, divining her husband's intention. "And you know that there is no more in the ice-house. As for your spiced meats, mamma assures me that she has never eaten any better," she added, adjusting, with a smile, the housekeeper's loosened neckerchief.

"Do not try to console me, baruina," replied Agafya Mikhaïlovna, giving Kitty a look of increased sadness. "To see you with *him* is enough to content me."

This familiar way of speaking of her master touched Kitty.

"Come and show us the best places to find mushrooms."

The old woman raised her head, smiling. The smile seemed to say, "One would gladly guard you from all hatred, if it were possible."

"Follow my advice, and put over each pot of jelly a round piece of paper soaked in rum, and you will not need ice in order to preserve them," said the princess.

III.

Kitty had observed the momentary discontent which had vividly betrayed itself in her husband's face, and she was very glad to have a moment alone with him. They set out along the dusty road quite bestrewn with corn and grain, and Levin quickly forgot his painful disquietude in the pure and ever fresh pleasure which his dear wife's presence gave him. Without having anything especially to say to her, he yet longed to hear Kitty's voice, to see her eyes, to which her peculiar condition lent an expression unusually sweet and serious. "Lean on me; it will tire you less."

"I am so glad to be alone with you for a minute! I love my family, but yet I miss our winter evenings, when we two were alone together. Do you know what we were talking about when you came?"

"About jellies?"

"Yes; but about marriage proposals, too; about Sergéi and Várenka. Have you noticed them? What do you think of it?" added she, turning towards her husband the better to watch his face.

"I don't know what to think. Sergéi has always been a marvel to me. You know he loved a young girl once, and she died; it is one of my childish memories. Since then I believe he ignores the existence of women."

"But — Várenka?"

"Perhaps — I do not know. Sergéi is too pure a man. He has no life but the spiritual" —

"You mean that he is incapable of falling in love," said she, expressing her husband's thought in her own way.

"I do not say that, but he has no weak points, and I envy him that, in spite of my happiness. He does not live for himself; it is duty which guides him, and so he has a right to be serene and well satisfied."

"And you? Why should you be dissatisfied with yourself?" she asked with a smile.

She knew that her husband's extreme admiration for Sergéi Ivanovitch and his discouragement about himself were connected with a vivid realization of his own happiness and a constant desire to grow better.

"I am too happy. I have nothing on earth to wish for, except perhaps that you should never go wrong; and when I

compare myself with others, especially with my brother, I am conscious of all my inferiority."

"But aren't you always thinking about your future, about your farming, about your book?"

"Yes; superficially, as of a task of which I am trying to rid myself. Ah, if I could love my duty as I love you! It is you who are to blame."

"Would you exchange with Sergéi, — love nothing but your duty and the general welfare of mankind?"

"No, indeed. The fact is, I am too happy to reason clearly. So you think the proposal will take place to-day, do you?" he asked, after a moment's silence. "Ah, here comes the wagonette to meet us."

"Kitty, you haven't fatigued yourself?" cried the princess.

"Not the least in the world, mamma."

They continued walking.

IV.

VÁRENKA seemed very charming to Sergéi Ivanovitch to-day. As he walked beside her there came back to him all that he had heard of her past life, and all the goodness and amiability which he had himself discovered in her. A strange feeling stole into his heart — a feeling experienced only once before, long ago in his first youth; and the joy which the young girl's presence caused him was so keen that, as he put into her basket a huge mushroom which he had just found, their eyes met with a too expressive look.

"I'm going to hunt mushrooms on my own account," he said, fearing that he should yield like a child to the delight of the moment; "for I see my efforts are not appreciated."

"Why should I resist?" he thought, as he left the boundary line of the woods and was lost to view among the trees; and there, as he lit his cigar, he gave himself up to his thoughts. "The affection I have for her has no passion in it. It seems to me it is a mutual inclination which would not fetter my life in the least. My only serious objection to marriage is the promise I made myself when Marie died, to remain faithful to her memory."

Sergéi Ivanovitch was well aware that this objection related only to that poetical *rôle* which he played in the eyes of the world. No woman, no young girl, could answer better to all that he sought for in the one he should marry. She had the

charm of youth without childishness; was accustomed to society without wishing to shine in it; possessed a lofty religion based upon serious conviction. Moreover, she was poor and without family, and would not, therefore, like Kitty, impose upon her husband a numerous relationship. And this young girl loved him. Modest as he was, he could not avoid seeing it. The difference in age need be no obstacle. Had not Várenka herself once said that it was only in Russia that a man of fifty was considered old; in France that *dans la force de l'age* was considered the vigor of life? Then at forty one must be *un jeune homme* [a young man].

When he caught sight of Várenka's agile, graceful figure between the old birch trees, his heart beat joyously; and as he tossed away his cigar he went to meet the young girl, determined to offer himself to her.

V.

"Varvara Andrevna, when I was very young I made for myself an ideal of the woman whom I should love, and whom I should be very happy to call my — wife. My life has passed till now without finding her. You alone realize my dream. I love you and offer you my hand." With these words in his heart, Sergéi Ivanovitch looked at Várenka as she knelt on the grass within ten steps of him, defending a mushroom from the attacks of Grisha, to save it for little Masha.

"This way, this way; here are quantities, little one," she called in her charming, ringing voice. She did not rise when she saw Koznuishef approaching, but her whole being expressed her joy at seeing him.

"Did you find any?" she asked, turning her sweet face towards him with a smile.

"Not any at all," he answered. After pointing out the best places to the children, she rose and joined Sergéi Ivanovitch. They walked a few steps in silence. Várenka, stifled with emotion, suspected what Koznuishef had in mind. Suddenly, though not really in the mood for talking, she said almost involuntarily, —

"If you have not found any, it is because there are never as many mushrooms in the woods as along the edge."

Koznuishef sighed without answering. It displeased him because she spoke about trifles. They continued walking,

going further and further from the children. The moment was propitious for coming to an understanding ; and, as Sergéi Ivanovitch observed the young girl's disturbed manner and downcast eyes, he felt that he should wrong her if he kept silence. He made an effort to recall his recent thoughts on the subject of marriage ; but instead of the speech which he had prepared, he asked, —

" What is the difference between a toadstool and a mushroom ? "

Várenka's lips trembled as she answered, —

" The only difference is in the foot." Both of them felt that this was the end of it. The words which might have united them were not spoken, and the violent emotion which had stirred them died little by little away.

" The foot of the mushroom reminds one of a black beard badly shaved," said Sergéi Ivanovitch calmly.

" Quite true," answered Várenka, smiling. Then their walk took involuntarily the direction of the children. Várenka was puzzled and hurt, and yet relieved. Sergéi Ivanovitch mentally reviewed his arguments in favor of marriage and found them mistaken. He could not be unfaithful to Marie's memory.

" Gently, children, gently," cried Levin, as the children sprang towards Kitty with shouts of glee.

Behind the children came Sergéi Ivanovitch and Várenka. Kitty did not need to question them. She knew by their calm and slightly mortified manner, that the hope which she had been nursing would not be realized.

" That will not happen," she said to her husband as they went in.

VI.

The group reassembled on the terrace, while the children took their supper. The consciousness that an important event had occurred, although it was a negative one, weighed upon every one, and in order to cover the general embarrassment, they talked with a forced animation. Sergéi Ivanovitch and Várenka seemed like a couple of students who had failed in their examinations. Levin and Kitty, more in love than ever with one another, felt guilty in their happiness, as if it were an impolite comment upon the unskilfulness of those who did not know how to be happy. Stepan

Arkadyevitch and, perhaps, the old prince were expected by the evening train.

"Take my word for it, *Alexandre* will not come," said the princess.

"He pretends to think it wrong to disturb the freedom of young married couples."

"Papa has quite abandoned us; thanks to this principle, we are not to see him any more. And why does he look upon us as young married people, when we are already an ancient couple?"

The sound of a carriage in the avenue interrupted the conversation.

"It's Stiva!" exclaimed Levin. "And I see some one beside him; that must be papa. Grisha, run and meet them."

But Levin was mistaken. Stepan Arkadyevitch's companion was a fine, tall fellow, named Vásenka Veslovsky. He wore a Scotch cap, with long floating ribbons, and was a distant relative of the Shcherbatskys, one of the ornaments of society at Moscow and Petersburg. Veslovsky was not in the least disconcerted by the surprise which his appearance caused; he greeted Levin gayly, reminded him that they had met before, and lifted Grisha into the carriage. Levin followed on foot. He was put out at the non-arrival of the prince, whom he liked, and still more so at the intrusion of this stranger, whose presence was quite unnecessary. This unpleasant impression increased when he saw Vasenka gallantly kiss Kitty's hand, before all the people assembled on the door-steps.

"Your wife and I are *cousins*, and old acquaintances," said the young man, pressing Levin's hand a second time.

"*Nu!*" said Oblonsky, greeting his mother-in-law, and kissing his wife and children. "Is there any game? We've come with murderous intent, — Veslovsky and I. How well you look, Dólinka!" said he, kissing his wife's hand, and caressing her affectionately. Levin, who had a few moments before been so happy, witnessed this scene with indignation.

"Whom did those same lips kiss yesterday?" thought he; "and why is Dolly so pleased, when she does not believe he loves her any longer?"

He was vexed at the gracious reception given Veslovsky by the princess. The politeness of Sergéi Ivanovitch towards Oblonsky struck him as hypocritical, for he knew

that his brother had no very high esteem for Stepan Arkadyevitch.

As for Várenka, she seemed to him like some demure nun, capable of making herself pleasing for the sake of a stranger, though she did not dream of marriage. But his displeasure was at its height when he saw Kitty return the smile of this fellow, who apparently considered his visit as a piece of good fortune for every one. The smile would confirm him in this absurd conceit.

When they all went chatting into the house, he seized the moment to escape. Kitty had observed her husband's ill-humor, and ran after him; but he shook her off, declaring that he had business to attend to at the office, and disappeared. His occupations had never seemed more important to him than they did to-day.

VII.

On being summoned to supper, Levin went into the house again; he found Kitty and Agafya Mikhaïlovna standing on the stairs, consulting over what wines to put on the table.

"*Da!* Why all this fuss? Have things just as usual."

"No; Stiva doesn't drink" —

"What is the matter, Kostia?" asked Kitty, trying to detain him; but, instead of listening, he went his way, taking great strides to the parlor. When there, he was impatient to take part in the conversation.

"Well, shall we go hunting to-morrow?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Do let us go," said Veslovsky, leaning back in his chair, with one of his legs under him.

"Very willingly; have you had any hunting this year?" answered Levin, with a false cordiality which Kitty understood. "I doubt if we find any woodcock, but snipe are plenty. We shall have to start early; shall you mind that, Stiva?"

"No, indeed; I'm ready to stay awake all night if you like."

"Ah, yes; you are quite capable of it," said Dolly, with some irony, "and also of keeping other people awake. I'm not going to eat any supper to-night, — I'm going to bed."

"No, Dolly," exclaimed Stepan Arkadyevitch, going and taking a seat near his wife.

"I've so many things to tell you about. Do you know—Veslovsky has seen Anna? She lives only seventy versts [46.41 miles] away from here; he is going there when he leaves us, and I intend to go, too."

"Have you really been to Anna Arkadyevna's?" asked Dolly of Vásenka, who had come up to the ladies, and had seated himself beside Kitty at the supper-table.

Levin was talking with the princess and Várenka, but he observed that this little group was full of animation. He imagined that they were talking confidentially, and it seemed to him that his wife's face expressed a deep tenderness as she looked into Vásenka's pleasing face.

"Their establishment is superb," Veslovsky went on vivaciously, "and it is delightful to be with them. It isn't my place to judge them."

"What are their plans?"

"To pass the winter in Moscow, I believe."

"It will be charming to meet there again. When shall you be there?" Oblonsky asked the young man.

"In July."

"And you?" he asked his wife.

"When you have gone away, I shall go alone; that will not disturb any one, and I am determined to see Anna. She is a woman whom I both pity and love."

"Just the thing," answered Stepan Arkadyevitch. "And you, Kitty?"

"I? Why should I go to see her?" said Kitty; and the question made her blush with vexation.

"Do you know Anna Arkadyevna?" asked Veslovsky; "she is a very fascinating woman."

"Yes," answered Kitty, blushing still more, and with a glance at her husband she rose to join him. "So you are going hunting to-morrow, are you?" she asked him.

Levin's jealousy at seeing Kitty blush was boundless, and her question seemed to him simply a proof of her interest in the young man. She was evidently in love with him, and wished to have him pleasantly entertained.

"Certainly," he answered, in a voice so constrained that he himself was horrified at it.

"I wish you would pass the day with us to-morrow; Dolly has hardly seen her husband yet."

It was in this way that Levin translated these words. "Do not separate me from him. *You* may go; but let me enjoy the enchanting presence of this attractive stranger."

Vásenka, not suspecting the effect his presence had produced, rose from the table and approached Kitty with an affectionate smile.

"How does he dare to look at her in that way?" thought Levin, pale with anger.

"We are to go hunting to-morrow, are we not?" asked Vásenka innocently, and again he seated himself across a chair with one leg under him, as his habit was. Levin was wild with jealousy, and already pictured himself in the position of a deceived husband, whom his wife and her lover were plotting to send away, that they might enjoy each other in peace.

Nevertheless, he talked with Veslovsky, asked him about his hunting gear, and promised him with a cordial air that their hunting party should be made up for the succeeding day. The old princess came near putting an end to her son-in-law's torture by advising Kitty to go to bed, when, as if expressly to exasperate Levin, Vásenka tried to kiss her hand as he bade her good night.

"That is not the custom with us," she said brusquely, drawing away her hand.

How had she given this young man the right to take such liberties with her? and how could she be so awkward in showing her disapprobation?

Oblonsky had been made good-humored by several glasses of good wine, and a poetic mood came upon him.

"Why should you go to bed this lovely evening, Kitty? See, the moon is rising; it is just the time for serenading. Vásenka has a charming voice, and he has brought two new ballads with him which he and Varvara Andrevna might sing to us."

For a long time after they had all left, Levin sat obstinately silent in an easy-chair, while the voices of his guests singing the new ballads reached him from the garden. After vainly questioning him as to the cause of his annoyance, Kitty finished by smilingly asking him whether Veslovsky were its cause.

This question loosened his tongue. He stood up in front of his wife with his eyes flashing under his contracted brows, and his hands pressed against his chest as if to keep down his anger, and in a trembling voice and with a manner which would have been harsh if his face had not expressed such keen suffering, he said, "Don't think me jealous; the word

is disgusting to me. Could I be jealous and at the same time believe in you? But I am hurt, humiliated, that any one dares to look at you so."

"Why, how did he look at me?" asked Kitty, honestly trying to recall the smallest incidents of the evening. She had thought Vásenka's attitude at supper a little familiar, but she dared not acknowledge it. "You know you are the only person in the world for me. But you would not wish me to shut myself up away from everybody?"

She had been wounded by this jealousy of his, which spoiled even the most innocent pleasures; but she was ready now to renounce them all for the sake of quieting him.

"Try to understand how absurd my position is. This fellow is my guest, and if it were not for this silly gallantry, and his habit of sitting on his leg, I should have nothing to reproach him with; he certainly thinks himself irreproachable. But I am obliged to seem polite, and"—

"But, Kostia, you exaggerate things," interrupted Kitty, glad at heart to see how passionately he loved her.

"And when you are an object of worship to me, and we are so happy, that this trashy fellow should have the right—after all, he may not be a trashy fellow; but why should our happiness be at his mercy?"

"Listen, Kostia; I believe I know what has offended you."

"*Nu da? nu da?*" asked Levin, excitedly.

"You watched us at supper"— and she recounted the mysterious conversation which had aroused his suspicions.

"Katya," cried he, observing his wife's pale, excited face, "I am tiring you! *Golubchik*, forgive me! I am a burden to you, Katya! I am a fool! How could I torture myself over such a trifle!"

"I am sorry for you."

"For me? for me? How absurd I am; and to punish myself, I intend to heap the most irresistible favors upon this fellow," said Levin, kissing his wife's hands. "You'll see!"

VIII.

Two hunting-wagons were waiting at the door the next morning before the ladies were awake. Laska followed the coachman, all alive with excitement, quite understanding

what was on foot, and strongly disapproving the huntsmen's tardiness. Vásenka Veslovsky was the first to appear, in a green blouse, with a belt of fragrant Russia leather, shod in handsome new boots, his Scotch cap, with ribbons, on his head, and an old-fashioned English gun in his hand.

Laska sprang towards him for a greeting, and to ask in her way if the others were coming; but, finding that she was not understood, she returned to her post, and waited with bent head and pricked-up ears. At last the door opened noisily, and let out Krak, the pointer, followed by his master, Stepan Arkadyevitch, with gun in hand and cigar in mouth.

"Down, down, Krak!" exclaimed Oblonsky, gayly, trying to avoid the dog's paws, who, in her joy, caught at his gun and game-pouch. He had on great boots, old trousers, a short overcoat, and a crushed hat; to make up for this, his gun was of the most modern pattern, and his game-bag as well as his cartridge-box defied all criticism. Vásenka saw that the height of elegance for a huntsman lay in subordinating everything to the hunting apparatus. He made up his mind to profit by this example next time, and looked admiringly at Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"*Nu!* Our host is late," remarked he.

"He has a young wife," said Oblonsky, smiling.

"And what a charming wife! He must have gone in to see her again, for I saw him all ready to start."

Stepan Arkadyevitch was right. Levin had gone back to Kitty to make her say over again that she forgave him for his absurd behavior of the evening before. Kitty was obliged to declare that she did not begrudge his two days' absence, and promised to send news of her health the next day. This journey was not pleasing to the young wife, but she resigned herself to it cheerfully when she saw her husband's interest and animation.

"A thousand pardons, gentlemen!" cried Levin, hurrying towards his companions. "Has the breakfast been put up? *Nu!* all is ready. — Down, Laska! charge!"

He was scarcely in the carriage before he was waylaid by the cowherd, who wished to consult him about the heifers; then by the carpenter, whose erroneous ideas as to the construction of a staircase he must correct.

At last they were off, and Levin was so glad to be free from his domestic cares that he would have asked nothing better than to enjoy his happy mood in silence. Should

they find any game? Would Laska be equal to Krak? Should he do himself credit as huntsman before this stranger? Oblonsky was occupied with similar thoughts. Veslovsky was the only voluble one; and as Levin listened to his prattle, he reproached himself for his injustice of the previous evening. He was a very good fellow, after all, and one could scarcely reproach him, except for his conceit in supposing that carefully kept nails and elegant clothes were proofs of incontestable superiority. Beyond this, he was unaffected, gay, and well educated, speaking French and English admirably, and when he was younger, Levin would have made a friend of him.

They had scarcely gone three versts when Veslovsky missed his pocket-book and his cigars. There were three hundred and seventy rubles in the pocket-book, and he wanted to make sure that he had forgotten and left it at the house.

"Let me take your Cossack racer and gallop back to the house; I can go and come back immediately."

"Do not trouble yourself," replied Levin; "my coachman can easily do the errand."

The coachman was sent in search of the pocket-book, and Levin took the reins.

IX.

"*Nu!* what's our line of march?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"This is it. We will go directly to the marshes at Gvozdef, about twenty versts from here, where we are sure to find some game. As we shall arrive there towards evening, we can take advantage of the coolness to do some shooting. We will sleep at a peasant's hut, and to-morrow we will undertake the great marsh."

"Is there nothing on the way?"

"Yes; there are two good places, but it is scarcely worth while. It's too warm."

Levin intended to reserve the hunting places near the house for his own particular use; but nothing escaped Oblonsky's experienced eye, and as they were passing a small marsh, he exclaimed, "Shall we not try this?"

"Oh, yes; let's stop, Levin," begged Vásenka; and Levin could not well refuse.

The dogs darted forward instantly, and Levin stayed behind to watch the horses. Veslovsky killed a moor-hen and a lapwing, which was all that they found, and Levin felt somewhat consoled. As the huntsmen entered the carriages, Vásenka awkwardly held his gun and his game in one hand, when a shot went off, and the horses plunged. It was Veslovsky's gun, which fortunately wounded no one, the shot burying itself in the ground. He was so filled with remorse that no one had the heart to grumble; but his remorse soon gave place to an absurd gayety as he recalled their panic and the bump Levin gave himself with his gun.

In spite of their host's remonstrances, they alighted again at the next swamp. This time, after he had brought down a woodcock, Vásenka took pity on Levin, and offered to take his place with the carriages. Levin did not refuse, and Laska, growling at the injustice of fate, sprang with a bound towards the haunts of the game, with a gravity which did not seem to disturb the insignificant marsh-birds. She circled about several times, sniffing the ground, and then stopped suddenly, while Levin, with a beating heart, followed cautiously.

A woodcock rose; he had already aimed, when the sound of steps advancing heavily through the water, and a shout from Veslovsky, made him turn just as he fired. The shot had missed. To his amazement, he beheld the carriages and horses half buried in the mud. Veslovsky had driven them off the highroad, into the marsh, in order to help in the hunt.

"The devil take him!" murmured Levin.

"What are you going in so far for?" he asked the young man, drily, as he hailed the coachman to come and help him disengage the horses. His companions had not only spoiled his shot, and nearly drowned his horses, but neither of them offered to help him unharness and lead the animals to a dry place. It is true that neither Stepan Arkadyevitch nor Veslovsky knew anything about the art of harnessing; but the author of the mischief did his best to drag out the wagonette, and in his zeal tore his sleeve. This good will pleased Levin, and he began to reproach himself for being out of humor. In order to hide the fact that he was so, he gave orders to have the breakfast unpacked.

"*Bon appétit — bonne conscience!*"

"This chicken goes to the right spot," said Vásenka, in French, serenely devouring his second.

"*Nu!* Our misfortunes are over, friends. After this we shall succeed in everything; but as a punishment for my sins, I am going to act as coachman, and drive you."

"No, no! I am a genuine Automedon!" Levin protested, fearing for the safety of the horses; but he was obliged to give Veslovsky his own way; and the young man's contagious jollity, as he sang ballads and imitated an Englishman driving a four-in-hand, at last succeeded in winning Levin. They reached the Gvozdef marshes, laughing and joking.

X.

As they neared the end of their journey, Levin and Oblonsky were possessed by the same thought, — that of wondering how they might rid themselves of their inconvenient companion.

"What a fine marsh, and I see the hawks!" exclaimed Stepan Arkadyevitch, as, after a furious drive, they reached the place, just in the heat of the day. "Where hawks are, there's sure to be game."

"The marsh begins at this island," explained Levin, examining his gun, and pointing out a deep place in the vast wet plain, trodden down in places.

"We'll separate into two camps, if you like, and take the direction of that group of trees; from there we can go on to the mill. I've killed as many as seventeen woodcock in this place."

"Very well; you two take the right," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, indifferently. "I'll take the left."

"All right," said Vásenka. "*Nu!* Come on, come on!"

Levin was obliged to accept this arrangement; but after the accidental discharge of the gun, he was suspicious of his companion, and advised him to keep in front.

"I won't trouble you. Don't either of you trouble about me," said Veslovsky.

The dogs separated, came nearer, then started off, each following his own scent. Levin understood Laska's behavior, and thought he already heard the cry of a woodcock.

"Pif, paf!"

It was Vásenka, firing at some ducks. Half a dozen woodcock rose, one after the other, and Oblonsky seized the opportunity to hit two of them. Levin was less fortunate. Stepan Arkadyevitch picked up his game with an air

of satisfaction, and went off to the left, whistling to his dog, while Levin reloaded his gun, leaving Veslovsky to fire at random.

Always when Levin failed of hitting the first time, he easily lost his self-control, and spoiled the hunt. This was what happened to-day. The woodcock were so abundant that nothing would have been easier than to retrieve a first mistake; but the further he went, the more disturbed he was.

Laska watched the huntsmen with an air of doubt and reproach, and hunted indifferently. In the distance every one of Oblonsky's shots seemed to tell, and they could hear his voice shouting, "Bring it here, Krak!" while, upon examining Levin's pouch after they had engaged a room at a *muzhik's* hut, in the midst of the marsh, it was found to contain only three small fowl, one of which was Vásenka's.

"Hi, hunters!" exclaimed one of the peasants who were seated near an unyoked cart, and holding a bottle of brandy, which glistened in the sun. "Come and have a drink."

"*Qu'est ce qu'ils disent?*" asked Veslovsky.

"They offer us some *vodka* to drink. They are true children of the steppe. I would accept," added Levin, not without a secret hope that Veslovsky would fall a victim to the *vodka*.

"But why should they treat us?"

"Probably in honor of some festival. Come; it will amuse you."

"*Allons! c'est curieux!*"

"You can find your way to the mill afterwards," said Levin, delighted to see Veslovsky disappear, bent double, hitting his tired feet against the clods of earth and languidly carrying his gun in his heavy arms.

"You come, too," shouted the peasant to Levin.

A glass of brandy would not have come amiss to Levin, who was tired and could hardly lift his feet from the marshy soil; but he caught sight of Laska pointing, and forgot his fatigue in his impatience to join her. Vásenka's presence had brought him bad luck, he thought; and yet now that he was gone, Levin was as unfortunate as ever, although game was plenty. When he reached the spot where he had agreed to meet Oblonsky, he had five insignificant birds in his game-bag.

Krak, with a triumphant air, went before his master; behind the dog came Stepan Arkadyevitch, walking heavily,

and covered with perspiration, but with an overflowing game-bag.

"What a marsh!" exclaimed he. "Veslovsky must have bored you. It's impossible to hunt in couples with a dog," added he, to soften the effect of his triumph.

XI.

Levin and Oblonsky found Veslovsky already established at the *izba* where they had engaged supper. He was sitting on a bench, and clutching it with both hands, while a soldier, the brother of the hostess, drew off his muddy boots.

"I've just come," said he, with his contagious laugh. "*Ils ont été charmants!* Imagine it; after they had made me eat and drink, they refused to take any pay. And what bread! what *vodka! délicieux!*"

"Why should you offer money?" remarked the soldier, at last succeeding in pulling off the boots; "they don't keep brandy to sell."

The huntsmen were not alarmed at the dirtiness of the *izba*, which their boots and their dogs' paws had covered with black mud; and they supped with an appetite only known when hunting; then, after washing themselves, they went to rest in a hay-loft, where the coachman had prepared their beds.

It grew dark, but they could not get to sleep; and Vásenka's raptures over the hospitality of the peasants, the pleasant odor of the hay, and the intelligence of the dogs, which lay at their feet, kept them awake.

Oblonsky gave an account of a hunt at which he had been present the year before, at the place of Malthus, a railroad speculator worth millions.

He described the immense game preserves, which Malthus owned in the department of Tver, the dog-carts, and how wagons were provided for the huntsmen; and a great breakfast tent was carried out into the marshes.

"How odious such people are!" said Levin, raising himself up on his straw bed. "Their luxury is revolting. They get rich just as the brandy-farmers used to do, and deride public enterprise, knowing that their ill-gotten money will make them respected."

"That's very true," exclaimed Veslovsky. "Oblonsky accepts their invitations for good-fellowship's sake; but many say Oblonsky is visiting"—

"You are mistaken," said Oblonsky. "If I visit them, it is because I look upon them as rich merchants or proprietors, who owe their wealth to their own work and intelligence."

"*Da!* but what do you call work? Is it to get a contract and sub-let it?"

"Certainly it is, in the sense that if no one took the trouble to do it, we shouldn't have any railroads."

"Can you compare such work with that of a man who labors, or a scholar who studies?"

"No; but none the less it has its results, — railroads. It is true, you do not approve of them."

"That is another question; but I maintain that when the compensation is disproportionate to the labor, it is dishonest. These fortunes are scandalous. *Le roi est mort! vive le roi!* we've given up farms; railroads and banks supplant them."

"All that may be true; but who can trace the exact limits of justice and injustice? For example, why is my remuneration greater than that of my chief clerk, who knows the business better than I do?"

"I don't know."

"*Nu!* Why do you make, say, five thousand rubles where, with more work, our host, the *muzhik* here, makes fifty? and why shouldn't Malthus make more than his overseers? I cannot help believing that in reality the hatred inspired by these millionaires comes simply from envy."

"You go too far," interrupted Veslovsky; "it is not envy, but there is something unfair in this state of things."

"You are right," replied Levin, "in calling my five thousand rubles income unjust. It troubles me."

"Give your land to this *muzhik*; he would not refuse it," said Oblonsky, who had been inclined for some time to make pointed remarks to his brother-in-law. Since they had formed parts of the same family, their relations had taken on a tinge of hostility.

"I don't give it, because I have no right to dispossess myself of it. I have a family, and I recognize duties towards it."

"If you look upon this inequality of fortune as an injustice, it is your duty to put an end to it."

"I strive towards that end by doing nothing to increase my fortune."

"What a paradox!"

"Yes; that savors of sophistry," added Veslovsky. "Hello! *khozyáin*," shouted he to a *muzhik* who just then opened the door, making it creak on its hinges. "Aren't you asleep yet, either?"

"Oh, no; but I thought you gentlemen were asleep. I want to get a hook. Will she bite?" said he, pointing to the dogs and slipping into the barn.

"But where do you sleep?"

"We are on night duty."

"*Ach!* What a night!" exclaimed Vásenka, catching a glimpse of the house and the unharnessed wagons in the moonlight, through the door. "Where do those women's voices come from?"

"It's the girls outside."

"Let's go out and walk, Oblonsky; we can never go to sleep."

"It is pretty comfortable here."

"*Nu!* I'm going alone, then," said Vásenka, rising and hastily dressing. "Good-bye, friends. If I find it entertaining, I'll call you. You've been too good as hunting-companions, to be forgotten."

"He's a good fellow, isn't he?" said Oblonsky to Levin when Vásenka and the peasant were gone.

"Yes, capital," answered Levin, following the thread of his own thoughts. How did it happen that two sincere and intelligent men could accuse him of sophistry, when he had expressed himself as clearly as possible?

"Whatever a man does," resumed Oblonsky, "he ought to take his stand and recognize either that society is right, or that it enjoys unfair privileges, and, in the latter case, do as I do,—get what pleasure out of it he can."

"No; if you felt the iniquity of those privileges as I do, you could not do so; at least, I could not."

"After all, why shouldn't we go out for a turn?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, tired of the conversation. "Let's go, for we cannot sleep."

"No; I shall stay here."

"Is that from principle, too?" said Oblonsky, groping for his hat.

"No; but what should I do out there?"

"You are in a bad case," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, having found what he was looking for.

"Why so?"

"Because you are spoiling your wife. I've noticed the importance you attach to having her permission when you are going away for a few days. That may be charmingly idyllic, but it can't last. A man must maintain his independence; he has his own affairs," said Oblonsky, opening the door.

"What are they? running after farm girls?"

"Yes, if it amuses him. *Ça ne tire pas à conséquence.* My wife would not object greatly to it, and the main thing is to respect the sanctuary of home. But it's not necessary to tie one's hands."

"Perhaps," said Levin drily, as he turned over. "I warn you that I shall leave at sunrise to-morrow morning, without waking any one."

"*Messieurs, venez vite!*" called Vásenka to them. "*Charmante!* I discovered her, a genuine Gretchen," added he, with the air of a connoisseur. Levin pretended to be asleep, and let them go. He lay a long time without being able to sleep. He could hear the horses munching their hay; the *muzhik* setting out with his son to watch the animals in the pasture; then the soldier going to bed in the hay on the other side of the barn with his little nephew. The child asked questions, in a low voice, about the dogs, who seemed like terrible beasts to him. The uncle finally quieted him, and the silence was only broken by his snores.

Levin, influenced by his conversation with Oblonsky, thought over the coming day, and said to himself, "I will get up at sunrise; I will keep cool; there are plenty of woodcock. When I get back I may find a word from Kitty. *Da!* may be Stiva is right: I am not manly; I am effeminate towards her! What is to be done about it?"

As he was falling asleep he heard his companions come in, and opened his eyes an instant to see them, illumined by the moon, through the half-open door.

"To-morrow at sunrise, gentlemen," he said, and fell asleep.

XII.

The next morning it was impossible to awake Vásenka, as he lay upon his stomach, sleeping with clenched fists. Oblonsky also refused to get up; and even Laska, lying in a round ball in the hay, stretched her hind legs lazily, before she could make up her mind to follow her master. Levin

put on his boots, took his gun, and cautiously went out. The coachmen were sleeping near the carriages, the horses were asleep; it was scarcely daylight.

"You are up early," said the friendly old mistress of the hut, who was coming out of the door, accosting him familiarly as an old acquaintance.

"I'm going out to shoot, *Tétushka* [auntie]. Which is the way to the marsh?"

"Follow the path behind the barns," said the old woman, and she herself went with him, to show him the way.

Laska ran ahead, and Levin followed cheerily, questioning the sky, intending to reach the marsh before the sun was up. The moon, which was still visible when he left the barn, grew more and more dim; the morning star could scarcely be seen, and the points along the horizon, which were at first indistinct, became more and more definite; they were hay-mows. The least sound could be distinctly heard in the absolute quiet; and a bee which whizzed past Levin's ear, seemed to hiss like a cannon-ball.

The white vapors rising from the marsh looked like islands; bunches of cytisus indicated the beginning of the great marsh. Along its border lay men and children, wrapped in kaftans, and sleeping soundly, after their vigil. The horses were already grazing and clanking their chains. The sight of Laska startled them, and they ran to the water's edge, paddling with their tied feet.

The dog glanced at his master, and gave them a quizzical look.

After he had passed the sleeping peasants, Levin examined his gun-case, and whistled to Laska, to tell her the hunt was about to begin. She instantly started, joyous and full of importance, snuffing the soft earth, with its well-known odors, searching for that special smell of the bird which touched her more than any other. The better to scent the direction of the game, she started off to the leeward, bounding gently, that she might the more easily come to a sudden stop. Presently her pace slackened, for she no longer followed a trail; she was on the game itself. There was plenty of it, but where? Her master's voice came from the opposite side, — "Laska, here!" She stopped, hesitating, started to obey, but went back to the place which had attracted her; she circled about to find the exact spot, and then, sure of her game, stopped, trembling with excitement,

before a little hill. Her short legs prevented her from seeing, but her instinct did not deceive her. She could scarcely breathe, in the joy of her anticipation; she stood motionless, and with half-open mouth, looking at her master, without daring to turn her head. It seemed to her he was slow to come; but he was, in reality, running, hitting the clods of earth, and with a look which seemed to her terrible. For, with a huntsman's superstition, he feared, above everything, to lose his first shot. As he approached, he saw what Laska could only scent, — a woodcock hidden between two hillocks.

"Charge!" cried he.

"*Nu!* Isn't he mistaken?" thought Laska. "I smell it, but I do not see it; if I stir, I shall not know where to find them."

But a nudge from her master encouraged her, and she bounded impulsively forward, no longer conscious of what she was doing.

A woodcock rose immediately, and they could hear the whir of its wings. The bird fell, beating the moist ground with its white breast; a second woodcock was destined to the same fate.

"Well done, *Lasotchka!*" said Levin, putting the game, warm, into his bag.

The sun was up as Levin went forward into the marsh; the moon looked like a mere white speck in the sky; all the stars had disappeared. The pools of water glittered with the roseate reflection of the sun; the grass took an amber tint; the marsh birds bestirred themselves amongst the bushes; some vultures perched on the piles of corn, surveying their domain with an air of discontent, and the jackdaws flew about the fields. The smoke from the gun made a white track like milk along the green grass. One of the sleepers had already put on his kaftan, and some children were leading horses along the road.

"*Diádenka*" [little uncle], shouted one of the boys to Levin, "there were some ducks here yesterday."

Levin experienced a feeling of delight as he killed three more woodcocks before the child, who was watching him.

XIII.

THE superstition of hunters, that if the first shot brings down bird or beast, the field will be good, was justified.

Tired and hungry, but delighted, Levin returned about ten o'clock, after a run of thirty versts, having brought down nineteen woodcock and one duck, which, for want of room in his game-bag, he hung at his belt. His companions had been long up; and after waiting till they were famished, they had eaten breakfast.

"Hold on, hold on! I know there are nineteen," cried Levin, counting for the second time his grouse and snipe, with their bloodstained plumage and their drooping heads all laid one over the other, so different from what they were on the marsh.

The count was verified, and Stepan Arkadyevitch's envy was delightful to Levin. To crown his happiness, he found a letter from Kitty.

"I am perfectly well and happy," she wrote; "and if you fear lest I shall not be sufficiently cared for, it will re-assure you to learn that Marya Vlasievna is here. [She was a midwife, a new and very important personage in the family.] She came over to see me. She thinks I am wonderfully well, and we shall keep her till you get back. We are all well and happy, and you need not hasten to come back if you are enjoying yourself and the hunting is good."

These two pleasures — his successful hunt and the letter from his wife — were so great, that they effaced from Levin's mind two less agreeable incidents. The first was the fact that his fast horse, who had been overworked the evening before, refused to eat and was tired out. The coachman said that she was used up. "They abused her last evening, Konstantin Dmitritch," said he. "The idea! they drove her ten versts at full speed!"

The second and more serious unpleasantness was the absolute disappearance of all the abundant provisions which Kitty had put up for them at starting. Weary and hungry, Levin actually saw certain little *pâtés* so visibly in his mind's eye that when he returned he smelled the odor and tasted them in his mouth; but they had all disappeared, as had also the chicken and the meat, and Laska was cracking the bones.

"*Nu!* talk of appetites," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, nodding at Vásenka Veslovsky; "I cannot complain of mine, but this young man's goes ahead of it."

"*Nu!* what shall I do?" cried Levin, glowering at Veslovsky. "Filipp, give me some cold beef."

"Beef's all eat, and the dogs have got the bones!" replied Filipp.

Levin was so irritated that he could not help exclaiming, "I should think you might have left something for me!" and he felt like crying.

"Then cook me a grouse," he said, with trembling voice, to Filipp, not daring to look at Vásenka, "and bring me some milk." But after he drank his milk he was mortified because he had shown his disappointment so plainly and before a stranger, and he began to laugh at himself for his anger.

In the afternoon they went out into the fields again, and Veslovsky shot several birds, and at night they went home.

They were as gay on their return as they had been while going. Veslovsky now sang songs, and now told of his adventures with the *muzhiks* who gave him his *vodka* and bade him drink it down quick. Then he told his adventures in the court-yard with one of the girls and a *muzhik*, who asked him, "Are you married or not?" and when he said no, replied, "Don't be offended with a stranger, but above all things make haste and get a wife." These words greatly amused Veslovsky.

"Well, on the whole, I am awfully glad we went, aren't you, Levin?"

"Very glad," replied Levin very sincerely, and he was happy because he no longer felt that animosity which he had felt at home towards Vásenka Veslovsky; but, on the other hand, really conceived a friendship for him.

XIV.

About ten oclock the next morning, after inspecting the farm, Levin knocked at Vásenka's door.

"*Entrez*," said Veslovsky. "Excuse me, but I am just finishing my *ablutions*."

"Do not trouble yourself," said Levin, and he sat down by the window. "Have you slept well?"

"Like the dead. Is it a good day for hunting?"

"What do you drink, tea or coffee?"

"Neither; I always go down to breakfast; I am mortified at being so late. The ladies, I suppose, are already up? Splendid time for a ride! You must show me your horses."

After walking around the garden, examining the stable, and performing a few gymnastic exercises together, Levin and his guest came back to the house and went into the parlor.

"We had splendid sport," said Veslovsky, approaching Kitty, who was sitting near the *samovar*. "What a pity that ladies are deprived of this pleasure!"

"*Nu!* Of course he must have something to say to the lady of the house," thought Levin. And again he began to feel annoyance at the young man's lordly air.

The princess was sitting on the other side of the table and talking with Marya Vlasievna and Stepan Arkadyevitch. She called Levin to her and began to explain to him the necessity of having her daughter settled at Moscow at the time of her confinement. Nothing annoyed Levin so much as this commonplace way of anticipating an event so extraordinary as the birth of a son, for he felt sure that this would be a son. He would not admit that this uncertain happiness, surrounded for him by so much mystery, should be discussed as a common occurrence by women who could count the time of the event on their fingers. Their talk, as well as the articles of the infant wardrobe, wounded him, and he refused to listen, as he had before, when he ought to have been thinking of the preparations for his marriage.

The princess did not understand these prejudices, and this apparent indifference seemed to her like dullness and carelessness. She would not let him alone. She had just been charging Stepan Arkadyevitch to look up a suite of rooms, and insisted that Konstantin should give his advice.

"Do as you think best, Princess; I understand nothing about the matter."

"But you will have to decide just when you will go to Moscow."

"I don't know; what I do know is that millions of children are born outside of Moscow, and doctors — and all that" —

"*Da!* In that case" —

"Let Kitty do as she pleases about it."

"It is impossible to speak with Kitty about it. Do you

think I want to frighten her? Only this spring Natali Golitsuin died in confinement — her second child."

"I shall do as you wish," repeated Levin angrily. The princess began to say something more to him, but he was not listening. Though his conversation with the princess upset him, he was not angered by what she said, but by what he saw at the *samovar*.

"No; that can't go on," thought he, now and then casting a glance towards Vásenka, who was bending over Kitty, with a flattering smile, and looking at his wife's disturbed and blushing face. There was something improper in Veslovsky's attitude, his smile, his eyes. So, too, Kitty's action and appearance seemed to him unbecoming, and again the light flashed in his eyes. And again, as happened two days before, he felt himself suddenly, without the least warning, precipitated from the height of happiness, contentment, and dignity, into an abyss of hatred and confusion. Again they seemed to him, each and all, his enemies. "Do just as you please, Princess," said he again, turning round.

"Heavy is the cap of Monomakh," said Stepan Arkadyevitch in jest, referring, not to Levin's conversation with the princess, but to Levin's agitated face, which amused him. "How late you are, Dolly!"

All arose to greet Darya Aleksandrovna, who came in. Vásenka also arose, but only for a moment; and bowing slightly with the natural politeness of young men towards ladies, he resumed his conversation with some humorous remark.

"Masha did not sleep well, and she wore me out," answered Darya Aleksandrovna.

The conversation between Vásenka and Kitty turned again upon Anna, and the question whether it was possible to love under these illegal conditions. This talk displeased the young wife; but she was too inexperienced and too *naïve* to know how to put an end to it. Consequently, to hide the torture which the young man's somewhat persecuting attention caused her, she wanted to put an end to it, but she did not know how to accomplish it. Fear of her husband's jealousy added to her distress, for she knew beforehand that he would misinterpret her every word and gesture.

"Where are you going, Kostia?" she asked, with a guilty air, as her husband, with deliberate steps, went by her on his way out of the room.

This guilty confusion confirmed his suspicion of his wife's hypocrisy. "I am going to speak to a machinist who came while I was away," he answered, without looking at her.

He had got down-stairs, but was not yet in his library, before he heard Kitty's well-known footsteps imprudently hurrying after him.

"What is it? I am busy," said he, curtly.

"Excuse me," said Kitty, coming in, and speaking to the German machinist; "I wish to say a few words to my husband."

The mechanic was about to leave when Levin stopped him.

"Don't disturb yourself."

"I don't want to lose the three o'clock train," remarked the German.

Without answering him, Levin went out into the corridor with his wife.

"What do you wish to say to me?" he asked in French.

He did not look at her face, and did not want to see how it was contracted with mental suffering.

"I — I wanted to say to you that it is impossible to live so; it is torture," murmured she.

"There is some one there at the cupboard," he replied angrily. "Don't make a scene."

"Let us go in here then."

Kitty wanted to go into the next room, but there the English governess was teaching Tania.

"Then let us go into the garden."

In the garden they ran across a *muzhik* who was weeding a path. And now no longer thinking that the *muzhik* would see her tearful face or his anger, not thinking that they were in sight of people passing, she went with swift steps straight on, feeling that she must have an explanation with him, and find some lonely spot where they could talk, and free themselves from this misery that was oppressing them both.

"It is impossible to live so. It is torture. I suffer. You suffer. Why is it?" she said, when at last they reached a bench standing by itself in the corner of the linden alley.

"But tell me one thing: was not his manner indecent, improper, horribly insulting?" he asked, standing in front of her in that position, with his fists doubled up on his chest, that he had taken up on that night when he stood before her.

"It was," said she, with trembling voice; "but, Kostia,

can't you see that I am not to blame? I wanted yesterday to show such a manner, but these people — Why did he come? How happy we were!" she said, choking with the sobs that shook her whole body.

The gardener saw with surprise that though there was nothing especially attractive about the bench where they had been sitting, yet still they went past him back to the house with peaceful, shining faces.

XV.

As soon as his wife had gone to her room, Levin went to seek Dolly. Darya Aleksandrovna also was in a state of great excitement. She was pacing up and down her chamber, and scolding little Masha, who stood in a corner, crying.

"You shall stay all day in the corner, and eat dinner alone, and have no dolls, and no new dress," she was saying, though she did not know why she was punishing the child. "This is a naughty little girl," she said to Levin; "where does she get this abominable disposition?"

"*Da!* what has she done?" asked Levin, annoyed at finding his sister-in-law in such a state when he wished to consult her.

"She and Grisha went into the raspberry bush, and there — but I can't tell you what she did. Thousand times rather have Miss Eliot! This governess doesn't look after anything — a perfect machine. *Figurez vous, que la petite —*" [Just conceive, that the little one]. And she related Masha's misdeeds.

"I don't see anything very bad in that. It is only a piece of childish mischief."

"But what is the matter with you? You look troubled. What has happened?" asked Dolly, and by the tone of her questions Levin perceived that it would be easy for him to say what he had in his mind to say.

"I have been alone in the garden with Kitty. We have just had a quarrel — the second since — Stiva came."

Dolly turned her penetrating eyes upon him. "*Nu!* Your hand on your heart," he said, "tell me, was the conduct, not of Kitty, but of this young man, anything else than unpleasant, not unpleasant, but intolerable, insulting even, to a husband?"

"What shall I say to you? — *Stand in the corner!*" said

she to Masha, who presumed on the smile on her mother's face. "In the eyes of society he is only playing a young man's part. *Il fait la cour à une jeune et jolie femme* [He is paying attention to a young wife], and her husband, as himself a gentleman of society, should be pleased with his gallantries."

"Yes, yes," said Levin angrily; "but have you noticed it?"

"I noticed it, of course; and Stiva said after tea, '*Je crois que Veslovsky fait un petit brin de cour à Kitty*'" [I guess Veslovsky is trying to flirt with Kitty].

"*Nu!* See how calm I am. I am going to send the man away," said Levin.

"Are you out of your senses?" cried Dolly, alarmed. "What are you thinking about, Kostia?—*Nu!* you may go now to Fanny," she said to the child.

"No! If you want, I will speak to Stiva. He will get him to leave. He can say we are expecting company. However, it is not our house."

"No, no! I will do it myself."

"You will quarrel."

"Not at all, I shall find it amusing," said he, with a happier light shining in his eyes. "*Nu!* Dolly, forgive her; she won't do it again," he said, pointing to the little criminal, who had not gone to Fanny, but was now standing beside her mother with downcast eyes.

The mother looked at her. The child, seeing its mother softening, threw itself sobbing into her arms, and Dolly laid her thin hand tenderly on its head.

"Is there anything in common between us and that fellow?" thought Levin, and he turned away to find Vásenka.

In the hall he ordered the carriage to be made ready.

"The springs were broken yesterday," the servant answered.

"Then bring the *tarantás*. Only be quick about it. Where is the guest?"

"He went to his room."

Vásenka had pulled his things out of a valise, and was trying on his gaiters in preparation for a ride as Levin came in. Either there was something strange in Levin's expression, or Veslovsky himself was conscious that *ce petit brin de cour* which he was making was rather out of place in this family; but at all events, he felt as uncomfortable in Levin's presence as it is possible for an elegant young man to feel.

"Do you ride in gaiters?" asked Levin.

"Yes; it's very muddy," replied Vásenka, putting up one leg on a chair, and struggling with the bottom button, and smiling with genuine good humor.

He was really a very good-hearted young fellow, and Levin was sorry for him and conscience-stricken for his own part when he saw Vásenka's timidity in the presence of the *khozyáin* [host].

On the table lay a fragment of a stick which they had broken that morning in some of their gymnastic exercises. Levin took this fragment in his hand and whirled it round, not knowing how to begin, —

"I wanted" — He stopped for a moment; but suddenly remembering the scene with Kitty, he went on, looking him squarely in the eye. "I have had the horses put in for you."

"What do you mean?" began Vásenka, in surprise. "Where are we going?"

"You are going to the railway station," said Levin, with a frown, and breaking off the end of the stick.

"Are you going away? Has anything happened?"

"I happen to be expecting company," Levin went on, breaking off pieces of his stick more and more nervously. "Or, no, I am not expecting any one, but I will ask you to go away. Explain my lack of politeness as you please."

Vásenka drew himself up with dignity, —

"I beg *you* to explain to me" —

"I will not explain, and you will be wise not to question me," Levin said slowly, trying to remain calm, and to check the tremulous motions of his face, while he went on snapping off bits from the stick he held in his hand. Vásenka watched his movements and watched the tightening muscles. He had tried the man's strength that morning at the gymnastic exercises. He found Levin's bearing as convincing as his words. He shrugged his shoulder, smiled a scornful smile, bowed, and said, "May I see Oblonsky?"

"I will send him to you," Levin answered. He did not mind the shrug. "What else could he do?" he thought.

"There is no sense in such conduct! It is perfectly absurd!" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch when he rejoined Levin in the garden, after learning from Veslovsky that he was to be driven from the house. "To be stung by such a fly! *mais c'est ridicule, mais c'est du dernier ridicule* of this young man" —

The spot where the fly stung Levin was still so sensitive, however, that Levin cut short the explanations which his brother-in-law tried to give.

"Don't take the trouble to defend the young man; I am sorry both for you and for him. He will soon console himself; but my wife and I found his presence unpleasant."

"But it was insulting to him. *Et puis c'est ridicule.*"

"But it was insulting to me and extremely disagreeable. I am not to blame towards him, and I can't endure him."

"*Nu!* I did not expect this of you. *On peut être jaloux, mais à ce point c'est dernier ridicule*" [One may be jealous, but to that degree is ridiculous].

Levin turned away. He walked up and down the path, awaiting his guest's departure.

Soon he heard the rumbling of the *tarantás*, and through the trees he saw Vásenka riding up the road, sitting on the straw (for the *tarantás* had no seat), the ribbons of his cap streaming behind his head as the cart jolted along.

"What now?" thought Levin as he saw a servant run from the house and stop the cart. It was only to find a place for the machinist, who had been forgotten, and who now took his seat, with a low bow, beside Vásenka.

Stepan Arkadyevitch and the princess were indignant at Levin's conduct. He himself felt its absurdity keenly; and yet, as he considered all that Kitty and he had suffered, he said to himself that he would do the same thing again whenever there should be a similar need. In the evening there came over him again a kind of gayety such as children show when their punishment is at an end, or housekeepers after an irksome state party. Everybody felt in better spirits, and Dolly, who had inherited from her father the gift of humor, made Várenka laugh till she cried, by telling her three and four times, and each time with new amusing details, how she had just put on, in honor of their guest, a pair of ravishing little new boots, and was going into the drawing-room when, at that very minute, the rattle of an old carriage drew her to the window. Who was in this old tumble-down waggon? Vásenka himself!. his Scotch cap, his fluttering ribbons, his romantic airs, and his gaiters, seated on the straw!

"If only a carriage had been given him! But no! Then I hear a shout: 'Hold on!' They have taken pity on him; not in the least; I look and see a fat German, — and off they go! and my boots were wasted."

XVI.

Darya Aleksandrovna fulfilled her intentions, and went to see Anna. It made her sister very angry, and displeased her husband. Levin was indisposed to anything like a reconciliation with Vronsky, but she wanted to prove to her that her affection had undergone no change. The little journey that she had planned presented some difficulties. In order not to put her brother-in-law to inconvenience, she sent to hire horses in the village. When Levin heard of this, he went to her with his complaint, —

"Why should you suppose I do not wish you to visit the Vronskys? And then if I did not, you would annoy me more by using other horses than mine. You did not tell me that you were really going. I have horses; and if you don't want to offend me, you must use mine."

Dolly finally submitted, and on the appointed day, having arranged for a change of horses in the middle of the journey, Levin sent her off with four horses, under the protection of his bookkeeper, whom, for greater security, he had seated beside the coachman in the dress of a footman. The carriage was by no means a handsome one, but it was well adapted to a long journey.

Now that horses were necessary both for the princess and other members of the family, it was rather a burden on Levin; but by the laws of hospitality he could not let Darya Aleksandrovna hire horses outside of his house; and, besides, he knew that the twenty rubles which it would cost would be a very serious matter for her; for Darya Aleksandrovna's pecuniary affairs were in a very wretched situation, and the Levins felt deeply for her.

Day was just breaking as Darya Aleksandrovna set off. Lulled by the regular tramp of the horses, she fell asleep, and she did not wake until the place was reached where the horses were to be changed. Here she took a cup of tea with the rich peasant, at whose house Levin had stopped on his way to visit Sviazhsky; and after she had rested, and had listened to the talk of the old man and the young woman, she continued her journey.

During a life devoted to maternal cares, Dolly had had little time for reflection. Accordingly this carriage journey, alone, afforded her an unusual opportunity for reflecting on her past life, and for considering its different aspects.

First she thought of her children, now left in charge of her mother and her sister — and it was the latter on whom she chiefly relied. "If only Masha doesn't do some stupid thing, and if Grisha doesn't get kicked by the horse, and if Lili doesn't bring on a fit of indigestion," she said to herself. More important matters came in the train of these passing anxieties. She must make changes in her rooms when she returned to Moscow, she must refit the drawing-room; her eldest daughter would need a *shuba* for winter. Then came graver questions. How should she best continue the children's education? The girls could easily be managed, but the boys? She had been able that summer to devote herself to Grisha, because, by good luck, she had had at that time no trouble with her health. As her pregnancy came on — and she thought how unjust it was to count the pangs of childbirth as the mark of woman's curse.

"That is such a trifle compared with the misery of pregnancy," and she recalled her last experience of that sort, and the loss of the child. Thinking about this brought to mind her talk with the young wife, the daughter of the old peasant at whose house she had taken the cup of tea. When asked how many children she had, this peasant woman had answered that she had one daughter, but God took her in Lent.

"And you are very sad about her?"

"Oh no! father will have plenty of grandchildren, and she would have been only one care more! You can't work or do anything; it hinders everything."

Dolly had been shocked at such words from the mouth of a woman whose face was not wanting in kindness.

"This is what it comes to," she thought, as she recalled her fifteen years of married life. "My youth has been spent in a heartache because I felt clumsy and looked hideous; for if our pretty Kitty grows ugly at such a time, what a fright I must be!" and she shuddered as she thought of what she had suffered, — the long nights of wakefulness, the wretchedness when nursing her child, the nervousness and irritability which followed. Then there were the sicknesses of the children, their quarrelsome tempers, the expense of their education, the perplexities of Latin, and worst of all, death. The mother's heart was still cruelly bleeding over the loss of her last-born, who had been carried off by croup. She remembered the grief felt by her alone

when she stood and watched the little white brow fringed with curls, and the surprised, half-open mouth, and saw the pink, silver-edged coffin close. She was the only one who wept, and the general indifference had made her grief the greater.

"And what was all this for? What will be the result of this life of care? What but a family poor and badly brought up! What should I have done this summer if the Levins had not asked me to visit them? But however kind and considerate they may be, they cannot ask us again, for they will have children of their own to fill their house. Papa is almost ruined already for our sake, and cannot help me any more; and how shall I succeed in making men of my sons? I must look them up protectors, must humble myself for them, for I cannot count upon Stiva. The best I can hope is that they may be saved from turning out badly, and to bring about so much, what suffering I must endure! The words of the young peasant contained a good deal of truth in their frank cynicism."

"Are we nearing the end of our journey, Mikhaïl?" she asked the bookkeeper, by way of checking these painful thoughts.

"Seven versts to reach the village."

The carriage was crossing a little bridge, where the *babui*, with sheaves resting on their shoulders, had paused to see her pass. Every face seemed gay, contented, full of life and health.

"Everybody is alive and enjoying the world," said Dolly to herself, as the old carriage moved off at a trot up a little hill; "I alone seem like a prisoner set at liberty for a moment. My sister, Natali, Várenka, these women, Anna, — they all know what life is. I do not know. And why do people blame Anna? If I had not loved my husband, I very likely might have done what she has done. She wanted to live; and has not God put the demand for that into our hearts? Have not I too regretted that I took her advice and did not separate from Stiva? Who knows? I might have begun life over again; might have loved and been loved! And is what I am now doing more creditable to me? I endure my husband because I need him — that is all. I had some beauty once." And she attempted to draw from its case a small travelling mirror, but the fear of being seen by the two men on the box restrained her. Without looking at herself,

however, she could remember her former power to please. She thought of the attentions of Sergéi Ivanovitch, who had once loved her, and the devotion shown by good Turovtsuin, who for love of her had helped to nurse the children through the scarlatina; she even recalled an extremely young man about whom Stiva had once teased her, and the most passionate, the most extravagant romances presented themselves before her imagination.

"Anna is right; she is happy, and she makes another happy. She must be beautiful, brilliant, full of interests on all sides, just as she used to be." A smile played over Dolly's lips as she traced in her thoughts a romance like that of Anna's, but one in which she herself was to be the heroine. She pictured the time when she would tell her husband all, and she broke into a laugh at thinking how stupefied Stiva would be. With such thoughts she came to the cross-roads that led to Vozdvizhensky.

XVII.

THE driver reined in his four horses and looked across to a field of rye, where some *muzhiks* were sitting beside their *telyéga*. The coachman shouted to them, "Come here, you lazybones."

The peasant who came at his call, an old round-shouldered man with hair bound down by a narrow leather strap, approached the carriage.

"The great house [*barsky dvor*]? The count's?" he repeated. "Take the first road to the left, and you'll get into the avenue that leads to it. But who do you want? The count himself?"

"Are they at home, *golubtchik?*" said Dolly, not knowing very well how to ask for Anna.

"They must be, for company is coming every day," said the old man, anxious to prolong the conversation. "And you, too — where did you come from?"

"We have come a long way," said the coachman. "So, then, we are getting near the end?"

He had hardly started again, when two voices cried out, "Stop, *hé!* stop!" The coachman reined in his horses again. "Here they come. There they are!" and four riders and a two-horse tilbury were seen turning into the road.

It was Vronsky in jockey costume, Anna, Veslovsky, and

a mounted groom; the Princess Varvara and Sviazhsky followed in a carriage. They had all come out to see the operation of a new-fashioned steam reaper.

When the carriage stopped, the riders were walking their horses. Anna, her pretty head covered with a tall hat, from under which escaped ringlets of dark hair, appeared quite at her ease on a little English cob. Dolly was at first somewhat scandalized to see her on horseback, because she connected with horseback riding ideas of coquetry, which did not well accord with Anna's ambiguous situation; but she was so struck with her friend's entire simplicity, in spite of her elegance, that her first thoughts disappeared. Vásenka Veslovsky, in his Scotch cap, with its flowing ribbons, rode next to Anna on a fiery, high-stepping cavalry horse. As Dolly saw him, she could not repress a smile. Vronsky followed them on a dark bay of pure blood, apparently spoiling for a gallop. Vronsky was sawing on the reins to keep him in. A young man in jockey costume closed the procession.

A glow came over Anna's face as she recognized the little person curled up in a corner of the old carriage, and uttering a cry of joy, she put her cob to a gallop, leaped lightly off the horse without any one's aid when she saw that Dolly had left her carriage, and, gathering up her skirts, ran to meet her.

"I thought so, and did not dare to think so! What pleasure! you can't imagine my joy," she said, taking the traveller in her arms, kissing her, and looking at her with an affectionate smile. "You can't think what good you do me! Alekséi," she said, turning to the count, who also had dismounted, "what a piece of good fortune!"

Vronsky came up, raising his gray hat. "Your visit gives us great pleasure," said he, in a tone that conveyed a peculiar satisfaction.

Vásenka, without leaving his horse, took off his cap, and waved it gayly round his head, in honor of the guest.

"This is the Princess Varvara," began Anna, in reply to a questioning look of Dolly as the tilbury came up.

"Ah!" replied Darya Aleksandrovna, and her face showed involuntarily some traces of annoyance.

The Princess Varvara was her husband's aunt, and she knew her of old, and did not esteem her. She knew that her fondness for luxury had brought her into a humiliating dependence upon rich relatives; and the fact that she was

living at Vronsky's, who was a stranger to her, insulted her through her husband's family. Anna noticed Dolly's disapproval, was confused, and, dropping the train of her riding habit, she stumbled.

There was a cool exchange of greetings between Darya Aleksandrovna and the princess; Sviazhsky asked after his friend Levin and his young wife; then, casting a glance at the old carriage, he invited the ladies to get into the tilbury.

"I will take this vehicle to go home in, and the princess will take good care of you. She is an excellent driver."

"Oh, no," Anna interrupted; "remain as you are. I will go home with Dolly."

Never had Darya Aleksandrovna seen carriage and horses so brilliant as these; but what struck her still more was the sort of transfiguration which had come over Anna. Any woman less affectionately observant than herself perhaps would not have noticed anything extraordinary about her. As she saw her, Anna was all aglow with that elusive beauty which comes to a woman through the assurance of love returned. Her smiles which, as it were, flew over her face, her brilliant eyes, her graceful and quick motions, her voice, her whole person, from the dimples of her cheeks and the curve of her lip, with its full. rich sounds, and even the quiet, friendly manner in which she replied to Veslovsky when he asked permission to mount her horse, was instinct with a seductive charm. It seemed as if she herself knew it, and was pleased.

There was an instant of constraint between the two ladies when they found themselves alone in the carriage. Anna felt ill at ease under the questioning eye of Dolly; and Dolly, understanding Sviazhsky's hint, was in some confusion at her unseemly vehicle, which, indeed, was a dirty old carriage. The men on the box shared her feeling, but Filipp, the coachman, grew angry, and was unwilling to submit to any such superficial superiority. He put on an ironical smile as he scrutinized the roan black trotter harnessed to the tilbury. "That brute may do very well for a *promenazhe*, but he can't show forty versts at a heat," he decided, internally, by way of consolation."

The *muzhiks* had left their *telyéga*, and gayly and curiously were watching the meeting of the friends, and making their observations.

"They seem tolerably glad; hain't seen each other for some time," remarked the old man.

"*Glian-ka*, look! Is that a woman in trousers?" asked another, pointing at Veslovsky sitting on the side-saddle.

"*Nyé, muzhik!* see how easy he rides."

"Say, then, my children, we shan't get another nap, shall we?"

"No more sleep now," said the *starik*, squinting his eyes and glancing at the sun; "past noon! Look! Now to work."

XVIII.

Anna seeing Dolly tired, worn, and covered with dust, was on the point of saying that she looked thin, but the admiration of her own beauty which she read in her friend's eyes checked her, —

"You are studying me?" she said. "You are wondering how I can be so happy in my position! *Nu i tcho-zh!* It is shameful to confess it! my happiness is unpardonable! What has happened is like a piece of enchantment. I have come out of wretchedness as we come out of a nightmare; and what a waking it is! And how especially happy I am now that we are together!" and she looked at Dolly with a timid smile.

"How glad I am!" Darya Alexandrovna answered, more coldly than she wished. "I am glad for you; but why have you not written me?"

"Because I did not dare to. You knew my position."

"Not dare? *to me!* If you knew how I" — and Dolly was about to tell her about the reflections she had had on the journey, when the thought struck her that the present was no time for that. "We will have our talk by and by," she added. "What is that group of buildings, or little village rather?" she asked, wishing to change the conversation, and pointing to some green and red roofs which appeared through the acacias and lilac trees.

"No, no! how do you feel about my position? What do you think of it? tell me!" Anna went on, without answering her question.

"I think" — began Darya Aleksandrovna; but at this instant Vásenka Veslovsky, in his short jacket, spurring the cob into a galop with his right leg and creaking terribly on the leather side-saddle, went dashing by them. "He goes, Anna Arkadyevna," he shouted. Anna did not even look at him, but again it seemed to Darya Aleksandrovna that it was

impossible to begin on this long conversation in the carriage, and so she said less than she thought.

"I do not think. I love you and always have loved you. And when we love people so, we love them for what they are, not for what we wish they were."

Anna turned her eyes away, half closing them in order better to take in the meaning of the words. This was a new habit which Dolly had never seen in her before. Apparently she interpreted her friend's answer as she wanted, and she looked at Dolly. "If you have any sins, they will all be blotted out by this visit and by your kind words," she said, and turning toward her, Dolly saw that her eyes were dimmed with tears. She silently took her hand. "What are those buildings? What a lot of them!" said Dolly, after a moment of silence.

"Those are the roofs of our buildings, — our barns and stables," replied Anna. "It was all neglected, but Alekséi has made it all new again. Here our park begins. He loves the country, and to my great surprise he has developed a passion for farming [*khozyáistvo*]. Ah, his is a rich nature! Whatever he undertakes he excels in. He not only does not get bored, but he is passionately interested in it. I do not know how, but he is making a capital farmer [*khozyáin*], so economical, almost stingy — but only in farm ways. For things of other sorts he will spend ten thousand rubles and never give it a thought." She said this with that sweet, pensive smile of joy which is peculiar to women when they speak of the men that they love, and their half-secret follies. "Do you see that large building? That is a hospital, his *dada* [hobby] just now. Do you know what made him build it? I told him he was stingy when a quarrel broke out between him and the peasants about a piece of waste land which they were reclaiming. The hospital was undertaken to prove my charge unjust; *c'est une petitesse* [a weak thing], perhaps, but I love him the better for it. Now in a moment you'll see the house. It was built by his grandfather, and the outside hasn't been changed at all."

"How beautiful!" cried Dolly with involuntary surprise at the sight of a stately house ornamented with a colonnade, and surrounded by trees a century old.

"Isn't it? And the view from the second story is magnificent."

They came into the *dvor* (court) paved with small stones

and ornamented with flower-beds, which two workmen were at this moment surrounding with roughly trimmed stone. They stopped under a *porte-cochère*.

"They have already arrived," said Anna, as she saw the saddle-horses being led away. "Isn't she a pretty creature? that cob; she's my favorite; I love to give her sugar. Where is the count?" she asked of the two servants in livery who came out to receive them. "Ah, here he is!" added she, perceiving Vronsky with Veslovsky coming to meet them.

"Where shall we put the princess?" asked Vronsky in French, and without waiting for an answer, turned to Dolly, and having kissed her hand, he said, "In the balcony chamber?"

"Oh no, that is too far off. In the corner chamber. We shall be nearer one another. *Nu!* come, come," said she, giving her favorite horse some sugar that the lackey had brought.

"*Et vous oubliez votre devoir*" [and you are forgetting your duty], she added, turning to Veslovsky, who was already in the porch.

"*Pardon, j'en ai tout plein les poches*" [I have my pockets full], he replied, smiling and thrusting his fingers into his vest pocket.

"*Mais vous venez trop tard*" [but you came too late], she replied, wiping her hand, which the horse had mouthed in taking the sugar.

Anna turned to Dolly, —

"You'll stay with us a long time," said she. "Only one day? That is impossible."

"That is what I promised, — and the children," answered the latter, ashamed at the wretched appearance of her poor little traveling-bag and at the dust with which she felt herself covered.

"No, Dolly, *dúshenka*. However, we'll talk of that by and by. Come up to your room."

The room was not the chamber of honor which Vronsky offered her, but one where she could be nearer Anna; but this room was furnished with a luxury such as she was not accustomed to, and which recalled the most sumptuous hotels that she had seen abroad.

"*Nu, dúshenka!* how glad I am to see you here, my dear friend," said Anna again, seating herself in her riding habit (*amazonka*) before her sister-in-law. "Tell me about

your family. I saw Stiva just an instant, but he could not tell me anything about the children. How is my *liubimitsa* [darling] Tania? She must be a great girl!"

"Yes, very large," answered Dolly, astonished at finding herself talking so cooly about her children. "We are all living charmingly with the Levins."

"*Vot!* If I had known," said Anna, "that you wouldn't look down on me, . . . I should have begged you all to come here. Stiva is an old and good friend of Alekséi's," said Anna, blushing.

"*Da!* but we are so well"—began Dolly in confusion.

"*Da!* I am so happy, I talk nonsense; only, *dúshenka*, I am so glad to see you," said Anna, kissing her again. "But promise me to be frank, and tell me what you think about me; I want to know all. But I am so glad that you see me just as I am. My only idea, you see, is to live without hurting anybody. I don't want to hurt anybody; I want simply to live and not give pain to any one but myself. Am I not right about it? However, we'll talk of all this at our leisure. Now I'm going to change my dress; I will send you a waiting-maid."

XIX.

Dolly, when left alone, examined her chamber with the eyes of a genuine *khozyáĭka*. All that she saw as she went through the house, and all that she saw in the room, impressed her by its richness and elegance, and this new European luxury, which she had read about in English novels, she had never seen before in Russia, and especially not in the country. All was new, from the French tapestries to the carpet, which covered the whole room, the bed with its hair mattress, the marble toilet-table, the bronzes on the mantel, the rugs, the curtains,—all was new and elegant to the last degree.

The smart waiting-maid who came to offer her services was dressed with much more style than Dolly, who felt confused at taking out before her, her poor toilet articles from her bag, especially a mended nightdress, which she had happened to put in by mistake from among her oldest ones. When she was at home these devices had their advantage, for they represented economy in a small way; but in presence of this brilliant attendant, they made her ashamed.

Fortunately, the girl was called away by her mistress, and, to Dolly's great satisfaction, her old acquaintance, Annushka, took her place.

Annushka, overjoyed at seeing Darya Aleksandrovna again, prattled on to her heart's content about her dear *baruina*, and the love and tenderness which the count showed Anna Arkadyevna. Dolly tried to stop her, but she persisted in speaking.

"I grew up with Anna Arkadyevna, and love her more than the whole world. It's not my place to judge her, and she seems to love" —

"Please have these washed," said Darya Aleksandrovna.

"I will obey. We have two women especially for the laundry, but the washing is done all by machinery. The count looks out for everything. He is such a husband" —

Dolly was glad when Anna came in and put an end to the babbling Annushka's confidences.

Anna was dressed in a very simple cambric dress. Dolly noticed particularly this simple dress. She knew what this simplicity meant, and how much money it represented.

"An old acquaintance," said Anna to Annushka.

Anna now was no longer confused. She was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Dolly saw that now she was entirely free from the excitement that took possession of her when she first came, and had assumed that superficial tone of indifference which, as it were, closed the door to the expression of real thought and feelings.

"*Nu!* but how is your daughter?" asked Dolly.

"Ani? very well. Should you like to see her? I'll show her to you. We have had great trouble with her Italian nurse, a good woman, but so stupid; still, the little thing is so much attached to her, we have to keep her."

"But how have you done about?"—began Dolly, wishing to ask about the child's name; but she stopped, as she saw Anna's countenance fall, and changed the ending of the question. "Have you weaned her?"

Anna understood.

"That is not what you were going to say." You were thinking of the child's name, weren't you? It is the great grief of Alekséi that she hasn't any name; that is, she is Karénina," and she half-closed her eyes. "We will talk again about all that; come, and I'll show her to you. *Elle est très gentille;* she is already beginning to walk."

The nursery, a high, spacious, and well-lighted room, was fitted up with the same sumptuousness as the rest of the house. There were the baby-coaches which came from England, and the inventions for teaching children to walk, the bath-tubs, swings; all were new, beautiful, solid, of English make, and evidently very costly. The child was seated in an arm-chair by the table, with an apron on, was eating her broth and spilling it all over her dress. A Russian maid-servant was helping her, and at the same time was herself eating. Neither the French maid nor the nurse was present, but one could hear from a neighboring room the French jargon by which they made themselves understand each other. The English maid appeared as soon as she heard Anna's voice, and made plentiful excuses, although no one had blamed her. She was a large woman with blonde curls, which shook when she talked, and had an unpleasant face, which Dolly disliked. Whenever Anna spoke, she answered, "*Yes, my lady.*"

As for the child, her black hair and healthy color, and her amusing way of creeping, won Darya Aleksandrovna's heart, with her dress tucked up behind, and her beautiful eyes watching those who were looking at her, as if she understood that she was being admired. Then, when she was put down on the carpet, she crept energetically towards them on her hands and knees, like some pretty animal. But the whole atmosphere of the nursery, and especially the English maid, struck Darya Aleksandrovna very unpleasantly. She could not understand how Anna, with her knowledge of people, could be willing to put up with such an unsympathetic, vulgar maid. Was it because they could not find a respectable person who would consent to live in an irregular family?

Dolly, after a few words, observed that Anna, the nurse, the maid, and the child were not much wonted to each other, and that the mother was almost a stranger in this part of the house. She could not find any of the child's playthings, and strangest of all, she didn't know how many teeth the child had!

"It is always a grief to me that I am so useless here," said Anna, as they went out, holding up the train of her dress so that it should not catch on any of the toys by the door. "It was not so with my oldest."

"I thought, on the contrary," — began Dolly timidly.

"Oh, no! You know that I have seen Serozha again,"

said she, looking fixedly before her, as if she sought for something far away. "You can't believe — but I am like a person dying of starvation, who finds a banquet before her, and does not know how to begin. You are this banquet for me. With whom could I speak openly if not with you? I shall ask for nothing more when we can have a quiet talk together. *Mais je ne vous ferai grace de rien* [I shall not spare you anything]. I must tell you all."

"*Da!* I want to give you a sketch, now, of the people you will meet here," she began. "First, the Princess Varvara. You know her, and I know your opinion and Stiva's. Stiva says her whole aim of life consists in proving her pre-eminence over Aunt Katerina Pavlovna. That is true of her; but she has some good in her, I assure you, and I am under many obligations to her. She was of great help to me at Petersburg, when *un chaperon* was indispensable. You don't know how difficult my position was, there in Petersburg! Here I am very comfortable and happy. *Nu, da!* but about this afterwards. To return to our guests. Then there's Sviazhsky; he is the marshal of the district, and a very clever man, and he needed Alekséi for something. You see, with his fortune, now, as we live in the country, Alekséi can gain a wide influence. Then, Tushkiévitch; you have met him; he was at Betsy's; now they sent him off, and he came to visit us. As Alekséi says, he is one of those very agreeable men, if one takes him just as he wishes to appear, *et puis il est comme il faut*, as the Princess Varvara says. And then Veslovsky; you know him. A very good fellow. How about that absurd story he told of Levin? Veslovsky told Alekséi, and we don't believe it, as *il est très gentil et naïf*" [he's very nice and very unaffected], she added, smiling. "I have to entertain all these people, because men need amusement, and Alekséi needs society; and we have to have it lively and gay, else Alekséi finds time to want something new. We also have with us the surveyor. He is a German, a very good man; understands his business; Alekséi has great esteem for him. Then there's the doctor, a young man, who is not exactly a Nihilist, but, you know, he eats with his knife. Then the architect, — *une petite cour*" [a little court].

XX.

"*Nu!* here we have Dolly, Princess, whom you wished so much to see," said Anna to the Princess Varvara, who was seated on the great stone terrace, in the shade, with her embroidery frame in front of her. "She says that she does not want anything before dinner, but try to make her take some breakfast, while I go and find the gentlemen."

The Princess Varvara gave Dolly a gracious and condescending reception, and immediately began to explain that she had come to live with Anna because she loved her more than her sister, Katerina Pavlovna, and because, now when all were abandoning Anna, she wanted to be of assistance to her at this trying period of transition.

"When her husband has consented to a divorce, I shall go back to my solitude; but however painful it may be, I shall stay here for the present, and not imitate the example of others. And how kind you are; how good of you to make this visit! They live exactly like the very best married people. Let God judge them; it is not for us. It was just so with Biriuzovsky and Madame Avenyeva, and then Vasiliyef and Madame Mamonova, and Liza Neptunova. You see they don't say anything about them, and in the end they will be received. And then *c'est un intérieur si joli, si comme il faut. Tout-à-fait à l'anglaise. On se réunit le matin au breakfast et puis on se sépare.* [They have a perfect establishment, and the inside of their house is so charming, so stylish. It is altogether English. The family meets at breakfast and then separates.] Every one does just as he pleases. They dine at seven. Stiva was wise to send you; he would better keep on good terms with them. You know the count has great influence through his mother and his brother. And then he is most generous. Have they told you about the hospital? *Ça sera admirable!* [It's going to be excellent!] Everything comes from Paris."

This conversation was interrupted by Anna, who returned to the terrace, followed by the gentlemen, whom she had found in the billiard-room.

It was a superb day; there was every facility for diversion, and several hours would pass before dinner-time.

Veslovsky proposed "*une partie de lawn tennis.* I'll take one side with you again, Anna Arkadyevna," he said with his gay, contagious smile.

"No, it is too warm; suppose we go into the park, and take Darya Aleksandrovna out in the boat to show her the landscape," said Vronsky.

Veslovsky and Tushkiévitch went to get the boat ready, and the two ladies, with the count and Sviazhsky, took the paths to the park.

Dolly was somewhat confused and embarrassed by this absolutely novel environment in which she found herself. Abstractly, theoretically, she not only justified, but she was disposed even to approve of Anna's conduct. Like the majority of irreproachably virtuous women, wearying often of the monotony of a virtuous life, Dolly from a distance excused illicit love, and even envied it a little. Moreover, she loved Anna with all her heart.

But in reality, when she found herself among these strangers, with their fashionable ways, she was thoroughly ill at ease. The Princess Varvara forgiving everything, because she could thereby share in her niece's luxury, was odious.

She might be disposed to excuse Anna's conduct, but the sight of the man for whom she had taken this step was unpleasant to her. Vronsky was not congenial to her at any time; she thought him proud, and could see no reason except his wealth to justify his haughtiness. Still, he was rather imposing as master of the house, and she felt humiliated before him, just as she had felt when the maid took the patched gown from her valise.

She hardly ventured to make him a commonplace compliment on the beauty of his place, and as she walked beside him she was at a loss for a subject of conversation. However, for want of anything better, she ventured a few words in admiration of his house.

"Yes, it is a very handsome building, and in good old style," replied the count.

"I liked the *dvor* [court] in front of the steps; was it always so?"

"Oh, no! If you had only seen it in the spring!" And little by little, at first coldly, but warming as he went on, he pointed out to Dolly the many improvements he had made. His listener's praises gave him evident pleasure.

"If you are not tired, we might go as far as the hospital," said he, looking at Dolly to make sure that his proposition would not bore her.

"Shall we, Anna?"

"Yes. — Shall we not?" she said, turning to Sviazhsky; "*mais il ne faut pas laisser le pauvre Veslovsky et Tuskiévitch se morfondre là dans le bateau!* [but not leave these gentlemen to wait in vain for us in the boat]; we must let them know. — *Da!* This is a monument to his glory," said she to Dolly, with the same smile which she bore when she first spoke of the hospital.

"O capital deed!" said Sviazhsky; and then, not to seem like a flatterer, he added, —

"I am surprised, Count, that you, who are doing so much for the peasants' sanitary matters, are so indifferent to schools."

"*C'est devenu tellement commun les écoles*" [schools are so common], replied Vronsky. "You must know I do this to amuse myself. — This way, ladies," and he led them into a side-path.

Upon leaving the garden, Dolly saw a great red brick building before her, of complicated architecture, whose roof glittered in the sun. At the side rose another building.

"How rapidly the work is going on," remarked Sviazhsky. "The last time I was here the roof was not in position."

"It will be done by autumn, for the inside is finished now," said Anna.

"What else are you building?"

"A house for the doctor, and a pharmacy," replied Vronsky; and seeing the architect, in a short overcoat, approaching, he excused himself to the ladies, and went to meet him. Going round the mortar pit, into which the workmen were throwing lime, he joined the architect and began to talk angrily with him.

"The pediment is going to be too low," he replied to Anna, who asked him what the trouble was.

"I said that the foundation ought to be raised," said Anna.

"*Da!* Of course, it would have been better, Anna Arkadyevna," said the architect; "*da*, it was a mistake."

"*Da!* I am very much interested in him," said Anna, in reply to Sviazhsky, who asked her about her acquaintance with the architect. "The new buildings must correspond with the hospital. But this was thought of afterwards, and begun without any plan."

After his talk with the architect, he offered to show Dolly the inside of the building. Though the outside and the lower part of the building was almost finished, on the upper floors

scarcely anything was done. They went up by a broad, cast-iron staircase to the second story, and entered the first great dormitory. The walls were stuccoed, and lighted by huge panes of glass; only the floors were yet to be finished. Vronsky explained the arrangement of the rooms, the new apparatus for heat and ventilation; and the visitors admired the marble bath-rooms and the beds with extraordinary springs, the litters, and the reclining chairs.

Sviazhsky, and especially Dolly, were surprised at all they saw, and asked many questions, not disguising their admiration.

"*Da!* I think this hospital will be the only one of the kind in Russia," remarked Sviazhsky, quite capable of admiring the count's improvements.

Dolly was interested in everything. Vronsky was pleased with the admiration he received, and being full of hearty animation, the impression which he made upon her was decidedly favorable.

"*Da!* he is certainly good, and worthy to be loved," she thought, and she understood Anna, how it was that Anna came to love him.

XXI.

"No; the princess must be tired, and the horses will not interest her," said Vronsky to Anna, who had proposed to show Dolly the stable, where there was a new stallion that Sviazhsky wished to see.

"You go there, and I will escort the princess back to the house. And if you please," added he to Dolly, "we will talk a little on the way."

"Very willingly, for I'm not a connoisseur in horses," she answered, seeing by Vronsky's face that he had something special to say to her.

Accordingly, when Anna had gone, he said, looking at Dolly with his smiling eyes, "I am not mistaken, am I, in believing you to be a sincere friend of Anna's?" and he took off his hat to wipe his forehead.

Dolly could not imagine what he was going to ask of her. The thought came into her head: "He is going to ask me to come and visit them with my children, or to get society for Anna when she comes to Moscow. Or is he going to speak of Vásenka Veslovsky and his attentions to Anna; or of

Kitty; or to confess himself to blame?" She was greatly disturbed in her mind.

"You have such an influence over Anna. She loves you so," said the count, after a moment's pause; "give me your help."

Dolly looked into Vronsky's serious, strong face, without answering.

"Of all Anna's friends, you are the only one who has come to see her — I do not count the Princess Varvara — I know very well it is not because you approve of our position; it is because you love Anna, and knowing the cruelty of her position, want to help her. Am I right?"

"Yes," said Darya Aleksandrovna, shutting up her sunshade, "but" —

"No one could feel more deeply than I do the cruel difficulties of our life," said Vronsky, stopping and making Dolly stop. "And you will easily admit it if you do me the honor to believe that I am not heartless. I am the cause of her trouble, and therefore I feel it."

"Certainly; but aren't you exaggerating difficulties?" said Dolly, sincerely affected by what he said. "In society, her position is hard, I admit."

"In society it is hell!" said he, savagely frowning; "you can't conceive the moral tortures Anna endured at Petersburg on those days; and I beg you to believe" —

"*Da!* but here? And neither she nor you feel the need of a society life."

"Society! why should I need it?" exclaimed Vronsky scornfully.

"You dispense with it easily, and perhaps you always will."

"I see in Anna that she is happy, perfectly happy, and she has had time to tell me that she is."

And while she spoke, the thought struck Dolly that Anna might not have been quite frank.

"Yes, yes, I know that she has revived after all her sufferings. She is happy — she is happy now. But I?" said Vronsky. "I am afraid of what the future holds for us, — excuse me; do you want to go?"

"No, it is immaterial. *Nu!* let us sit down here."

Darya Aleksandrovna sat down on a garden bench in a nook of the walk. He was standing in front of her.

"I see that she seems happy; but will it last? Whether

we did right or wrong is a hard question; but the die is cast," he said, changing from Russian to French, "and we are joined for life; we are joined by the ties of love. We have one child, and we may have others. But the law and all the conditions of our state are such that there are a thousand complications, which Anna, now that she is resting after her afflictions and sufferings, does not see and will not see. It is natural; but I cannot help seeing. My daughter, according to the law, is not my daughter, but Karénin's, and I do not like this falsehood," said he, with an energetic gesture of negation, and looking at Darya Aleksandrovna with a gloomy, questioning face.

She did not reply, but simply looked at him. He continued, —

"To-morrow a son may be born — my son — and by law he would be a Karénin, and could inherit neither my name nor my property. You understand the cruelty, the horror, of this state of things? I try to explain this to Anna. It irritates her — she will not understand me, and I cannot tell *her* all. Now look at the result. I have here an object for my activity which interests me, and which I am proud of; *cela n'est pas un pis aller* [it is by no means a last resort]; far from it; but to work strongly, one must work for others besides one's self, and I can have no heirs. Conceive the feelings of a man who knows that his children and those of the wife he worships, do not belong to him; that their father hates them, and would never recognize them. Isn't it horrible?"

He was silent and deeply moved.

"Yes, of course," said Darya Aleksandrovna; "I understand this. But what can Anna do?"

"*Da!* That brings me to the purpose of this talk," said the count, trying to control himself. "Anna can get a divorce. It depends on her. Her husband consented to that when your husband asked him about it, and I know that he would not refuse; at all events, if Anna wrote to him. He said up and down that he would consent, if Anna would apply for it. Of course," he added, "this condition is one of those Pharasaic cruelties, of which only heartless people are capable. He knows what torture all remembrance of him has for her, and so he exacts this letter from her. I understand that it is painful to her. She ought to be above these excessive sensibilities; her happiness is involved, as well as her children's. But the reasons are so imperative, that

she must *passer pardessus toutes ces finesses de sentiment. Il va du bonheur et de l'existence d'Anna, et de ces enfants.* I don't speak about myself, though it is painful, very painful, to me. And this is the reason I am speaking to you, Princess, as to one who can save us. Help me to persuade Anna of the need of getting a divorce."

"I will," said Dolly, remembering her talk with Karénin. "But why does she not think of it herself?" thought she. She recalled Anna's half-shut eyes; this new habit seemed to indicate some inner thoughts which, perhaps, she wished to put far from her, — to efface entirely, if that were possible.

"Yes, I will speak to her, certainly; both for your sake and for hers," repeated Dolly, in response to Vronsky's grateful look. And they went towards the house.

XXII.

"Dinner is nearly ready, and we have hardly seen one another," said Anna, coming in; and she tried to read in Dolly's eyes what had passed between her and Vronsky. "I count on this evening; and now we must go and change our dresses, after our visit to the hospital."

Dolly went to her room, and felt ridiculous. She had no change to make, since she had worn her best dress; but in order to make some change in her toilette, she fastened a knot of ribbon at her throat, put a bit of lace in her hair, and brushed herself.

"It is all I could do," she said, laughingly, to Anna, who came to look after her, dressed in a third costume.

"*Da!* we are very formal here," said Anna, in apology for her elegant attire. "Alekséi is so glad that you came. I believe he has fallen in love with you."

Going down to the parlor, they found the Princess Varvara and the gentlemen already waiting. Only the architect was without a dress coat, and they passed into the dining-room. Vronsky begged Sviazhsky to hand in Anna Arkadyevna; he himself went with Dolly; Veslovsky anticipated Tuskiévitch in offering his arm to the Princess Varvara, and Tuskiévitch went with the doctor.

The dinner, and the table-service, and all this new kind of luxury which she saw, interested Dolly. She was mistress of a house, and knew that nothing goes right, even in a

modest establishment, without a head; and from the way in which the count looked around him, and made signals to the butler, and offered her the choice between *botvinya* and soup, she saw that the superintendence came from him. Anna had no more to do with it than Veslovsky had; she was a mere guest like the rest.

Only as far as conversation went was Anna *khozyáïka*, and thus conversation was by no means easy among guests belonging to such different spheres of life. But she had a word for every one, including the superintendent and the architect, and she went through with her task with her usual tact and simplicity, and even with pleasure, as Darya Aleksandrovna noticed.

The conversation turned first on the way in which Tuskiévitch had been left alone in the boat, and that led Tuskiévitch to speak of the recent yacht-race at Petersburg. But Anna, taking advantage of a lull, quickly turned to the architect, in order to bring him out.

"Nikolaï Ivanuitch was surprised," said she, referring to Sviazhsky, "to see how the new building had grown since he was here last. But I myself see it every day, and every day I am surprised myself to see how fast it goes."

"It is good to work with his Excellency," said the architect. "You don't do such work under government patronage. When they would write reams of paper, as I told the count, we do it in three words."

"American ways," suggested Sviazhsky. "*Da!* buildings there are raised rationally."

The conversation then went off on the abuse of power in the United States; but Anna immediately started him on a third theme, in order to bring out the superintendent.

"Have you ever seen the steam reaping machines?" she asked of Darya Aleksandrovna. "We were just going to see it when we met you. I never saw one before."

"How do they work?" asked Dolly.

"Just like scissors. A plank and lots of little knives. Like this!" Anna took a knife and fork into her beautiful white hands and tried to show her. She apparently saw that she did not make herself very clear, but knowing that she spoke pleasantly and that her hands were beautiful, she continued her explanations.

"Better say a pen-knife!" said Veslovsky, jestingly, not taking his eyes from her. Anna smiled, but she did not reply.

"Am I not right, Karl, that they are like scissors?" she said, appealing to the director.

"*Oh, ja*" [Oh, yes], replied the German. "*Es ist ein ganz einfaches Ding*" [It is a very simple thing], and he began to explain the construction of the machine.

The German drew out of his pocket a pencil and a note-book, and tried to refute some of Sviazhsky's objections. "*Zu complicirt, macht zu viel klopots*" [Too complicated, makes too much bother], he said in conclusion.

"*Wünscht man Dochots, so hat man auch klopots*" [If one wants money, he must have bother], said Vásenka Veslovsky, making sport of the German. "*J'adore l'allemand*" [I adore German], he said with a peculiar smile, turning to Anna.

"*Cessez!*" [Hush], said she, with affected sternness.

"We expected to find you on the field," said she to the doctor, who was somewhat infirm. "Were you there?"

And so the conversation went on in a general way on various topics, all taking part.

Once Darya Aleksandrovna was touched to the quick at hearing Sviazhsky criticise Levin's opinions about the harmfulness of machinery in Russian agriculture.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing this gentleman, Levin, but probably he has never seen the machines he criticises. But if he has seen machines, they must have been Russian ones and not the foreign make. What can be his point of view?"

"A *Turkish* point of view," said Anna, smiling at Veslovsky.

"I cannot defend opinions which I do not know," said Dolly, reddening; "but Levin is a thoroughly intelligent man, and I know that he could explain his ideas to you if he were here."

"Oh, I am very fond of him, and we are excellent friends," said Sviazhsky, smiling; "*mais pardon, il est un petit peu toqué* [but he is a little cracked]. He considers the *zemstvo* and the justices of the peace — everything — entirely useless — will have nothing to do with them."

"There's our Russian indifference!" exclaimed Vronsky, filling his goblet with ice-water from a *carafe*. "Rather than give ourselves the trouble of understanding new duties, we find it simpler to ignore them."

"I don't know any one who is more strict in the fulfilment of his duties," said Dolly, irritated by Vronsky's superior tone.

"I, on the contrary," said Vronsky, evidently somewhat piqued, "am very sensible, as you see, of the honor which has been done me, thanks to Nikolaï Ivanovitch, in my appointment as honorary justice of the peace. The duty of judging the affairs of a *muzhik* seems to me as important as anything that I could do. It is my only way of repaying society for the privileges I enjoy as landed proprietor."

Vronsky's assurance that he was in the right seemed very strange to Darya Aleksandrovna. She knew that Levin, whose opinions were diametrically opposite, was equally firm on his side; but, as she loved the latter, she thought he must be right.

"Well, we can depend upon you at the election," said Sviazhsky. "Perhaps we ought to leave by the 8th. Will you do me the honor to go with me, Count?"

"For my part," said Anna, "I pretty much agree with your *beau frère*, though for different reasons. I am afraid that now-a-days we are getting to have too many of these public duties, just as in old times there were so many *tchinovniks* that there was a *tchinovnik* for everything; so now every one is becoming a public functionary. Alekséi has been here six months and is already a member of five or six different commissions — trustee [*popetchitel*], judge, town counselman, juryman — I don't know what else. *Du train que cela va* [at this rate] all his time will be spent on it. And I am afraid if these things are multiplied so, that it will be only a matter of form. You have ever so many offices, Nikolaï Ivanuitch, have you not? at least twenty, haven't you?" she asked, turning towards Sviazhsky.

Anna spoke jestingly, but in her tone there was a shade of irritation. Darya Aleksandrovna, who was watching Anna and Vronsky attentively, immediately noticed it. She saw also that the Count's face assumed a resolute and vexed expression, and that the Princess Varvara made haste to talk about some Petersburg acquaintances, so as to change the subject; and remembering what Vronsky had told her in the garden about his pleasure in activity, she felt certain that this conversation had something to do with a secret quarrel between Vronsky and Anna.

The dinner, the wines, the service, were luxurious, but everything seemed to Darya Aleksandrovna formal and impersonal, like the state dinners that she had seen, and it made a disagreeable impression upon her.

After dinner they went out upon the terrace. A game of lawn tennis was arranged. Dolly at first attempted to play, but soon gave it up, and went to sit with the Princess Varvara, who was watching the others. Vronsky and Sviazhsky played in earnest, but Veslovsky was a poor player. He got too excited, but he greatly amused the others. His jests and shouts never ceased. Like the other men he took off his coat and played in his shirt-sleeves, and his tall, well-shaped figure and his ruddy, warm face, and his violent motions made quite a vivid picture. But Darya Aleksandrovna did not enjoy the hour while they were playing. She thought the behavior of Vásenka Veslovsky and Anna exceedingly childish. But seeing that the others were enjoying themselves she looked on and made believe that she was gay. All that day it seemed to her as if she were acting in a comedy with better actors than herself.

A passionate desire to see her children seized her, to take up again that domestic yoke which this morning had seemed oppressive. She made up her mind to go home the next day, although she had come intending to stay for two days. When she went to her room after tea, and after a moonlight row in the boat, she felt thoroughly relieved. She went alone to her room, took off her dress, and began to put up her hair for the night. It was even unpleasant to think that Anna would soon be in to see her. She would have preferred to be alone with her thoughts.

XXIII.

Just as she was feeling ready to go to bed, the door opened, and Anna came in, with a white dressing-gown on.

All day, every time that Anna had been on the point of speaking intimately, she had put it off, saying, "Bye and bye; when we are alone, we will talk. I must tell you everything." But now that they were alone, Anna did not know how to begin. She sat by the window looking at Dolly, and it seemed to her as if she had already told all that was in her heart to tell.

"*Nu!* What about Kitty?" asked Anna, sighing deeply, and looking guiltily at Dolly. "Tell me the truth, Dolly; is she offended with me?"

"Angry? No," answered Dolly, smiling.

"Doesn't she hate — doesn't she despise me?"

"Oh, no; but you know this is not pardonable."

"Yes, yes," said Anna, turning towards the open window. "But I was not to blame! And who is to blame? and what is there blameworthy about it? Could it have been otherwise? *Nu!* How do you think? Could you have helped being Stiva's wife?"

"I don't know what to answer; but you must tell me"—

"*Da, da!* But finish telling me about Kitty. Is she happy? They say her husband is an excellent man."

"That's too little to say, that he's excellent; I don't know a better man."

"*Ach!* How glad I am! I am very glad. Little to say that he's an excellent man?"

Dolly smiled.

"But tell me about yourself," said Dolly. "I have talked with"— She did not know what to call Vronsky — whether Count or Alekséi Kirillovitch.

"With Alekséi, yes; I know that you talked with him. But I want you to tell me honestly what you think of me— of my life."

"How can I tell you? I don't know what to say."

"No; you cannot tell at all. But you see my life. Don't forget that you see us with people, and we are not alone — but we came in the spring, we lived alone, and we shall live alone again. I ask for nothing better than living alone with him. But imagining that I may live alone without him, absolutely alone, — but I see that this may be repeated — that he may spend half of his time away from home; then imagine what the loneliness would be for me!" she said, and getting up, she sat down by Dolly. "Oh, of course," she said quickly, interrupting Dolly, who was about to speak, "Of course, I cannot keep him by force, — I don't keep him. To-day there's a race; his horses race; he goes. Very glad! But you think of me; imagine my situation. *Da!* what can I say about it?" she smiled. "But what did he talk with you about?"

"He spoke about a matter which I myself wanted to talk over with you; and it is easy for me to be an advocate of it, — about this: whether it is not possible or necessary to — to — improve, make your position legal. You know how I look at — but anyhow, if possible, a marriage must take place."

"You mean divorce? Do you know, the only woman who

came to see me in Petersburg was Betsy Tverskaïa. Perhaps you know her. *Au fond c'est la femme la plus dépravée qui existe* [At heart she is the wickedest woman in the world]; she deceived her husband — she and this Tuskiévitch; but she told me that she did not wish to know me, because my position was illegal! Don't think that I compare — I know you, *dúshenka moya* [my dear soul]. But I could not help remembering it. *Nu!* What did he say?"

"He said that he suffered both for you and for himself; maybe you will say that it is *egoism*, but what an honorable and noble *egoism!* He wishes to make his daughter legitimate, and to be your husband and have rights over you."

"What wife, what slave, could be more of a slave than I, in my position?" she interrupted angrily.

"The main reason that he wished it was that you might not suffer."

"This is impossible. *Nu?*"

"*Nu!* to make his children legitimate, to give them a name."

"What children?" said Anna, not looking at Dolly, but half-closing her eyes.

"Ani, and those that may come to you."

"Oh, he can be easy; I shall not have any more."

"How can you answer so?"

"Because I will not have any more;" and in spite of her emotion, Anna smiled at the expression of astonishment, of *naïve* curiosity and horror depicted on Dolly's face. "After my illness the doctor told me" —

"It is impossible," exclaimed Dolly, looking at Anna with wide eyes of amazement.

What she had just heard put all her thoughts to confusion, and the deductions which she drew enlightened her upon several points which had hitherto been mysterious.

Had she not dreamed something of the sort on her journey? But now this simple answer to a complicated question frightened her.

"*N'est ce pas immoral?*" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"Why? Do not forget that I must choose between being tolerated or being the companion of my husband; for so I consider him. If that is a doubtful fact to you, it is not so to me. I am his wife only as long as he loves me, and I must keep his love."

Dolly was absorbed in the crowd of reflections which these confidences had awakened in her.

"*Da!*" she thought, "I have not tried to keep Stiva; but has she who took him from me kept him either? She was young and pretty, but that did not prevent Stiva from leaving her too. And will the count be held by the means which Anna employs? When he likes, will he not find a yet more fascinating woman, just as my abominable, wretched, and guilty husband has done?"

She sighed deeply.

"You say it is immoral," resumed Anna, feeling that Dolly disapproved of her. "How can I want children? It is not the suffering, — I am not afraid of that. But think what my children will be, — unfortunate beings without a name! destined to blush at their father, their mother, their birth."

"*Da!* that is the reason you should get a divorce."

Anna did not hear; she wanted to finish her argument.

"Why was reason given me if I cannot use it to prevent the birth of more unhappy beings?"

She looked at Dolly, but not waiting for answer, she went on.

"I should always feel my guilt towards these unhappy children. If they do not exist, they will not know misery; but if they exist and suffer, then I am to blame."

These were the same arguments that Darya Aleksandrovna had used to herself, but now she listened and did not understand the n. She said to herself, —

"How can one be culpable with regard to non-existent existences?" And suddenly the thought came, "Could it have been possibly any better if her darling Grisha had never existed?" and it struck so unpleasantly, so strangely, that she shook her head to chase away the cloud of maddening thoughts that came into her mind.

"No, I do not know; I believe it wrong," she said, with an expression of disgust.

"*Da!* but don't you forget that you are not in the same position as I, and that I am not in the same position as you," said Anna. "For you the question is, Do you desire not to have more children? for me, Do I desire them? This is the principal difference. You must know that I cannot desire them in my position."

Darya Aleksandrovna was silent. She suddenly became aware that such an abyss separated her from Anna that between them certain questions existed on which they could never agree, and which had best not be discussed.

XXIV.

"One more reason for legalizing your position, if possible."

"Yes, *if possible*," answered Anna, in an entirely different tone, calm and sweet.

"Isn't a divorce entirely possible? They tell me your husband has consented."

"Dolly, do not speak of that."

"*Nu!* as you please," she answered, struck by the sad look on Anna's face. "Aren't you looking too much on the dark side?"

"I? Not at all; I am very happy and contented. You saw, *Je fais des passions* [I even get up flirtations] with Veslovsky"—

"*Da!* to tell the truth, Veslovsky's manner displeases me very much."

"*Ach!* there's nothing! It tickles Alekséi. But he is a mere boy and entirely in my hands. You understand, I do as I please with him; just as you do with Grisha.—Dolly! [she suddenly changed the conversation] you say that I look on the dark side. You can't understand. This is too terrible; I try not to look at all!"

"You are wrong; you ought to do what is necessary."

"What is necessary? You say I must marry Alekséi, and that I don't think about that. *I* not think about that!" she exclaimed, and the color flew over her face. She got up, straightened herself, and began walking slowly up and down, stopping now and then. "Not think about that! There is not a day or an hour when I do not think of it, and blame myself for thinking of it;—because the thought of it makes me mad," she repeated. "When I think of it, I can only quiet myself with morphine. But very good! let us speak calmly. They tell me divorce, but in the first place *he* would not consent; he is under the Countess Lidia's influence."

Darya Aleksandrovna sat down by the table, and with a sympathetic look she followed Anna as she walked up and down. She shook her head,—

"We must try," said she.

"Suppose I should try. What does it mean?" she asked, evidently having thought it over a thousand times. "It

means that I, who hate him, and who have confessed my guilt to him — I believe in his magnanimity — that I humiliate myself to write him — *Nu!* suppose I make the effort; suppose I do it. I shall receive either an insulting answer or his consent. Good, I get his consent." Anna at this time was in the furthest end of the room and stopped there to arrange a window-curtain. "I get his consent; — but my s-son? He will not give him to me! No, he will grow up despising me, living with his father, whom I have left. Just think, I love these two almost equally, both more than myself; these two, Serozha and Alekséi."

She advanced to the middle of the room and leaned toward Dolly, pressing her hands to her breast. In her white *peĭgnoir* she seemed wonderfully tall and large. She shook her head, and looking out of her moist, shining eyes upon the little, homely, lean Dolly, sitting their in her darned nightgown and nightcap, all a-tremble with emotion, —

"These two only I love, and I cannot bring them together. If this were not so, it would be all the same; all, all the same. It will end in some way; but I can not, I will not talk about this. You could never imagine what I suffer!"

She sat down beside Dolly and took her hand.

"What do you think? What do you think of me? You don't despise me. I do not deserve that; I am miserably unhappy. If there is any more unhappy than I"— and turning away, she began to weep.

After Anna had left her, Dolly said her prayers and went to bed. She pitied Anna with all her soul while she was talking with her; but now she could not bring herself to think of her. Memories of home and children arose in her imagination with new and wonderful joy. So dear and precious seemed this little world to her that she decided that nothing would tempt her to stay longer away from them, and that she would leave the next day.

Anna meantime, returning to her dressing-room, took a glass and poured into it several drops of a mixture containing chiefly morphine, and, when she had grown calm, she went quietly to her bed-room.

Vronsky looked at her attentively, trying to find some indication in her face of her talk with Dolly; but he saw only that engaging loveliness, to the charm of which he always submitted. He wanted to ask her what they had been talking about, but he waited for her to speak.

"I am glad you like Dolly," she said, simply.

"*Da!* I've known her for a long time. She's an excellent woman, *mais excessivement terre à terre* [though exceedingly commonplace]. But still I am well pleased at her visit."

He gave Anna another questioning look, and took her hand; but she smiled without seeming to understand.

The next morning, in spite of repeated urging from her hosts, Darya Aleksandrovna prepared to go away. Levin's coachman, in his old *kaftan* and waggoner's cap, put the unmatched horses into the old carriage with its shabby harness, and looking stern and resolute, drove up the sanded driveway to the *porte cochère*.

Darya Aleksandrovna took a cold farewell of the Princess Varvara and the gentlemen. The day that they had passed together made them all see clearly that they had no interests in common, and that they were better apart. Anna only was sad. She knew that no one would waken again in her the feelings which Dolly had aroused in her soul, and which represented all the better side of her nature. Soon all vestige of such feelings would be stifled by the life that she was leading.

Dolly breathed freely when she found herself in the open fields; and just as she was feeling curious to learn how the servants were impressed, Filipp, the coachman, suddenly turned around and said, —

"Rich enough — they're rich, but they only feed out three measures of oats. That'll do for the roosters. What are three measures? Only a bite. Now-a-days oats only cost forty-five kopeks. That ain't our way."

"A stingy *barin*," added the bookkeeper.

"*Nu!* but the horses pleased you, didn't they?" asked Dolly.

"The horses — one word; and the food's good. But I don't know how you felt about it, Darya Aleksandrovna; I was sick of it." And he turned his honest face towards her.

"*Da!* and so was I. Do you think we shall reach home to-night?"

"We must get home."

Dolly found her children well; and as she thought her journey over, she thought better of it. She gave an animated description of the luxury and good taste of the Vronskys'

establishment, and of their cordiality; and she did not allow herself to say a word against them.

"You must know Anna and Vronsky, — and I know him better than I did, — to appreciate how kind and affectionate they are," said she with perfect sincerity, forgetting the vague feeling of discomfort that she had felt when she was there.

XXV.

Vronsky and Anna passed the rest of the summer and part of the autumn in the country, and took no steps towards getting a divorce. It was agreed between them that they should not make any visits; but they both felt that the longer they lived alone in the solitude of autumn, and without guests, the more unendurable became their life and that they must have some change. Nothing which constitutes happiness was apparently wanting to them. They were rich, young, well; they had one child, and they had pleasant occupations. Anna continued to take the greatest care of her person and her dress. She read much, both in the way of novels and of serious literature, and sent abroad for valuable books which she saw reviewed in the magazines. No subject that could interest Vronsky was indifferent to her. She astonished him by her knowledge of agriculture and architecture, drawn from books and technical journals, and he grew accustomed to consulting her about everything, even on questions of sport or the breeding of horses.

She took a very serious interest in the building of the hospital and put in practice there some original ideas which she knew how to carry out. The object of her life was to please Vronsky, and take the place of all that he had given up for her; and he knew how to appreciate her devotion, and was touched by it, but at the same time he felt oppressed by the chains of tenderness which she forged around him.

As time went on he found himself embarrassed by these chains which bound him, and he began more and more to feel anxious to cast them off, lest they should deprive him of his independence. If it had not been for his ever-increasing desire for freedom, if it had not been for the scenes that he met with every time that he had to go to the city, to the races, Vronsky would have been perfectly contented with his life.

The *rôle* of rich landed proprietor which he was trying

was decidedly to his taste, not only because he saw that it was from such men that the true Russian aristocracy was constituted, but because he found that he had a marked talent for managing his estates. His work, which absorbed him more and more, was prospering admirably. Notwithstanding his enormous expenses for the building of the hospital, machinery, and improved cattle, and many other things, he felt sure that he was not wasting but increasing his property. He entered into all details and was firm as rock in defending his interests. Notwithstanding his German superintendent's cunning and dexterity, he did not allow himself to be led by him into absurd extravagances, though he was willing to make all useful changes, particularly when they were of a kind to make an impression on outsiders; but he never went beyond the limits which he had marked out for himself.

The Department of Kashin, where the estates of Vronsky, Sviazhsky, Oblonsky, Koznuichef, and a small part of Levin's were situated, was to hold its provincial elections (*dvorianskie vuiborui*) in October.

These elections attracted general attention on account of the many notable personages who took part in them. People came from Moscow, Petersburg, and even from abroad.

Vronsky, too, had promised Sviazhsky to be present.

On the evening before this event Vronsky and Anna almost had a quarrel about his proposed trip. It was getting autumnal in the country, a melancholy, gloomy time, and therefore Vronsky, already ready for a contest, announced in a cold, stern tone, that he intended to be away for a few days. But to his surprise Anna received the news with entire calmness. She smiled as he looked at her. He knew her power of retiring into herself, and he knew that it was manifested when she was planning some rash step that she did not wish him to know. He was afraid of this now, but he was desirous of avoiding a scene that he almost forced himself in believing that her manner was sincere.

"I hope you will not be lonely."

"I hope so. I expect to receive a box of books from Moscow; no, I shall not be lonely."

"She is adopting a new tone, and so much the better," thought he; "but it's all the same thing."

And so, without asking farther explanation, he went off to the elections. This was the first time since their relations had begun that he had left her without a complete explana-

tion. In one way this troubled him; in another, he felt that it was better.

"There is beginning to be something not altogether clear and above board, but she will get used to it," he thought. "At all events, I can let her have everything except my independence as a man."

XXVI.

In September Levin returned to Moscow, for his wife's confinement, and had already passed a month there, doing nothing, when Sergéi Ivanovitch, who was taking an active part, invited him to go to the government of Kashin to the elections. Moreover, he had some business to attend to in the government of Kashin, in relation to the guardianship of the estate of his sister, who lived abroad.

Levin was still in a state of uncertainty; but Kitty saw that he was tired of the city, and urged him to go and put an end to his indecision, by having a deputy nobleman's uniform made for him at an expense of eighty rubles. And these eighty rubles spent on his uniform formed the principal reason that induced him to go.

He had been waiting six days, every day trying to bring his sister's affairs into a satisfactory state; but the business relating to guardianship had not advanced a step, because it depended on the marshal, whose re-election was impending. The time passed in long conversations with excellent people, who were very desirous to make themselves useful, but could do nothing, as the marshal remained invisible. These fruitless comings and goings were like the futile efforts one makes in a dream; but marriage had taught Levin patience, and he tried not to be exasperated. He also patiently tried to understand the electoral manœuvres, which were so exciting to the honest and estimable men around him, and he did his best to become learned in a matter which he had hitherto treated very lightly.

Sergéi Ivanovitch took pains to explain to him the meaning and importance of the new elections, in which he was particularly interested.

Snetkof, the present marshal (*predvoditel*), was a man of the old stamp, attached to the ways of the past, who had squandered a considerable fortune in the most honest way in the world, and whose antiquated ideas did not suit present

needs. As marshal, he handled large sums of money, and had control over the gravest matters, such as guardianships, — and this especially concerned Levin, — the direction of public instruction, and last and not least, the *zemstvo*.

It was considered necessary to put in his place a new and active man, imbued with the most enlightened modern ideas, and to manage the business so as to extract from all the rights given to the noblesse (*dvorianstvo*), not as the noblesse, but simply as a constituent part of the *zemstvo*, those advantages of self-government which were possible.

The rich Department of Kashin could furnish an example to the other governments for all Russia, if it knew how to use the strength concentrated there, and the new elections thus would be highly important. It was proposed to elect as *predvoditel*, instead of Snetkof, either Sviazhsky, or, still better, Nevyedovsky, a man of eminent understanding, formerly a professor, who was an intimate friend of Sergéi Ivanovitch.

The provincial assembly (*sobránië*) was opened by a speech from the governor, who urged the nobility to elect the officials, not from partisan reasons, but for merit and for the public weal, and he hoped that the nobility of the Department of Kashin would do their duty, and prove their devotion to the monarch, as they had always done. Having finished his speech, the governor left the hall, and deputy-noblemen, tumultuously and eagerly, and even enthusiastically, followed him, and surrounded him while he was putting on his *shuba*, and talking in a friendly way with the government *predvoditel*. Levin, anxious to see everybody and miss nothing, was in the midst of the throng, and he heard the governor say: "Please tell Marya Ivanovna that my wife is very sorry, but she had to go to the asylum." Then all the nobles gayly took their *shubas*, and went in a body to the cathedral (*sobór*).

In the cathedral Levin, together with the rest, raised his head and repeated, after the *protopop*, the words by which they swore to fulfil their duties. The church service always impressed Levin, and when he heard this crowd of men, old and young, solemnly repeating the formal words, "I kiss the cross," he felt himself stirred.

On the second and third day the assembly was occupied with the moneys meant for the educational establishments for the nobility and for women. On the fourth day the verification of the government moneys came up, and here,

for the first time, the new party came into direct collision with the old. The Commission, whose duty it was to verify these accounts, announced to the assembly that the money was all accounted for. The government *predvoditel* arose, and with tears in his eyes thanked the nobility for their trust. The nobles loudly congratulated him, and shook hands with him. But at this time one noble (*dvoriánin*) belonging to Sergéi Ivanovitch's party declared that he had heard that the Commission for the verification of the accounts had not performed its work properly. One of the members of the Commission unguardedly admitted this. Then a very small and very young looking but very sarcastic gentleman began to say that it would probably be agreeable for the government *predvoditel* to give an account of his expenditures, and that the superfluous delicacy of that member of the Commission deprived him of this pleasant recreation. Then the members of the Commission resigned, and Sergéi Ivanovitch began logically to prove that it was necessary either to accept the verification or to refuse it. A chatterer from the opposite party replied to Sergéi Ivanovitch. Then Sviazhsky spoke, and was followed by the sarcastic gentleman. The proceedings were tedious, and no end was reached. Levin was surprised that they discussed this so long, and all the more, because when he asked Sergéi Ivanovitch whether Snetkof were suspected of peculation, he replied: "Not at all; he's a very worthy man. But we must put an end to this patriarchal way of managing business."

On the fifth day occurred the election of the district marshal. The session was a stormy one in many particulars. In the district (*uyezd*) of Selêznevskoe, Sviazhsky was unanimously elected, and he gave a grand dinner the same evening.

XXVII.

The principal election, that of marshal of the Department, did not take place until the sixth day. The great hall and the little hall were crowded with nobles in their uniforms. Many came for this only. Acquaintances who had not met for years were there, some from the Krimea, some from Petersburg, some from abroad. The debates were carried on under the Emperor's portrait. It could be seen very quickly that the deputy-noblemen, who were gathered in the two halls and in the corriders, were divided into two groups, the old

school and the new. The old school wore for the most part either old court uniforms buttoned up, with swords, and ancient hats, or else their marine, cavalry, or infantry uniforms of very ancient date. The uniforms of the old nobles were made in the ancient style, with epaulettes on the shoulders, and with short waists and tight arm-holes, as if their possessors had grown a good deal; but the new deputies wore uniforms with broad shoulders, long waists, and white waistcoats, and among them were several court uniforms.

Levin had followed his brother into the small hall, where men were smoking and lunching. He listened, and tried to follow the conversation of those who were talking. Sergéi Ivanovitch was the centre, around whom a number of men were grouped. Levin, as he heard what was said, could not understand why two district marshals, opposed to Snetkof, were willing to put him up as candidate.

Stepan Arkadyevitch, who had been taking a snack, came and joined this group, wiping his mouth with a perfumed and embroidered cambric handkerchief. He wore his chamberlain's uniform.

"We hold the situation," said he, twirling both his side-whiskers, "Sergéi Ivanovitch;" and after he heard Sviazhsky's plan, he agreed with him.

"One district is enough, but let Sviazhsky pretend to be in opposition;" and all except Levin understood the meaning of his words.

"Well, how is Kostia?" he said, turning to Levin. "So you came, it seems, in style."

In order to enlighten himself, he took the arm of Stepan Arkadyevitch, going a few steps from the rest, and expressed to him his astonishment at seeing the hostile districts asking the old marshal to stand as candidate.

"*O sancta simplicitas!*" replied Oblonsky; "don't you see that, since our measures are taken, Snetkof must stand; for, if he should not, the old party would choose a candidate, and overthrow our plans. If Sviazhsky's district makes no opposition, then Snetkof will be put up, and we shall take advantage of it to propose our candidate."

Levin understood, but not entirely; and he was about to ask some more questions, when suddenly a great tumult and shouting was heard in the large hall. Levin heard the words "Law — authority — judgment — who — for what," spoken on every side; and with the rest he hurried into the large

hall, anxious not to lose anything that was going on, and surveyed the throng of nobles. He worked his way up to the speaker's desk, where the government *predvoditel*, Sviazhsky, and other party leaders were angrily discussing.

XXVIII.

Levin stood at quite a distance. It was hard for him to hear, as on one side was one noble, breathing sterterously, and on the other, another, with creaking boots. He could only distinguish the old marshal's gentle voice, then the sharp voice of the sarcastic gentleman, and then the voice of Sviazhsky. He could only distinguish that they were disputing about the meaning of a clause of the law, and the words "*nakhodivshagosa pod slyédstviem.*"

The crowd parted to let Sergéi Ivanovitch get to the table. Sergéi Ivanovitch, after waiting till the sarcastic gentleman was done speaking, said that it seemed to him that it would be a better way to consult the law itself, and he asked the secretary to read the text of the law. The law said that "a ballot must be taken in case of divergence of opinion."

Sergéi Ivanovitch began to explain this; but a tall, fat *pomyéshchik* (proprietor), with a dyed moustache, and dressed in a tight uniform, with a high collar propping up his chin, interrupted him, and approached the table, crying, —

"The ballot! the ballot! down with discussions! the ballot!"

Immediately many voices arose; and the tall man with the ring, getting more and more angry, screamed louder and louder. It was impossible to distinguish what he said. He said exactly what Sergéi Ivanovitch proposed, but evidently he was opposed to him and all his party. The clamor grew tumultuous. The marshal was obliged to beg for silence. Shouts went up from all sides: "The ballot! the ballot! That man knows what he is talking about! There'll be bloodshed! Give us the ballot!" and faces as well as voices became angry and threatening. Levin understood, with his brother's aid, that the trouble was about validating the electoral rights of one of the deputies, accused of being under sentence. His brother put it for him in the form of a syllogism: it was necessary for the public good that the government *predvoditel* be defeated; to defeat the *predvoditel*, a majority of votes was needed; in order to get a majority of

votes it was necessary to give Flerof his vote; and to decide upon the legality of Flerof's voice it was necessary to proceed as the law laid down.

"One voice may decide the whole matter, and it is necessary to be logical and serious, if you want to serve in a public capacity," said Sergéi Ivanovitch, in conclusion.

But Levin forgot this, and it pained him to see this unpleasant irritation taking possession of men whom he esteemed; and, instead of waiting till the end of the election, he went into the smaller hall, where there was no one but the servants who served at the buffet. Seeing the busy servants, and their contented, lively faces, Levin felt a strange feeling of relief; he had come into a purer atmosphere. He began to walk back and forth, watching the servants. It pleased him greatly when one of the servants, an old man with gray side-whiskers, expressed his unbounded scorn for the younger ones, who stood in awe of him, and began to teach them the best way of folding napkins. Levin was just about to engage the old servant in conversation, when the Secretary of the Assembly, a little old man who made a specialty of knowing all the nobles of the province by their full names, came to call him.

"Excuse me, Konstantin Dmitrich," said he; "your *brátets* [little brother] is asking for you. Your vote is wanted."

Levin went into the hall, took a little white ball, and, following close behind Sergéi Ivanovitch, he went to the table where Sviazhsky was standing, with an important and ironical air, running his beard through his hand and occasionally smelling it. Sergéi Ivanovitch put his ball into the ballot-box, and made room for Levin; but Levin did not know what the voting was for, was disconcerted, and asked his brother:

"Where shall I put it?"

He spoke in a low tone, and as there was talking near him, he hoped that his question would not be overheard; but the speakers stopped, and his unfortunate question was heard. Sergéi Ivanovitch frowned, and replied sternly, —

"This is a matter entirely of conviction."

A number of the bystanders smiled. Much embarrassed, Levin quickly cast his vote, and as he happened to hold it in his right hand, he threw it into the right-hand receptacle. When it was too late, he discovered that he had voted wrong,

and still more confused, he retired to the back of the hall. The election was very close, but the new party won the day. The old party, however, did not acknowledge its defeat. Levin heard something about voting for Snetkof, and then he saw a throng of nobles surrounding the *predvoditel*, who was saying something. Approaching, Levin heard him making a farewell speech to his constituents, whom he had served for twenty years. It was an effecting farewell, and suddenly he stopped, choked by tears, and hurried from the hall. These tears arose either from the injustice that had been done him, or from his love for the nobles, or possibly from the unpleasant position in which he was placed, finding himself surrounded by enemies; but his grief was contagious; the nobles were touched, and Levin felt sorry for him.

At the door the government *predvoditel* met Levin.

"Excuse me, — I beg your pardon," he said, as to a stranger; then recognizing him, he smiled a melancholy smile. The expression of his face and the whole man in his uniform, with his crosses and white pantaloons, as he hastened out, reminded Levin of some hunted animal. This expression went to Levin's heart, for only the day before he had been to see him about the guardianship affair, and he recalled the dignified bearing of the old man. It was a great, lordly house, with ancestral furniture, old servants, who had evidently been formerly serfs, and the *khozyáika*, a tall, benevolent lady in her lace cap and Turkish shawl, who was caressing her lovely grand-daughter. The youngest son, a boy in the sixth class of the gymnasium, had come in to wish his father good-morning and to kiss his hand affectionately. All this came back to Levin, and he pitied him, and tried to say something to comfort him.

"Perhaps you will be our *predvoditel* again."

"I doubt it," said Snetkof with his scared look. "I am tired, getting old. There are younger and better men than I. Must let them take my place." And he disappeared by a side door.

XXIX.

The long, narrow hall where the buffet was, began to fill with people, and the excitement increased, for the decisive moment was approaching.

The party-chiefs, who knew how to get a hold on the majority of the voters, were the most active; the others sought

diversion, and prepared for the contest by eating, smoking, and pacing the hall in conversation with their acquaintances.

Levin did not smoke, and was not hungry; and he preferred to avoid his friends, that is, Sergéi Ivanovitch, Stepan Arkadyevitch, Sviazhsky, and others, because he had just caught sight of Vronsky in the uniform of Emperor's equerry. So he took refuge near a window, and sat down, watching the various groups, and listening to what was said around him. He was mortified because all, as he saw, were alive and taking action; but he alone, with the exception of a very old, toothless gentleman in a naval uniform, who sat near him, was wanting in interest and occupation.

In the midst of the crowd he distinguished, in the old-style uniform of major-general, the country gentleman with a gray moustache whom he had met before at Sviazhsky's. Their eyes met, and they greeted one another cordially.

"This is very agreeable," said the old gentleman. "Yes indeed! I remember very well having met you last year at the house of Nikolaï Ivanitch."

"*Nu!* How goes your estate [*khozyáistvo*]?"

"*Da!* all going to destruction," replied the old gentleman quietly, and with a satisfied air, as if this were the result he had always expected. "And you, how does it happen that you are taking part in our *coup d'état?* All Russia seems to have assembled here. We have even chamberlains, and perhaps ministers," said he, pointing to Oblonsky, whose tall and imposing figure made quite a sensation.

"Upon my word," replied Levin, "I don't understand why these noblemen's elections are considered so important."

The old gentleman looked at him in amazement.

"*Da!* What is there to understand? what importance can they have? It's a decaying institution which prolongs itself by the force of inertia. Look at all these uniforms; you see justices of the peace, clerks, but no noblemen."

"Why, then, do you attend the assemblies?"

"From habit, to keep up relations; from a sort of moral obligation. Besides, I came on a question of personal interest. My son-in-law needs a push; I must try to help him to get a place. But why do such people as that come?" and he pointed out the orator whose sharp voice had struck Levin during the debates preceding the vote.

"It is a new generation of *dvorianstvo*" [noblesse].

"Certainly new, but not *dvorianstvo*. They are land-

holders, but we are the *pomyéshchiks*. But they are trying to get the power as though they were nobles."

"Then you think it an institution which is falling into decay?"

"There are ancient institutions which deserve to be respected and treated gently. We may not be worth much, but, nevertheless, we have lasted a thousand years. Suppose you lay out a new garden, are you going to cut down the century-old tree which has grown up on your land? No; you will lay out your walks and your flower-beds in such a way as to preserve intact the old oak. That institution will not be suppressed in one year. *Nu!* but how goes your *khoyáïstvo?*"

"*Da!* not very brilliant; only five per cent."

"But you don't reckon your own trouble; isn't that worth something?"

"I'll tell you this much: I work a great deal harder than I did when there was surface, and yet I get only five per cent., and thank God for that. But my labor is all gratuitous."

"Why do we go on, then, if it is all loss?"

"Yes, why? From habit, I suppose," replied the *pomyéshchik*, leaning his elbow on the window-sill. "I will tell you something more: my only son is going to be a scholar, and not a farmer. I go on in spite of it all! Here I have just planted an orchard this year."

"Yes, yes," said Levin; "this is very true. For my part, I haven't deluded myself as to any profits of my labor, for some time past. But one feels a sort of obligation to the earth."

"*Da vot!* I will tell you still another thing. A neighbor," said the old gentleman, "a merchant, came to see me. We went over the farm, and then the garden. '*Nu!* Stepan Vasilyévitch, your place is in order,' said he, 'but your garden has too much shade.' But he found it in order, mind you. 'My advice would be, cut down that linden. They only exhaust the ground. Here's a thousand lindens. Each one will make two excellent basts, and basts sell well. If I were you, I would cut some of 'em down.'"

"He certainly would," said Levin, smiling, for he knew what these common-sense people were. "And with the money he would buy cattle, or perhaps a bit of ground, which he would lease to the peasants. And so he makes a fortune. But you and I thank God if we keep our land, and are able to leave it to our children."

"You are married, I think?"

"Yes," replied Levin, with proud satisfaction. "*Da!* it is wonderful! We live without making any profit, obliged, like ancient vestals, to watch some holy fire."

The old gentleman smiled under his white moustache.

"Some people, like our friend Sviazhsky and Count Vronsky, pretend to make something by agriculture; but so far they have only succeeded in eating into their capital."

"Why shouldn't we do like the merchants, cut down our gardens for linden bast?" asked Levin, struck by the idea.

"*Da vot!* because we guard the sacred fire, as you say. It is not the business of the *dvorianstvo*. And our work lies not here in these elections, but at home in our corner. It is a caste instinct that tells us what is necessary or not necessary. The *muzhiks* have theirs; a good *muzhik* will persist in hiring as much land as he can. No matter how bad it is, he will work it just the same,—even without profit."

"We are all alike," said Levin. "Very, very glad to have met you!" he added, seeing Sviazhsky approaching.

"Here we have met for the first time since we were together at your house," said the *pomyéshchik* to Sviazhsky. "*Da!* and we have been having a talk."

"And doubtless have been slandering the new order of things?" said Sviazhsky, smiling.

"One must relieve one's mind."

XXX.

Sviazhsky took Levin's arm, and together they approached a group of their friends.

It was now impossible to avoid Vronsky. He was standing between Stepan Arkadyevitch and Sergéi Ivanovitch, and was looking straight at Levin as he came along.

"Delighted!" said he, offering his hand to Levin. "We met at the Princess Shcherbatskaïa's, didn't we?"

"Yes, I remember our meeting perfectly," answered Levin, growing purple; and he immediately turned to speak to his brother. Vronsky, smiling slightly, began to talk with Sviazhsky, apparently having no desire to continue his talk with Levin. But Levin, while he was speaking with his brother, looked at Vronsky, trying to think of something to say to him to make up for his rudeness.

"How are you getting on?" he asked, turning to Sviazhsky and Vronsky.

"Snetkof seems to be hesitating," replied Sviazhsky.

"What will he do, consent or not?"

"That is where the trouble lies — neither one thing or another," said Vronsky.

"But whom will they ballot for, if he gives up?" asked Levin, looking at Vronsky.

"Whoever they please," answered Sviazhsky.

"You, perhaps."

"Certainly not," replied Sviazhsky, scowling and throwing a disturbed look at the sarcastic gentleman who was standing near Koznuishef.

"Who, then? Nevyedovsky?" continued Levin, feeling that he was treading on dangerous ground. But his second guess was worse than the first; Nevyedovsky and Sviazhsky were the two candidates.

"By no means," replied the sarcastic gentleman. It was Nevyedovsky himself. Sviazhsky hastened to introduce him to Levin.

A silence followed, during which Vronsky, since it was necessary to look at something, looked at Levin, at his legs, at his uniform, and then at his face; and seeing the gloomy look in his eyes, said, for the sake of saying something, —

"How is it that you who live in the country are not a justice of the peace? Your uniform is not that of a justice, I see."

"Because I think that justices of the peace are an absurd institution," answered Levin gloomily, but all the time hoping for an opportunity to atone for his former rudeness.

"I do not think so; on the contrary," — said Vronsky, surprised.

"Child's play," said Levin, interrupting; "justices of the peace are no good! In eight years I never once have known one to make a proper decision. There's a justice of the peace not far from me. I had a debt amounting to two rubles; when I got through with him, it had cost fifteen;" and went on to tell how a *muzhik* stole some flour from a miller, and when the miller charged him with it, the *muzhik* made a calumnious complaint. All this was not to the point, and awkwardly put, and Levin himself, while speaking, felt it.

"Oh, this is such an *original!*" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with his amygdaline smile. "Come on; it seems they are balloting."

"I don't understand," said Sergéi Ivanovitch, noticing his brother's awkward sally, "I don't understand how it is possible to be so absolutely devoid of political tact. It is just what we Russians lack. The government *predvoditel* — our opponent — you are *ami cochon* [on intimate terms] with him. But Count Vronsky — not that I make a friend of him — I have just refused his invitation to dinner; but he is ours, and why on earth make him an enemy? Then you asked Nevyedovsky if he was going to be a candidate. It isn't the way to do."

"*Ach!* I don't understand anything about it; it is all humbuggery!" said Levin angrily.

"Here you say that this is all humbuggery; but when you touch it, see what a botch you make of it."

Levin was silent, and they entered the large hall.

The old *predvoditel* had decided to be a candidate although he felt in the atmosphere that there was some trick in preparation, and though he knew that at least one district would be opposed to him. At the first ballot the *rotmistr gvardi*, Mikhaïl Stepanovitch Snetkof, had a decided majority, and when he came in, the nobles pressed around him, congratulating him.

"*Nu!* is it over?" asked Levin of Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"On the contrary, it is just begun," replied Sviazhsky, taking the words out of his brother's mouth, and smiling. "The opposition candidate may have more votes."

Levin had forgotten all about this, and only now realized that this was only finessing, and it plunged him into a sort of melancholy. Thinking himself useless and unnoticed, he slipped out into the smaller hall, where, as before, he found consolation in watching the servants. The old servant asked if he would have something, and Levin consented. After he had eaten a cutlet with beans, and had talked with the servants about their former masters, Levin, not caring to go back to the crowd which was so unpleasant to him, walked about the galleries. They were full of well-dressed ladies, who were leaning over the balustrades endeavoring not to lose a word that was said in the hall below, and around them was standing and sitting a throng of lawyers, professors of the gymnasiums, inspectors, and officers. As Levin stood near one group, he heard a lady saying to a lawyer, "How glad I am that I heard Koznuishef," and she went on to praise his eloquence. Levin looked and

listened and tried to understand what it all meant, and when he found it was impossible, he felt dull; and as he saw the excitement and anger on all faces, he felt still more sad. He made up his mind to leave, and went down-stairs. As he went down, trying to find the number of his *shuba*, the secretary again discovered him.

"Excuse me, Konstantin Dmitriyévitch, they are balloting." And the candidate who was now receiving votes was this very Nevyedovsky whose refusal had seemed to him so explicit.

Levin started to go into the hall. The door was locked, and as the secretary opened it for him, he ran plump into two very red-faced *pomyéshchiks*.

"I cannot endure it," said one of the red-faced *pomyéshchiks*.

Immediately behind the *pomyéshchik* was the old government *predvoditel*. His face was terrible in its expression of fright and weakness.

"I told you not to let any one go out!" he shouted to the guard.

"I let some one in, your Excellency" [*vashe prevoskhodítelstvo*].

"*Gospodi!*" [Oh, Lord], and sighing painfully, the old *predvoditel*, slinking along in his white pantaloons, with bowed head, went through the hall to the great table.

The vote was counted, and Nevyedovsky, as had been planned, was government *predvoditel*. Many were happy; many were satisfied, gay; many were enthusiastic; many were dissatisfied and unhappy. The old *predvoditel* was in despair and could not disguise it. When Nevyedovsky went out of the hall, the throng surrounded him and expressed their enthusiasm towards him as they had done towards the governor when he opened the election, and as they had done towards Snetkof when he was elected.

XXXI.

On this day, the newly elected government *predvoditel*, and many of the new party which triumphed with him, dined with Vronsky.

The count came to the elections because it was tiresome in the country, and it was necessary for him to assert his independence before Anna, and also because he wished to

render a service to Sviazhsky in return for similar favors shown him, and last and principally, because he intended strictly to fulfil the duties which he imposed upon himself as large proprietor. But he had never anticipated the intense interest which he would take in the elections nor the success with which he would play his part. He was one of the youngest men among the nobles, but he succeeded from the first in winning general good-fellowship, and he was not mistaken in supposing that he already inspired confidence. This sudden influence was due to his wealth and distinction, to the fine house which he occupied in town, — a house which an old friend of his, Shirkof, the director of the Kashin bank, had given up to him, — and partly to an excellent cook whom he brought with him, and to his friendship with the governor; but above all to his simple and friendly manners, which won hearts for him in spite of the reputation he had acquired of being proud. He himself felt that with the exception of this silly gentleman who had married Kitty Shcherbatskaïa, and who *à propos de bottes* [without reason] had been disposed foolishly to quarrel with him and say all manner of foolish things to everybody whom he met, was disposed to pay him homage, and to attribute to him Nevyedovsky's success. He felt a certain pride in saying to himself that in three years, if he were married, nothing should prevent him from presenting himself at the elections; and he involuntarily remembered the day, when, after having won a prize by means of his jockey, he decided to run a race himself.

Now he was celebrating the triumph of his jockey. Vronsky sat at the head of the table, but he placed the young governor at his right. Vronsky saw that all looked upon him as the *khozyáïn* of the government who had triumphantly opened the elections, who had gained by his speech great consideration and even worship; but for Vronsky, he was nothing more than Maslof Katka, a comrade of the corps of pages, who now was confused in his presence, and whom he tried *mettre à son aise* (to put at his ease.) At his left he placed Nevyedovsky, a young man with a disdainful and impenetrable face, for whom he showed much regard. Sviazhsky accepted his own failure gayly; indeed, as he said, lifting his glass to Nevyedovsky, he could not call it a failure, since he had the delight of seeing his party triumph.

During dinner he repeated in a most comical way the old *predvoditel's* affecting speech, and advised the new incumbent

to find some other way of verifying the accounts. Other episodes of the election were related, and a humorous noble told how lackeys in short clothes were excluded from the balls given by the late *predvoditel* and advised the new *predvoditel* to give a ball with lackeys in short clothes. Stepan Arkadyevitch was also gay, because the day had passed so well and because everybody was satisfied, and after dinner, when despatches were being sent off in all directions, announcing the result of the elections, he sent one to Darya Aleksandrovna, "to please them all," as he confided to his neighbors. But when Dolly received the telegram she sighed and lamented the ruble it had cost; and she understood that her husband had dined well, for it was one of Stiva's weaknesses to *faire jouer le télégraphe* (make the telegraph play) after a hearty dinner.

They gave toasts with excellent wine which had nothing Russian about it; they greeted the new marshal with the title of "excellency" (*vashe prevoskhoditelstvo*), a title with which, in spite of his indifferent air, he was as pleased as a newly married woman is to hear herself called "*Madame*." The health of "our amiable host" was also drunk, as well as the governor's and the director of the bank. Vronsky was contented. He never expected to find in the provinces distinguished society.

Towards the end of dinner the gayety redoubled, and the governor asked Vronsky to attend a concert, organized by his wife for the benefit of the brotherhood. This was before the war with Serbia.

"There will be a ball afterwards, and you shall see our beauty. In fact, she is remarkable."

"*Not in my line*," answered Vronsky in English, smiling; but he promised to go.

Just as they were lighting their cigars, on leaving the table, Vronsky's valet approached him, bringing a note on a tray.

"From Vozdvizhenskoe, by a special messenger," said the man, with a significant expression.

The note was from Anna, and Vronsky knew, before he broke the seal, what was in it. He had promised, as the elections were to last five days, to return on Wednesday, but it was now Saturday, and he knew that the letter would be full of reproaches because he had not fulfilled his promise. The one he sent off the day before to explain his delay had evidently not been received. The tenor of the note was what

he expected; but its form was a great surprise, and extremely unpleasant to him. Ani was very sick, and the doctor feared inflammation.

"I shall go wild, here all alone. The Princess Varvara is only a hindrance instead of a help. I expected you day before yesterday evening, and send a messenger to know what has become of you. I wanted to come myself, but hesitated, knowing that it would be disagreeable to you. Send some answer, that I may know what to do."

The child was ill, and she had wished to come herself. A sick daughter, and this hostile tone!

The contrast between this exacting love and the jolly company struck Vronsky with great force; but he felt obliged to go, and he left by the first train that night.

XXXII.

Before Vronsky's departure for the elections Anna had made up her mind to endure the separation very stoically; but the cold, imperious look with which he informed her that he was going away wounded her, and her good resolutions were shaken by it. It was in this humiliating way that she interpreted the look in her solitude.

"He has the right to go when and where he pleases. Not only to go, but to abandon me. He has all the rights, but I have none! But as he knows this, he ought not to have done this; yet what has he done? He looked at me with a hard, stern look. Of course, that is vague, impalpable. Still, he did not formerly look at me so, and it teaches me much," she thought; "that look proves that he is growing cold towards me."

She tried to keep herself from thinking what she should do if he abandoned her. She filled the days with occupations; at night she took morphine. To be sure, there was one remedy left. — not to keep him with her — for this she wished nothing else but his love — but to bind him to her, to be in such a relation to him that he would not abandon her. This remedy was divorce and marriage; and she began to desire it, and resolved that when he or Stiva spoke about it again, she would no longer resist him on this point, as she had always done before.

With such thoughts she spent the five days of his absence. To kill time, she walked and talked with the Princess Var-

vara, visited the hospital, and, more than all, she read, read one book after another. But on the sixth day, when the coachman returned without bringing Vronsky, she felt that she had not strength enough left to think about him and what he had done to her. At the same time her little girl fell sick. Anna went to her, but it did not divert her mind, the more as the little one was not sick enough to cause any anxiety. Do the best she could, she did not love this child, and she could not pretend feelings which she did not have.

On the evening of the sixth day, while she was entirely alone, terror lest Vronsky had deserted her became so keen, that she almost made up her mind to start for the city herself, but after a long deliberation, she wrote the note and sent it by a special messenger. When the next morning brought her word from Vronsky explaining his delay, she regretted her rash move. With horror she anticipated the repetition of that severe look which he would give her on his return — especially when he learned that his daughter had not been dangerously sick. Anna now acknowledged to herself that he would miss his liberty, perhaps, and find his chain heavy. But yet she was glad that he was coming; he would be there with her so that she should see him, so that she should know his every motion.

She was sitting in the parlor, by the lamp, reading a new book of Taine's, listening to the sound of wind outside, and watching every moment for the count's arrival. Several times she thought that she heard the rumble of wheels, but she was deceived. At last she distinctly heard not only the wheels, but the coachman's voice, and the carriage rolling under the *porte cochère*. The Princess Varvara, who was playing a game of patience, heard it too. Anna rose; but instead of going down, as she had twice done already, she stopped. She was ashamed at her deceitfulness, and still more confused by the doubt as to how he would receive her. All her irritation had vanished. She could think of nothing but Vronsky's displeasure. She remembered that her daughter for two days now had been perfectly well. She was annoyed that the child should recover just as she sent off the letter.

And then she thought that he was there, himself; that she should see his eyes, his hands. She heard his voice, and forgetting everything, joy filled her heart, and she ran to meet him.

"How is Ani?" he asked anxiously, from the bottom of the stairs, as she ran swiftly down. He was seated, and a lackey was pulling off his furred boots.

"Much better."

"And you?" he asked, shaking himself.

She seized his two hands, and drew him towards her, looking into his eyes.

"*Nu!* I am very glad," he said, coldly surveying her, her head-dress, her whole toilet, which, as he knew, had been put on expressly for him.

These attentions pleased him, but he was too much accustomed to them; and that stony, severe expression, which Anna so much dreaded, remained on his face.

"*Nu!* I am very glad; and how are you?" he asked, kissing her hand, after he had wiped his beard, which the cold had moistened.

"It is all the same to me," thought Anna, "if only he is here; and when he is here he cannot help loving me; he does not dare not to love me."

The evening passed merrily in the presence of the Princess Varvara, who complained to him that when he was away Anna took morphine.

"What can I do? I cannot sleep, — my thoughts are distracting; when he is here, I never take it, — almost never."

Vronsky told about the elections, and Anna, by her questions, cleverly led him to talk about what especially pleased him, — his own success. Then she told him all the interesting things that had happened since he went away, and took care to speak of nothing unpleasant.

When the evening had passed, and they were alone, Anna, seeing that she had him at her feet again, wished to efface the unpleasant effect of her letter; she said, —

"Confess that you were displeased about my letter, and did not believe me."

As soon as she spoke she saw that though he was affectionately disposed towards her, he did not forgive this.

"Yes," answered he, "your letter was strange. Ani was sick, and yet you wanted to come yourself."

"Both were true."

"*Da!* and I do not doubt it."

"Yes, you do doubt. I see that you are angry."

"Not for one minute; but what vexes me is that you will not admit that there are duties" —

"What duties? Going to concerts?"

"We won't talk about it."

"Why not talk of it?"

"I only mean that imperious duties may meet us. Now, for instance, I shall have to go to Moscow on business — *Ach!* Anna, why are you so irritable? Don't you know that I cannot live without you?"

"If this is the way," said Anna, changing her tone suddenly, "you are tired of this kind of life. *Da!* you come home one day and go away the next" —

"Anna, this is cruel; I am ready to give up my whole life" —

She continued without listening to him, —

"If you are going to Moscow, I shall go with you; I shall not stay here alone. We must either live together or separate."

"But you know I ask nothing more than to live with you, but for that it is necessary" —

"The divorce? I will write. I see that I cannot continue to live in this way. But I am going with you to Moscow."

"You really threaten me; but all I ask in the world is not to be separated from you," said Vronsky, smiling. As the count spoke these affectionate words, the look in his eyes was not only icy but wrathful, like that of a man persecuted and exasperated. She saw his look and accurately read its meaning.

"If this is so, then it is misfortune!" said this look. The expression was only momentary, but she never forgot it.

Anna wrote to her husband to demand the divorce, and towards the end of November, after separating from the Princess Varvara, who had to go to Petersburg, she went to Moscow with Vronsky. Expecting every day to get Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's reply and immediately afterwards to secure the divorce, they set up their establishment as though they were married.

PART VII.

I.

The Levins had been in Moscow for two months, and the time fixed by competent authorities for Kitty's deliverance was already passed. Kitty's mother and Dolly, and more than all, Levin himself, could not think without terror of the approaching event, and began to be troubled and anxious; but Kitty alone kept wonderfully calm and happy. She recognized in her heart the birth of a new feeling of love for the child which she expected, and she entertained this feeling with joy. The child already existed for her; he even manifested his independence at times by causing her suffering; but this strange, unknown pain brought only a smile to Kitty's lips.

All whom she loved were with her, and all were so good to her, took such care of her, and tried so to make every thing pleasant for her, that, if she had not known and felt that the end must soon come, this would have been the happiest and best part of her life. Only one thing clouded her perfect happiness, and this was that her husband was not the same as he had been when she loved him in the country.

In the country she had loved his calm, gentle, and hospitable ways. In the city she found him unreasonably suspicious, uneasy, restless. Then, in the country he was usefully occupied, and seemed to know that he was in his place. Here in the city he was constantly on the go, as if he were afraid of forgetting something; but he had nothing really to do. And she felt a pity for him. But she knew that to his friends he was not an object of commiseration: and when in society she looked at him as one studies those who are beloved, endeavoring to look upon him as a stranger, and see what effect he produced on others; she saw with anxiety that it was rather his jealousy which stood in danger of being observed, and that he was not only not to be pitied,

but was to be envied for his dignified, rather old-fashioned shy politeness to ladies, his strong physique, and his very expressive face. But she read his inner nature. She saw that he was not himself. But sometimes her soul was stirred because he could not adapt himself to city life. Sometimes she even confessed that it was really difficult for him to conduct his life so as to please her.

But after all, what could he find to do here? He was not fond of cards. He did not go to the clubs. She now knew what it meant to frequent the company of high livers, like Oblonsky. It meant to drink and to — but she could not think without horror of the lives of these men. Should he go into society? She knew that to enjoy that it would be necessary to court the company of young ladies. Then, should he sit at home with her, with her mother, and her sister? But however pleasant these conversations might be to her, she knew that they must be wearisome to him. What, then, remained for him to do? Was he to go on with his book? He intended to do this, and began to make researches in the public library; but, as he confessed to Kitty, the more he had nothing to do, the less time he had, and that his interest in his work was flagging.

One result of their life in Moscow was, that there were no more quarrels between them, either because city conditions were different, or because both were beginning to be more guarded and prudent: the fact remained, that, since they left the country, the scenes of jealousy which they feared might again arise, were not repeated.

In these circumstances one very important affair for them both took place: Kitty had a meeting with Vronsky.

Kitty's godmother, the Princess Marya Borisovna, was always very fond of her, and wanted to see her. Kitty, though she was not going into society now, went with her father to see the old princess; and there she met Vronsky. At sight of the features once so familiar, she felt her heart beat fast, and her face redden; but this was all, for her emotion lasted only a few seconds. The old prince hastened to begin an animated discussion with Vronsky; and the conversation was not over before Kitty was ready to look at Vronsky, or to talk with him if need be, just as she was talking with the princess, and, what was more, without a smile or an intonation which would have been disagreeable to her husband, whose invisible presence she felt near her at the moment.

She exchanged some words with Vronsky, smiled when he called the assembly at Kashin "our parliament," to show that she understood the jest; then she addressed herself to the old princess, and did not turn her head until Vronsky rose to take leave. Then she looked at him, but evidently it was only because it is impolite not to look at a man when he bows.

She was grateful to her father because he said nothing about this meeting with Vronsky; but Kitty understood from his especial tenderness after their visit, that he was satisfied with her. She felt satisfied with herself. She was pleased to find that she was sufficiently mistress of her feelings to see Vronsky again with perfect indifference.

It was hard for Kitty to tell Levin that she had met Vronsky, but still harder to tell all the details of the meeting.

"It was such a pity that you weren't there," she said to her husband, — "not in the room, for before you I should not have been so self-possessed. I'm blushing now ever and ever so much more than I did then — but if you could have looked through the keyhole."

At first Levin listened gloomily, and was more flushed than she; but her sincere eyes told him that she was satisfied with her behavior, and he asked her some questions, just as she wished him to do. When he had heard the whole story, even to the detail that she could not help blushing for the first second, and afterwards was perfectly at her ease, Levin grew extraordinarily gay, and declared that he was very glad of it, and that in future he should not behave so foolishly as he had done at the elections, but that when he met Vronsky again he should be as friendly as possible.

"It is so painful to look upon him as an enemy, whom it is hard to meet."

II.

"PLEASE don't forget to call at the Bohls'," said Kitty, as her husband came to her room, about eleven o'clock in the morning, before going out. "I know that you are going to the club, because papa wrote you."

"I'm going to Katavasof's."

"Why are you going so early?"

"He promised to introduce me to Metrof, a famous scholar from Petersburg. I want to talk over my book with him."

"*Da!* wasn't it his article you were praising? *Nu!* and after that?"

"Possibly to the tribunal, about that affair of my sister's."

"Aren't you going to the concert?"

"*Da!* why should I go all alone?"

"Do go. They're going to give those new pieces: it will interest you. I would certainly go."

"*Nu!* at all events, I shall come home before dinner," said he, looking at his watch.

"Put on your best coat, so as to go to the Countess Bohl's."

"*Da!* is this really necessary?"

"*Ach!* certainly. The count came here himself. *Nu!* what does it cost you? You go, you sit down, you talk five minutes about the weather, then you get up and go."

"*Nu!* you don't realize that I am so out of practice, that I feel abashed. How is it? A strange man comes, sits down, stays a little while without any business, is in the way, feels awkward, and goes."

Kitty laughed.

"*Da!* didn't you use to make calls when you were young?"

"Yes, but I was always bashful," said he; "and now I am so out of the way of it, that I would rather not have any dinner for two days than make this call. I am so bashful. It seems to me as if they would take offence, and say, 'Why do you come without business?'"

"No, they don't take offence. I will answer for you," said Kitty, looking brightly into his face. She took his hand. "*Nu, proshchaï!* — please go!"

He kissed his wife's hand, and was about to go, when she stopped him.

"Kostia, do you know I have only fifty rubles left?"

"*Nu!* I will go and get some from the bank," said he, with his well-known expression of vexation.

"Don't think I run into unnecessary expense: still, the money runs away. We must retrench somehow or other."

"Not at all," said Levin, with a little cough, and looking askance upon her.

She knew this cough. It was a sign of strong vexation, not with her, but with himself. He was actually discontented, not because much money was spent, but because it reminded him of what he wanted to forget.

"I have ordered Sokolof to sell the corn, and to get the rent of the mill in advance. We shall have money enough."

"No; but I fear, that, as a general thing" —

"Not at all, not at all," he repeated. "*Nu! proshchaï, dushenka*" [good-by, little soul].

"Sometimes I wish I hadn't listened to mamma. How happy we were in the country! I tire you all, waiting for me; and the money we spend" —

"Not at all, not at all! Not one single time since we were married till now have I thought that things would have been better than they are."

"Truly?" said she, looking into his face.

He said that, thinking only to comfort her. But when he saw her gentle, honest eyes turned to him with an inquiring look, he repeated what he had said with his whole heart; and he remembered what was coming to them so soon.

"How do you feel this morning?" he asked, taking both her hands in his.

"I sometimes think that I don't think and don't know any thing."

And she added with a smile, "I feel perfectly well."

"If that is so, then I am going to Katavasof's."

"I am going with papa to take a little walk on the *boulevard*. We are going to see Dolly. I shall expect you back before dinner. *Ach, da!* Do you know, Dolly's position is getting to be entirely unendurable? She is in debt on every side, and hasn't any money at all. We talked about it yesterday with mamma and Arsény, — this was her sister Natali Lvova's husband, — and they decided that you should scold Stiva. It is truly unendurable. It is impossible for papa to speak about it; but if you and he" —

"*Nu!* what can we do?" asked Levin.

"You had better go to Arsény's, and talk with him: he will tell you what we decided about it."

"*Nu!* I will follow Arsény's advice. Then, I will go right to his house. By the way, if he is at the concert, then I will go with Natali. *Nu, proshchaï!*"

On the staircase, old Kuzma, who acted in the city as steward, stopped his master.

"Krasávtchika [Beauty] has just been shod, and it lamed her:" — this was Levin's left pole-horse, that he had brought from the country: — "what shall I do?" said he.

When Levin established himself in Moscow, he brought

his horses from the country. He wanted to set up a suitable stable which should not cost too heavily; but he was obliged to confess that hired horses would have been less expensive, for in order to save his own beasts, he constantly took *izvoshchiks*.

"Take her to the horse-doctor: perhaps she is bruised."

It no longer troubled Levin, as it did at first, to have a pair of strong horses put into his heavy carriage, and pay five rubles for the use of them for a few hours. Now it seemed to him the natural thing to do.

"Get a pair of the *izvoshchik*, and put them to our carriage," he said.

"I will obey" [*slushaïu-s*].

Levin went down-stairs; and as soon as he got into the carriage, he no longer thought of the question of expense, but went over in his mind what he should say to the Petersburg scholar about his book.

It was only during the early days of Levin's stay in Moscow that the heavy bills worried him. He was quite used to it. When he took the first hundred-ruble note for the purchase of liveries for the servants, he remembered that a hundred rubles represented the wages of two workmen for a year, or of three hundred day-laborers; and he asked himself if liveries were indispensable. The profound astonishment of the princess and Kitty at this question silenced him. At the second bill of twenty-eight rubles, for provisions bought for a family dinner, he hesitated less, though he still mentally computed the number of measures of oats represented by the money. After that, bills flew about him like little birds. Levin no longer asked whether the pleasure bought by his money was proportionate to his pains in getting it: he forgot his principles, in the duty of selling his corn at the highest price possible, and no longer even thought of telling himself that the course he was pursuing would soon run him into debt.

Only one thing seemed to him necessary, — to have money enough in the bank to serve for the daily needs of the household. But now his deposit at the bank was exhausted, and he did not know at all when he could replenish it. The request which Kitty had just made troubled him; but he could arrange that by and by. He drove away, thinking of Katavasof, and his approaching acquaintance with Metrof.

III.

Levin found his old university friend, Professor Katavasof, very congenial. He had not seen him since the day of his wedding. He admired his judgment, and thought that the clearness of Katavasof's conceptions brought out his own want of fulness: Katavasof thought that the incoherence of Levin's ideas came from want of mental discipline. Katavasof's clearness pleased Levin, and Levin's richness of undisciplined thought pleased Katavasof, and they both liked to meet and discuss.

Levin read him some passages of his book, and he was struck by their originality. On the evening before, he happened to meet Levin, and told him that the celebrated scholar, Professor Metrof, whose work had pleased Levin, was in Moscow, and was greatly interested in what he had told him of his friend's work. He was to be at Katavasof's house the next day at eleven o'clock, and would be delighted to make Levin's acquaintance.

Katavasof received Levin in his sitting-room. "Delighted to see you, *bátiushka*. I heard the bell, and wondered if it could be time. *Nu!*" And Katavasof in a few words described his famous visitor, and then, taking him into his library, presented him to a short, solid, very pleasant-looking man. This was Metrof. The conversation for a short time turned on politics, and on the views held by the high authorities in Petersburg in regard to the recent elections. Metrof, in regard to this, quoted some significant words spoken by the Emperor and one of the ministers which he had heard from a reliable source. Katavasof declared that the Emperor's words were diametrically opposite; and as his authority was equally reliable, Levin was free to take his choice between the two.

"*Da!* here is the gentleman who is writing a book on the natural condition of the laborer in relation to the soil," said Katavasof. "I am not a specialist, but it pleases me as a naturalist that he does not consider the human race outside of zoölogical laws, but recognizes man's dependence on his environment, and seeks to find in this dependence the laws of his development."

"That's very interesting," said Metrof.

"I began simply to write a book on rural economy" [*sel-*

skoe khozyáistvo], said Levin, blushing; "but in studying the principal instrument, the laborer, I arrived at a decidedly unexpected conclusion, in spite of myself."

And Levin expatiated on his ideas, trying the ground carefully as he did so, for he knew that Metrof had written an article against the current views on political economy; and how far he could hope for sympathy in his new views, he did not know, and could not tell from the scholar's calm, intellectual face.

"How, in your opinion, does the Russian laborer differ from that of other peoples?" asked Metrof. "Is it from the point of view which you call zoölogical? or from that of the material conditions in which he finds himself?"

This way of putting the question proved to Levin how widely their opinions diverged: nevertheless, he continued to set forth his theory, which was based upon the idea that the Russian people could not have the same relation to the soil as the other European nations; and to prove this position, he hastened to add, that, in his opinion, the Russian people feel instinctively predestined to populate the immense uncultivated tracts stretching towards the East.

"It is easy to form premature conclusions, and be mistaken about the general destiny of a people," said Metrof, interrupting Levin; "and as to the situation of the laborer, it will always depend on his relation to land and capital."

And without giving Levin time to reply, he explained how his own views differed from those usually received. Levin neither understood, nor did he try to understand, in what consisted the peculiarity of his views. He saw that Metrof, like all the rest, notwithstanding his article, in which he refuted the teachings of the economists, looked upon the condition of the Russian people from stand-points of capital, wages, and rent, though he was obliged to confess that for the eastern and by far the greater part of Russia, there was no such thing as rent; that for nine-tenths of Russia's eighty millions, wages consisted in a bare subsistence, and that capital did not yet exist except as it was represented by tools that were primitive. Metrof differed from the other representatives of the school only in a new theory as to wages, which he demonstrated at length.

Levin listened with some disgust, and tried to reply. He wanted to interrupt Metrof, in order to express his own opinions. But finally recognizing how utterly they differed, he

let Metrof talk, and only listened. Though he was not at all interested in what he said, he felt extremely pleased as he listened to him. He was flattered to the last degree that such a learned man would condescend to give him the benefit of his thoughts, and showed him so much deference. He did not know that the eminent professor, having worn out his own circle on this subject, was not sorry to have a new auditor; and, moreover, that he liked to talk on the subjects which occupied him, because he found that an oral demonstration helped to elucidate certain points for his own benefit.

"We shall be late," remarked Katavasof at last, consulting his watch. "*Da!* there is a special session to-day at the 'Society of Friends' [*Obshchestvo Liubitelye*], semi-centennial celebration of Svintitch," he added, in reply to Levin's question. "I promised to speak on his work in zoölogy. Come with us: it will be interesting."

"Yes, come," said Metrof; "and then afterwards, if you like, come home with me. I should greatly like to hear your work."

"It is only a sketch, not worth much; but I should like to go with you to the session."

When they reached the university, the session had already begun. Six persons were sitting around a table covered with a cloth; and one of them, nearly doubled up over a manuscript, was reading. Katavasof and Metrof took their places at the table. Levin sat down in an unoccupied chair near a student, and asked him in a low voice what they were reading. The student, looking angrily at Levin, replied, "The biography."

Levin listened to the biography mechanically, and learned various interesting particulars of the life of the celebrated *savant*. When the reader came to an end, the chairman congratulated him, and then read a poem which had been sent him in honor of the occasion. Then Katavasof read in a loud, brilliant voice a sketch of the work of Svintitch. When Katavasof had finished, Levin, seeing that the hour was late, excused himself to Metrof for not being able to go home with him, and stole away. He had had time, during the session, to reflect on the uselessness of his acquaintance with the Petersburg economist. If they were both to work to advantage, it could only be by pursuing their studies, each in his own line.

IV.

Lvof, Natali's husband, to whose house Levin went, had just established himself at Moscow to superintend there the education of his two sons. He had received his education abroad, and had passed his life in the principal capitals of Europe, to which his diplomatic duties called him.

In spite of a considerable difference in age, and very different opinions, these two men had seen much of each other this fall, and had become great friends.

Levin found his brother-in-law at home, and went in without ceremony. Lvof, in a house-coat with a belt, and in chamois-skin slippers, was reading with a *pince-nez* [eye-glasses] of blue glass on, as he sat in front of a stand, and held a half-burned cigar in his shapely hand. His handsome, delicate, and still youthful face, to which his shining, silvery hair gave an expression of aristocratic dignity, lighted up with a smile as he saw Levin.

"Good! I was just going to send to find out about you all. How is Kitty?" said he; and, rising, he pushed forward a rocking-chair. "Sit down here: you'll find this better. Have you read the circular of the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg?* I find it excellent. She is very well?" he inquired, with a slight French accent.

Levin informed him of what he had heard as to the reports in circulation at Petersburg; and after having gone over the questions that were up in politics, he told of his conversation with Metrof and the session at the university.

"*Vot!* I envy you your intimacy in that society of professors and *savants*," said Lvof, who had listened to him with the keenest interest. "True, I could not meet them very well. My public duties, and my occupation with the children, would prevent it; and then, I do not feel ashamed to say that my own education is too faulty."

"I can't think that," said Levin with a smile, who was touched by the genuineness of this humility.

"*Ach, kakzhe!* I now feel how little I know. Now that I am educating my sons, I am obliged to refresh my memory. I learn my lessons over again. Just as in your estate, you have to have workmen and overseers, so here it needs some one to watch them. But I am learning," — and he pointed to Buslaef's grammar on the reading-stand, —

"and it is so hard. *Nu!* tell me one thing. Here he says — but you are laughing at me."

"On the contrary, you can't imagine how much I learn, when I look at you, about the way to teach children."

"*Nu!* You could not learn much from me."

"I only know that I never saw children so well brought up as yours, and I should not want better children than yours."

Lvof evidently wanted to hide his satisfaction, but his face lit up with a smile.

"Only let them be better than I. That is all that I want. But you don't know the bother," he began, "with *malchiks*, who, like mine, have been allowed to run wild abroad."

"You are regulating all that. They are such ready children. The main thing is — their moral training. And this is what I learn in looking at you."

"You speak of the moral training. You can't imagine how hard it is. Just as soon as you have conquered one crop of weeds, others spring up, and there is always a fight. If you don't have a support in religion — between ourselves — no father on earth, relying on his own strength and without this help, could ever succeed in training them."

This conversation, which was extremely interesting to Levin, was interrupted by the pretty Natali Aleksandrovna, dressed for going out.

"I didn't know you were here," said she to Levin, evidently not regretting, but even rejoicing, that she had interrupted this conversation, which was too long for her pleasure. "*Nu!* how is Kitty? I am going to dine with you to-day. *Vot tchtó!* Arsény," she said, turning to her husband, "you take the carriage." . . .

And between husband and wife began a discussion of the question how they should spend the day. As the husband had to attend to his official business, and the wife was going to the concert and to a public session of the Committee of the South-East, it was needful to reason, and think it all over. Levin, as a member of the family, was obliged to take part in these plans. It was decided that he should go with Natali to the concert and to the public meeting, and then send the carriage to the office for Arsény, and that then they should go all together to Kitty's.

"This man is spoiling me," said Lvof to his wife: "he assures me that our children are lovely, when I know that they are full of faults."

"Arsény goes to extremes. I always said so," said his wife. "If you expect perfection, you will never be satisfied. And papa is right in saying that when we were children, they went to one extreme: they kept us in the *entresol*, while the parents lived in the *belétage* [the first floor]; but now, on the contrary, the parents live in the lumber-room, and the children in the *belétage*. Parents now are of no account: every thing must be for the children."

"Supposing this is more agreeable?" suggested Levin with his winning smile as he offered her his arm. "Any one not knowing you would think that you were not a mother, but a *mátchika*" [step-mother].

"No, it is not good to go to extremes," said Natali gently, laying his knife in its proper place on the table.

"*Nu! vot!* Come here, ye perfect children," said Lvof to the handsome lads who came in, and, after bowing to Levin, went to their father, evidently wishing to ask some favor of him.

Levin wanted to speak with them, and to hear what they said to their father, but Natali was talking with him; and just then Lvof's colleague, Makhotin, in his court-uniform, came into the room, and began a lively conversation about Herzegovina, the premature death of Madame Apraksina, and other things.

Levin forgot all about Kitty's message. He remembered it just as they were starting.

"*Ach!* Kitty commissioned me to speak with you about Oblonsky," said he, as Lvof went with them to the head of the staircase.

"Yes, yes! *maman* wants us, *les beaux-frères* [brothers-in-law], to attack him. But how can I?"

"Then, I'll undertake it," said Levin, smiling; and he ran to rejoin his sister-in-law, who was waiting for him at the foot of the staircase, wrapped in her white furs.

V.

That day two very interesting works were performed at the musical *matinée*, which was held at the Assembly Hall: one was a fantasie, "King Lear on the Heath;" and a quartet dedicated to the memory of Bach. Both works were new and of a new school, and Levin wished to form an opinion

about them. Having escorted his sister-in-law to her seat, he went and leaned against a column, in order to be away from any personal influence, and to listen conscientiously and attentively. He tried not to have his attention distracted by the waving hands of the leader of the orchestra, by the toilets of the ladies, or by the sight of all these idle faces, present at the concert for any thing but the music. He especially avoided the amateurs and the connoisseurs, who are so ready to talk, and stood with his eyes fixed on vacancy, profoundly absorbed.

But the more he listened to the "King Lear" fantasie, the more he felt the impossibility of forming a clear and exact idea of it. The musical thought, at the moment of its development, was constantly interrupted by the introduction of new themes, or vanished, leaving only the impression of a laborious attempt at instrumentation. But these same new themes, beautiful as some of them were, gave an unpleasant impression, because they were not expected or prepared for. Gayety and sadness, despair, tenderness, triumph, followed one another like the incoherent thoughts of a madman, to be themselves followed by others as wild.

When the piece suddenly ended, Levin was surprised at the fatigue which his mental intensity had caused him. He felt like a deaf man who sees dancing; and as he listened to the applause of the audience, he wished to compare his impressions with those of persons of musical ability.

People were rising on every side to meet and talk with one another in the interval between the two pieces; and he joined Pestsof, who was talking to one of the chief musical connoisseurs.

"It's wonderful," said Pestsof, in his deep bass. "How are you, Konstantin Dmitritch? The passage that is the richest in color, the most statuesque, if I may say so, is that where Cordelia appears, where woman, *das ewig Weibliche*, comes into conflict with fate. Don't you think so?"

"Why Cordelia?" asked Levin, with hesitation, for he had wholly forgotten that King Lear had any thing to do with it.

"Cordelia appears here," said Pestsof, pointing to the satin programme. Levin had not noticed the text of Shakspeare, translated into Russian, printed on the back of the programme. "You can't follow it without that."

Levin and Pestsof spent the interval in discussing the

merits and defects of the Wagnerian tendency: Levin maintained that Wagner and his followers were wrong in trenching upon the domain of the other arts; Pestsof argued that art is one, and that it can reach its loftiest manifestations only by combining all its forms.

Levin could not listen to the second piece. Pestsof, who was standing near him, kept talking to him most of the time, criticising it for its excessive, mawkish, affected simplicity, and comparing it to the simplicity of the Pre-Raphaelites in painting. On his way out, he met numerous acquaintances, with whom he exchanged remarks on politics and music: among others he saw Count Bohl, and the call which he should have made upon him came to mind.

"*Nu!* go quickly," said Natali, to whom he confided his remorse. "Perhaps the countess is not receiving. If so, you will come and join me at the meeting. You will have plenty of time."

VI.

"PERHAPS they are not receiving?" asked Levin, as he entered the vestibule of Count Bohl's house.

"Oh, yes! Will you walk in?" answered the Swiss, resolutely taking the visitor's *shuba*.

"What a nuisance!" thought Levin, drawing off one of his gloves with a sigh, and turning his hat in his hands. "*Nu!* why did I come? *Nu!* what am I going to say to them?"

Passing through the first parlor, he met the Countess Bohl at the door, who, with a perplexed and severe face, was giving orders to a servant. When she saw Levin, she smiled, and invited him to walk into a *boudoir*, where voices were heard. In this room were sitting her two daughters and a Muscovite colonel whom Levin knew. Levin bowed and spoke to them, sat down near a sofa, and put his hat between his knees.

"How is your wife? Have you been to the concert? We were not able to go. Mamma had to attend the requiem," said one of the young ladies.

"*Da!* I heard about it — what a sudden death!" — said Levin.

The countess came in, sat down on the sofa, and asked also about his wife and the concert.

Levin replied, and asked some questions about the sudden death of Madame Apraksina.

"Besides, she was always in delicate health."

"Were you at the opera yesterday?"

"Yes, I was."

"Lucca was very good."

"Yes, very good," he said; and he began, as though it were entirely immaterial what they thought about him, to repeat what he had heard a hundred times about the singer's extraordinary talent. When he had got through, the colonel, who had hitherto held his peace, began also to speak about the opera and about an illumination. Then, laughing, he got up, and took his departure. Levin also got up, but a look of surprise on the countess's face told him that it was not yet time for him to go. Two minutes more at least were necessary. He sat down.

But as he thought what a foolish figure he was cutting, he was more and more incapable of finding a subject of conversation.

"Are you going to the meeting of the committee?" asked the countess. "They say it will be very interesting."

"I have promised to go there to fetch my *belle-sœur*," replied Levin.

Silence again: the mother exchanged a look with her daughter.

"*Nu!* it must be time to go," thought Levin; and he rose. The ladies shook hands with him, and charged him with *mille choses* ["a thousand messages"] for his wife.

The Swiss, as he put on his *shuba* for him, asked his address, and wrote it gravely in a large, handsomely bound book.

"Of course, it's all the same to me; but how useless and ridiculous it all is!" thought Levin, as he went to the place where the public meeting was held.

He found many people there, and a number of acquaintances; among them, Sviazhsky, who had just come to town, and Stepan Arkadyevitch. After talking about various matters, he joined his sister-in-law, and took her home.

Finding Kitty well and happy, he went off to the club, where he was to meet his father-in-law.

VII.

Levin had not set foot in the club since the time when, having finished his studies at the university, he passed a winter at Moscow, and went into society. He remembered the club in a general sort of way, but had entirely forgotten the impressions which, in former days, it had made upon him. But as soon as he entered the great semicircular court, sent away his *izvoshchik*, and mounted the staircase, and saw the liveried Swiss noiselessly open the door for him; as soon as he saw the *goloshes* and *shubas* of the members, who felt that it was less work to take them off down-stairs, and leave them with the Swiss, than to lug them up-stairs; as soon as the well-known sights and sounds of the club met him, — he felt, as formerly, a kind of satisfaction, joined with the consciousness of being in good company.

"It's a long time since we have had the pleasure of seeing you here," said the second Swiss, who received him at the top of the staircase. "The prince wrote to you yesterday. Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch has not come yet."

The Swiss knew not only Levin, but all his connections and family, and took pleasure in reminding him of his relationships.

As Levin came into the dining-hall, he found the tables almost wholly occupied. Among the guests he recognized friendly faces, the old prince, and young Shcherbatsky, Sviazhsky, Sergéi Ivanovitch, Nevyedovsky, Vronsky; and all, old and young, seemed to have left their cares, with their furs, in the hat-room, and to think of nothing but of enjoying the pleasures of life.

"You come late," said the old prince, extending his hand to his son-in-law over his shoulder, and smiling. "How is Kitty?" added he, putting a corner of his napkin into the button-hole of his vest.

"She is well, and is dining with her two sisters."

"Ah! the old story. *Nu!* there's no room for us here. *Da!* hurry up, and take that table there. They're all full here," said the prince, taking with care a plate of *ukhá* [fish-soup].

"Here, Levin," cried a jovial voice from the other end of the room. It was Turovtsuin. He was sitting with a young officer, and near him were two chairs tipped up. Levin, with

joy, went to join him. He always liked the good-hearted, prodigal Turovtsuin; and now, especially, the sight of him was delightful.

"These places were for you and Oblonsky. He will be here directly," said Turovtsuin; and then he introduced him to the young officer with bright, laughing eyes, — Gagin, from Petersburg.

"Oblonsky is always late."

"Ah! here he is."

"You have only just come, haven't you?" asked Oblonsky of Levin, hurrying up to him. "Your health. Will you take *vodka? Nu!* come on."

Levin got up, and went with him to a long table, upon which a most select *zakuska* was set out. Stepan Arkadyevitch, however, not finding any of the twoscore kinds of drink to his mind, thought good to ask for a special concoction, which a servant in livery hastened to get for him.

Immediately after the *ukhá*, champagne was served. Levin was hungry, and ate and drank with great satisfaction; and with still greater satisfaction he took part in the gay and lively conversation of his neighbors. Gagin, who had already taken four glasses of champagne, told a new Petersburg anecdote; and, though it was rather broad, it was so funny that Levin laughed uproariously. Stepan Arkadyevitch ordered more champagne, and then, taking his glass, drank to the health of a bald, ruddy, mustachioed gentleman at the other end of the table.

"Who is that?" asked Levin.

"You met him at my house once, don't you remember? Good fellow."

Levin followed Oblonsky's example, and took his glass. Stepan Arkadyevitch's anecdote was also very diverting. Then Levin told his story, which likewise raised a laugh. Then the conversation turned on horses and races; and they told how Vronsky's trotter, Atlas, had just won a prize.

"And here he is!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, towards the end of the dinner, turning round in his chair to extend his hand to Vronsky, who was walking with a tall colonel of the Guards. Vronsky leaned towards Oblonsky, whispered some words in his ear with an air of good-humor, and extended his hand with a friendly smile to Levin.

"Very glad to meet you," said he. "I looked for you everywhere after the election. But they told me you had gone."

"*Da!* I ran away the same day. We have just been speaking of your trotter. It was a very fast race."

"*Da!* haven't you race-horses too?"

"I? No. My father had horses, and I know about them."

"Where did you dine?" asked Oblonsky.

"At the second table, behind the columns."

"He has been loaded down with congratulations. It's very pretty, — a second Imperial prize. I wish I could only have the same luck at play as he does with horses. *Nu!* how they waste golden time! I am going to the *Infernalnaïa*," said the tall colonel.

"That's Yashvin," said Vronsky to Turovtsuin, as he sat down in a vacant place near them. Under the influence of the wine and the social atmosphere of the club, Levin talked cordially with him about the better breeds of cattle, and was happy to feel no more hatred against his former rival. He even made an allusion to the meeting which had taken place at the house of the Princess Marya Borisovna.

"*Ach!* the Princess Marya Borisovna? What a woman!" exclaimed Stepan Arkadyevitch; and he told an anecdote of the old lady, which made everybody laugh, and especially Vronsky.

"Well, gentlemen, if we have done, let's go," said Oblonsky.

VIII.

As Levin, in company with Gagin, quitted the dining-hall, he felt that his walk was singularly straight, and that his hands moved easily. In the large room he met his father-in-law.

"*Nu!* What do you think of our Temple of Indolence?" asked the old prince, taking his son-in-law by the arm. "Come, take a turn."

"I ask nothing better. This is interesting."

"Yes, to you; but my interest in it is different from yours. When you see old men like that," said he, designating a man with stooping shoulders, and falling lip, whose feeble feet, in soft boots, were bearing him across the hall, "you would think that they were born *shliupiks*."

"How *shliupiks?*"

"Here you are, and don't know what that means! That

is our club term. You know how eggs roll. Well, when any one goes with a gait like that, he becomes a *shliupik*. And so our brother yonder goes slithering through the club, he becomes a *shliupik*. *Da, vot!* you laugh; but our brother— Do you know Prince Tchetchensky?" he asked; and Levin saw by his face that he was going to tell some ridiculous yarn.

"No, I don't know him."

"*Nu, kakzhe, nu!* Prince Tchetchensky is famous. *Nu!* That's all right. He's always playing billiards. Three years ago he wasn't among the *shliupiks*, but was a great gallant. He himself called other people *shliupiks*. Only he came one time— But our Swiss—you know Vasíli, our tall one?—he made a *bon mot*. Prince Tchetchensky asks him, 'Nu, Vasíli! anybody here yet? any *shliupiks* come?' And Vasíli answers, 'You are the third.' *Da*, brother! how is that?"

The two men walked on, chatting, and greeting their friends, and passed through all the rooms,—the main room, where there were men playing cards; the divan-room, where others were having games of chess, and Sergéi Ivanovitch was talking with some one; the billiard-room, where a gay group of players, among them Gagin, had gathered around several bottles of champagne. They cast a glance at the *Infernalnaïa*, where, at the gambling-table, Yashvin, surrounded by men betting, was already established. With hushed voices, they entered the reading-room. A young man with a stern face was turning over the leaves of the papers under the lamp, while near by was a bald-headed general absorbed in reading. They passed quietly into a room which the prince called the Hall of the Wits, and there they found three gentlemen talking politics.

"Prince, we're all ready, if you please," said one of his partners, who had been looking for him in all quarters. And the prince went.

Levin sat down, and listened to the three gentlemen for a while: then recalling all the conversations of the same kind he had heard since morning, he felt excessively bored. He got up, and went off to find Turovtsuin and Oblonsky, who were sure to be gay.

Turovtsuin was with the champagne-drinkers on the high divan in the billiard-room, and Stepan Arkadyevitch and Vronsky were talking in a corner near the door.

"Not that she finds it tedious," Levin heard in passing;

"but it's the uncertainty, the indefiniteness of the situation."

He was about to pass on discreetly, but Stepan Arkadyevitch called him.

"Levin," said he: and Levin saw that there were tears in his eyes, as was always the case, either after he had been drinking, or when he was touched; and just now it was both. "Levin, don't go;" and he took him by the arm, and detained him. "He is my sincere, possibly my best, friend," said he, addressing Vronsky. "You, too, are more like a kinsman and a friend to me. I want to bring you together, and see you friends. You ought to be friends, because you are both good men."

"There's nothing left for us but to give the kiss of friendship," said Vronsky gayly, offering his hand to Levin, who pressed it cordially.

"I am very, very glad," said Levin.

"Waiter, a bottle of champagne!" cried Oblonsky.

"I am also very glad," said Vronsky. But, in spite of their mutual satisfaction, they did not know what to say.

"Do you know, he doesn't know Anna?" remarked Oblonsky; "and I want to introduce him to her. Come on, Levin."

"Is it possible?" said Vronsky. "She will be very much pleased. I should beg you to come at once, but I am disturbed about Yashvin, and I want to stay here till he is through."

"Is he going to lose?"

"All he has. I am the only one who has any influence over him," said Vronsky; and, after a moment, he quitted them.

Levin and Oblonsky played a game of billiards, and then went to the *Infernalnaïa*, where they found Vronsky still watching Yashvin. As he was not yet ready, Stepan Arkadyevitch took Levin's arm, saying, —

"*Nu!* let us go to see Anna right away. Ha? She is at home. I promised her to bring you a long time ago. What are you going to do this evening?"

"*Da!* nothing particular. Come on, if you wish."

"Agreed. Have my carriage brought," said Oblonsky, addressing a lackey.

Levin went to the desk, paid the forty rubles which he had lost at cards, gave his fee to the old lackey who was standing by the door, and went down to the entrance.

IX.

"PRINCE OBLONSKY'S carriage!" cried the Swiss in a voice of thunder. The carriage came up, and the two friends got in. Only as long as the carriage was still in the court-yard did Levin continue to experience the feeling of clubbish comfort, of satisfaction, and of indubitable decorum, which had surrounded him. But as soon as the carriage rolled out on the street, the jolting over the uneven pavement, the cries of the angry *izvoshchiks* whom they met, and the sight of the red sign of a low public house, brought him back to reality. He asked himself if he were doing right in going to see Anna. What would Kitty say? Stepan Arkadyevitch, as if he had divined what was passing in the mind of his companion, cut short his meditations.

"How glad I am to introduce you to her! You know Dolly has been wishing it for a long time. Lvof goes to her house too. Though she is my sister, I am bold enough to say that she is a remarkable woman. You will see it. Her position is very sad, especially just now."

"Why do you say 'especially now'?"

"We are negotiating for a divorce, and her husband is willing; but there are difficulties on account of the son; and this matter, which ought to have been settled long ago, is dragging on now these three months. As soon as the divorce is granted, she will marry Vronsky, and her position will become as regular as yours or mine."

"Where does the difficulty lie?"

"*Ach!* it is a long and tiresome story, every thing is so undecided. But this is the point: she has been waiting three months for that divorce here in Moscow, where everybody knows her and him; and she doesn't see a single woman but Dolly, because she doesn't wish to impose herself on any one. What do you think? That fool of a Princess Varvara sent word to her that she left her for propriety's sake. Any other woman than Anna would have gone to ruin; but you shall see how she lives, how dignified and calm she is."

"To the left, opposite the church," cried Oblonsky to the coachman, leaning out of the window. "*Fu*, how hot it is!" he added, throwing open his *shuba* in spite of twelve degrees of cold.

"*Da!* she has a daughter, hasn't she, to take up her time and attention?"

"You seem to imagine every woman to be a mere *couveuse*" [setting-hen], said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Why, yes, of course, she gives her time and attention to her daughter; but she doesn't make any fuss about it. Her interests are intellectual. She writes. I see you smile ironically, but you are wrong. She has written a book for young people. She hasn't spoken of it to any one, except to me: and I showed the manuscript to Vorkuyef, the publisher, you know; he writes himself, it seems. He is up in such matters, and he says that it is a remarkable thing. Don't think, for a moment, that she sets up for a blue-stocking. Anna is, above all things, a woman with a heart, as you will see. She has in her house a little English girl and a whole family, and is looking after them."

"For philanthropy's sake?"

"Here you are trying to make fun out of it. It is not for philanthropy's sake, but because she loves to do it. They had — that is, Vronsky had — an English trainer, a master in his calling, but a drunkard. He did nothing but drink — *delirium tremens* — and abandoned his family. Anna saw them, helped them, got drawn in more and more, and now has the whole family on her hands. I don't mean merely by giving them money. She herself teaches the boys Russian, so as to fit them for the gymnasium; and she has taken the little girl home with her. *Da, vot!* you shall see her."

At this moment, the carriage entered a court-yard. Stepan Arkadyevitch rang at the door before which they had stopped, and, without inquiring whether the mistress of the house was at home, went into the vestibule. Levin followed him, more and more uneasy as to the propriety of the step he was taking. He saw, as he looked at himself in the glass, that he was very red in the face; but he knew that he was not tipsy. He went up-stairs after Oblonsky. On the second floor a servant received them with a bow; and Stepan Arkadyevitch asked him, as though he were a connection, "Who is with Anna Arkadyevna?" and received the answer, "Mr. Vorkuyef."

"Where are they?"

"In the library."

They passed through a small, wainscoted dining-room, and came to the library, dimly lighted by a single lamp with a huge shade. A reflector-lamp on the wall threw its rays on a full-

length portrait of a woman, which instantly attracted Levin's attention. It was the portrait of Anna, painted by Mikhaïlof in Italy. While Stepan Arkadyevitch went on, and the man's voice which had been heard, ceased speaking, Levin stood looking at the portrait which shone down from its frame, and he could not tear himself away. He forgot where he was; and, not hearing what was said, he kept his eyes fixed on the wonderful portrait. It was not a painting, but a living, beautiful woman, with her dark, curling hair, bare shoulders and hands, and a pensive half-smile on her lovely lips, and gazing at him triumphantly and yet tenderly from her entrancing eyes. Only because it was not alive did it seem more beautiful than life itself.

"I am very glad" [*ya otchen rada*], said a voice suddenly behind him, evidently addressed to him, — the voice of the same woman whom he admired in the picture.

It was Anna, who had been concealed by a lattice-work of climbing-plants, and who rose to receive her visitor. And in the dusk of the chamber, Levin recognized the original of the portrait, in a simple dark-blue dress. Not in the same position, or with the same expression, but with the same lofty beauty which had been so artistically expressed in the painting. She was less brilliant in the reality, but the living woman had a new attraction which the portrait lacked.

X.

She advanced towards him, and did not conceal the pleasure which his visit caused her. With the ease and simplicity of a woman of the best society, she extended to him a small, energetic hand, introduced him to Vorkuyef, and mentioned by name the girl who was seated with her work near the table.

"I am very, very glad;" and in these simple words spoken by her, Levin found an extraordinary significance. "I have known you and liked you for ever so long, thanks to Stiva and your wife. I knew her a very short time, but she gave me the impression of a flower, a lovely flower. And to think! she will soon be a mother!"

She talked without haste, looking from Levin to her brother, and putting her visitor at his ease, as if they had known one another from childhood.

Oblonsky asked if smoking was allowed.

"That is why we have taken refuge in Alekséi's study," said she; and looking at Levin, as though to ask, "Does he smoke?" she held over a tortoise-shell cigar-case to him, after taking a cigarette from it.

"How are you to-day?" said Stiva.

"Pretty well; a little nervous, as usual."

"Isn't it extraordinarily good?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, noticing Levin's admiration of the portrait.

"I never saw any thing so perfect."

"An extraordinary likeness, isn't it?" added Vorkuyef.

Levin looked from the portrait to the original. Anna's face lighted up with a glow that was wholly its own. Levin looked at her attentively. He blushed, and, to conceal his uneasiness, asked Madame Karénina when she had seen Dolly.

"Dolly? She was here yesterday, highly indignant at Grisha's Latin teacher at the gymnasium. It seems he was unfair to him. Ivan Petrovitch and I were talking just now of Vashchenkof's pictures. Do you know them?"

"Yes: I have seen them," answered Levin, "and I like them very much;" and the conversation turned upon the new schools of painting, and the illustrations to the Bible which a French painter had just made. Anna talked intelligently, without pretence, ready to be in the background in order to make the others shine; and Levin, instead of tormenting himself, as he had done that morning, found it easy and agreeable either to talk or to listen. Speaking of the exaggerated realism which Vorkuyef objected to in French painting, Levin remarked that realism was a re-action, for conventionality in art had never been pushed so far as in France.

"Not to lie has come to be in itself poetic," said he; and he felt pleased to see an approving smile from Anna.

"What you say about French art is equally characteristic of literature," replied she, "Zola and Daudet. That is, perhaps, always the way. You begin by studying types that are imaginary, — some conventional ideal; but when you have worked out your *combinaisons*, the types seem dull and cold, and you fall back on nature."

"That is true," said Vorkuyef.

"Have you been at the club?" said Anna to her brother, leaning towards him, so as to speak in a low tone.

"*Da, da!* there is a woman," thought Levin, absorbed in contemplating that sensitive face, which, as she talked with Stiva, expressed in turn curiosity, anger, and pride. But Anna's emotion was fleeting. She half closed her eyes, as if to collect her thoughts, and, turning towards the English girl, said in English, —

"*Please order the tea in the drawing-room.*"

The child rose, and went out.

"*Nu!* has she passed the examination?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Perfectly. She is a very capable girl, and a lovely character."

"You will end by loving her better than your own daughter."

"That's just like a man. In love, there is no such thing as more or less. I love my child in one way, and this girl in another."

"I tell Anna Arkadyevna," said Vorkuyef, "that if she would spend a hundredth part of the activity she devotes to this little English girl for the benefit of Russian children, what a service her energy would render. She would accomplish prodigies."

"*Da, vot!* What you want, I can't do! The Count Alekséi Kirilluitch" — she glanced with an air of timid inquiry at Levin as she pronounced this name, and he responded by a look that was encouraging, and full of admiration — "used to encourage me, when we were in the country, to visit the schools. I went a few times. They were very pleasant, but I couldn't get interested in this occupation. You talk of energy; but the foundation of energy is love, and love does not come at will. But why I love this little English girl, I really don't know."

She looked at Levin again; and her smile and her look all told him that she spoke only with the aim of gaining his approval, though sure in advance that they understood one another.

"I agree with you thoroughly," cried he. "You can't put your heart into schools and such things, and I think that from the same reason philanthropic institutions generally give such small results."

She was silent a moment, then she smiled. "Yes, yes," she replied, "I never could. To love a whole asylum of wretched little boys, *je n'ai pas le cœur assez large* [I haven't a

heart large enough] ; *cela ne m'a jamais réussi* [I never was successful in that]. It is only women who do it to win for themselves *position sociale*. Even now, when I have so much need of occupation," added she with a sad, confiding expression, addressing Levin, though she was speaking to her brother. Then suddenly frowning, — and Levin saw that she frowned because she had begun to speak of herself, — she changed the subject.

"You have the reputation of being only an indifferent citizen," said she, smiling, to Levin ; "but I have always defended you."

"How have you defended me?"

"That has depended on the attacks. But suppose we have some tea," said she, rising, and taking a morocco-bound book that was lying on the table.

"Give it to me, Anna Arkadyevna," said Vorkuyef, pointing to the book.

"No : it's too trivial a thing."

"I have told him about it," whispered Stepan Arkadyevitch, indicating Levin.

"You were wrong. My writings are like those little baskets and carvings made by prisoners, which Liza Myertsalova used to sell." She turned to Levin : "Those unfortunates used to make perfect miracles of patience."

Levin was struck by a new feature in this remarkable, fascinating woman. Besides wit, grace, beauty, she had sincerity. She would not conceal the thorns of her situation. As she said that, she sighed, and her face suddenly assumed a stern expression, as though it were changed to stone. With this expression on her face, she was even more beautiful than before. Levin cast a final glance at the marvellous portrait, while Anna took her brother's arm, and a feeling of tenderness and pity came over him. She let the two gentlemen pass into the parlor, while she remained behind to speak to Stiva.

"What is she talking with him about? — the divorce? Vronsky? what he was doing at the club? about me?" thought Levin ; and he was so stirred that he heard nothing that Vorkuyef was saying to him about the merits of the story for children which Anna Arkadyevna had written.

During tea, a pleasant conversation full of ideas was carried on. There seemed to be no lack of subjects at any moment ; but it was felt that there was time to say all that

any one wanted to say, and each was willing to let the other talk; and all that was said had a special interest for Levin.

He listened to Anna, admired her intelligence, the cultivation of her mind, her tact, and her naturalness; and while he was listening and talking, he was thinking about her and her inmost life, and trying to read her thoughts.

He who formerly had judged her so severely, now thought only how to excuse her; and the idea that she was not happy, and that Vronsky did not understand her, weighed heavily on him. It was more than eleven o'clock when Stepan Arkadyevitch rose to go. Vorkuyef had already left some time before. Levin rose, too, but with regret. He felt as if he had only just come.

"*Proshchaï*" [Farewell], said Anna to him, holding his hand in hers, and looking into his eyes with a fascinating look.

"I am glad *que la glace est rompue*" [the ice is broken].

She let go his hand, and her eyes twinkled. "Tell your wife that I love her as I have always done: and if she cannot forgive me my situation, tell her how I hope she may never pardon me; for to pardon, it is necessary to understand what I have suffered: and God preserve her from that!"

"*Da!* I will surely tell her," answered Levin, and the color came into his face.

XI.

"WHAT a wonderful, lovely, and pitiable woman!" thought Levin, as he went out with Stepan Arkadyevitch into the cold night air.

"*Nu!* what did I tell you?" demanded Oblonsky, as he saw that Levin was overcome. "Wasn't I right?"

"Yes," answered Levin thoughtfully, "an extraordinary woman! Not only intellectual, but she has a wonderfully warm heart. What a terrible pity it is about her!"

"Now, thank God, all will soon be arranged, I hope. *Nu!* after this, don't form hasty judgments," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, opening his carriage-door. "*Proshchaï* [Farewell]: we go different ways."

Levin went home, never ceasing to think about Anna, recalling the smallest incidents of the evening, bringing back all the charm of her face, and understanding her situation

better and better, and, at the same time, feeling the deepest commiseration for her.

Kuzma, as he opened the door, told Levin that Katerina Aleksandrovna was well, and that her sisters had but just left her. He handed him at the same time two letters, which Levin ran through at once. One was from his *prikashchik*, Sokolof. Sokolof wrote that he had not found a purchaser who would give more than five and a half rubles for the wheat. The other letter was from his sister, who reproached him because her affairs were not yet regulated.

"*Nu!* we'll sell for five rubles and a half if they won't give more," thought he, settling with extraordinary promptness the first question which had been troubling him. "As to my sister, she is right, of course. But time goes so quickly, that I didn't get the chance to go to court to-day, though I meant to."

Resolving to go to-morrow, he went to his wife's chamber. On his way, he cast a quick glance back at his day. There had been nothing except conversations, — conversations in which he had listened, and in which he had taken part. No one of the subjects touched on would have occupied him when in the country, but here they were very interesting. And all the conversations in which he had engaged were good: only in two places they were not absolutely good, — one was his jest at the club, the other was something intangibly wrong in his feeling of pity for Anna.

Levin found his wife sad and absent-minded. The dinner of the three sisters had been merry; but afterwards they had waited and waited for him, and the evening had seemed long to them: and now Kitty was alone.

"*Nu!* what hast thou been doing?" she asked him, noticing, as she did so, an unusual light in his eyes, but taking good care to conceal her suspicions, so as not to prevent him from speaking. She smiled, and asked him to tell her how he had spent the evening.

"*Nu!* I met Vronsky at the club, and I am very glad of it. Every thing went off smoothly, and hereafter there will be no more trouble between us; though I don't intend to seek his society." As he said these words, he blushed; for, in order not to "seek his society," he had gone to Anna's house when he left the club. "Here we say the peasantry drink; but I don't know which drink more, the

peasantry, or men in society. The peasantry drink on festival days, but" —

Kitty was not interested in the question how much the peasantry drink. She saw her husband's face change, and she wanted to know the reason.

"*Nu!* where else hast thou been?"

"Stiva bothered me to go with him to Anna Arkadyevna's," answered he, blushing more and more, with now no longer a doubt as to the impropriety of his visit.

Kitty's eyes opened wide and flashed lightning at the mention of Anna; but she restrained herself, and, concealing her anger, merely said, "Ah!"

"You are not going to be vexed because I went? Stiva begged me so persistently; and Dolly wanted me to, as well."

"Oh, no!" said she; but in her eyes he saw a look which boded little good.

"She is a very charming woman, who is to be pitied," continued Levin; and he described the life which Anna led, and gave her message of remembrance to Kitty.

"*Da!* of course she is to be pitied," said Kitty when he had finished. "Whom did you get a letter from?"

He told her, and, misled by her apparent calmness, went to undress. When he came back, Kitty had not stirred. She sat in the same place, looked at him as he approached, and burst into tears.

"What's the matter?" he asked, with some annoyance; for he understood the cause of her tears.

"You are in love with that horrid woman. She has bewitched you. I saw it in your eyes. Yes, yes! What will be the end of it? You were at the club; you drank too much; you gambled; and then you went—where! No! this shall not go on. We must leave. I am going home to-morrow!"

It was long before Levin could pacify his wife; and he succeeded only by promising her to avoid Anna, whose pernicious influence, together with an excess of champagne, he had to confess, had clouded his brain. What he acknowledged with more sincerity was the ill effect produced on him by this idle life in Moscow, passed in eating, drinking, and gossiping. They talked till three o'clock in the morning. Only when it was three o'clock were they sufficiently reconciled to go to sleep.

XII.

After having said good-by to her visitors, without sitting down, Anna began to walk up and down the full length of her apartments. She did not conceal from herself that for some time her relations with young men had been characterized by decided coquetry; and she acknowledged, that, in the case of Levin, she had involuntarily done her best to arouse a feeling of love in him. But though it was evident that he was greatly taken with her, and though as a woman she discovered a subtle likeness, in spite of certain outward differences, between him and Vronsky, which doubtless caused Kitty to feel the fascinations of both, yet, as she walked up and down her room, she soon ceased to think of him. One thought, and one only, possessed her: —

"Why, since I have so evidently an attraction for others, — for this married man, who is in love with his wife, — why is *he* so cold to me? — Yet not exactly cold: he loves me, I know; but lately something has come between us. Why has he spent the whole evening away? He told Stiva that he could not leave Yashvin, but had to watch him while he played. Is Yashvin a baby? It must be true: he never tells lies. But there's something else back of it. He is always glad to invent some excuse for attending to other duties. I know this. I don't object to it, but what need has he to assert it so? He wants to show that his love for me must not interfere with his independence! But the proof is not necessary. I must have his love. He must underderstand the wretchedness of the life I lead. Why am I living? I am not living, — only dragging out life, in hope of a turn in affairs, which never, never comes. And Stiva says that he can't go to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, and I can't write again. Still no answer. I cannot do any thing. I can't begin any thing, or make any changes, but only control myself, wait, and invent amusements — this English family, my reading, my writing; but it is all only to deceive myself, like this morphine. He ought to be sorry for me," she said; and tears of pity at her own lot filled her eyes.

A well-known bell rang; and instantly Anna wiped her eyes, put on an air of great calmness, and sat down near the lamp with a book. She felt that she must show her dissatisfaction because he did not return, but not to let her grief be

seen. Vronsky must not be allowed to pity her. She did not want a contest. She blamed him because he wanted to quarrel, but she herself involuntarily took the attitude of an opponent. Vronsky came in with a bright, contented air, approached her, and gayly asked her, —

"*Nu!* you weren't lonesome, were you? It's a terrible passion, gambling."

"Ah, no! I have given up being lonely. Stiva and Levin have been here to see me."

"*Da!* I knew that they intended to come. *Nu!* how do you like Levin?" he asked, as he sat down near her.

"Very much. They have only just gone. How about Yashvin?"

"He had won seventeen thousand rubles. I led him away, but he escaped from me, and went back again; and now he's losing."

"Then, why did you abandon him?" said Anna, suddenly raising her eyes to his. The expression of Vronsky's face was cold and unpleasant. "You told Stiva that you were going to stay, to keep him from playing. Now you abandon him!"

"In the first place, I did not commission Stiva to say that; and, in the second place, I am not accustomed to tell lies; and chiefly, I staid because I wanted to," he answered angrily. "Anna, why do you do so?" added he, after a moment's silence, holding out his hand to her, in the hope that she would place hers in it.

She was glad of this appeal to her love, but some strange spirit of evil kept her back.

"Of course you staid because you wanted to: you always do as you please. But why tell me so? What is the good?" answered she, growing more and more heated.

Vronsky drew back his hand, and his face became more set than before.

"For you this is a matter of obstinacy," she cried, seeing the expression of his face. "For you the question is to see whether you will win the victory over me. But the question for me" — and again the sense of her pitiable lot came over her, and she almost sobbed. "If you knew what it meant for me when I feel, as I do now, that you hate me, — yes, hate me! If you knew what it meant for me! If you knew how near I am to ruin every moment! how I fear — how I fear for myself," — and she turned away to hide her sobs.

"But what's all this for?" said Vronsky, alarmed at this despair, and leaning towards Anna to take her hand, and kiss it. "Do I seek outside diversion? Don't I avoid the society of women?"

"As if that were all!" said she.

"*Nu!* Tell me what I must do to make you happy. I am ready for any thing to spare you one pang," said he, moved to see her so unhappy.

"It's nothing, nothing," she replied. "I myself don't know. It's the loneliness: it's my nerves. *Nu!* Don't let's talk about it any more. Tell me what happened at the races. You haven't told me any thing about it," said she, attempting to conceal the pride she felt at having made this imperious man bow before her.

Vronsky asked for some supper, and as he was eating described to her the incidents of the races; but from the sound of his voice, and from his glance that grew colder and colder, Anna understood that she was to pay for the victory that she had just gained, and that he would not pardon the words, "I am near a terrible ruin, and I fear for myself." It was a dangerous weapon, which she must not use again. She felt that there was looming up between them a spirit of conflict, which she, no more than Vronsky, had power to control.

XIII.

Some months before, Levin would have believed it impossible for him to go to sleep quietly after a day like that he had just passed. But we get accustomed to every thing, especially when we see others doing the same. So he slept in peace, with no anxiety at his increased expenses, his squandered time, his excesses at the club, his absurd intimacy with a man who had once been in love with Kitty, and, more absurd still, his call upon a woman who, as it had to be confessed, was not respectable, and, last and worse, the mortification which he caused his wife.

At five o'clock the noise of a door opening awakened him suddenly. Kitty was not there, and behind the curtain which divided the chamber he saw a light and he heard her steps.

"What's the matter? Kitty, what is it?

"Nothing," answered she, appearing with a candle in her

hand, and smiling at him significantly. "I don't feel quite well."

"What! Is this the beginning? Must we send?" exclaimed he in alarm, looking for his clothes, to dress as quickly as possible.

"No, no, it's nothing; I did not feel quite well; it's all right now," said she; and she smiled, and pressed both his hands.

Going back to bed, she put out the light, and lay down again. Levin was so tired, that, in spite of the alarm which he felt at seeing his wife appear with a light in her hand, he fell asleep again at once. It was only afterwards that he realized the calmness of her spirit, and appreciated all that was passing in her dear, gentle heart as she lay thus motionless near him, awaiting the most solemn moment of a woman's life.

About seven o'clock, Kitty, hesitating between the fear of waking him and the wish to speak to him, at last touched his shoulder, and gently shook him.

"Kostia, don't be afraid; it's nothing; but I think — Lizavyeta Petrovna had better be called."

The candle was again lighted. She was sitting on the bed, holding the knitting that she had begun the day before.

"Dear, don't be alarmed. I'm not in the least afraid," said she, seeing her husband's terrified face; and she pressed his hand to her heart and lips.

Levin leaped from bed, hurried on his dressing-gown, and without taking his eyes off his wife for a moment. It was necessary for him to go, but he could not tear himself away.

Her dear face, her look, her charming expression he loved so well, appeared to him in a new light. As he stood before her, how cruel and abominable seemed the mortification that he had caused her that evening. Never had that sincere and transparent soul been so unveiled to him, as he looked into her face, kindled with a joyous courage.

Kitty looked at him, and smiled. But suddenly her eyes closed, she lifted her head, took his hand, drew her husband to her, and clung to him, sighing painfully. She suffered, and he felt pity for her. At first, as he saw this silent suffering, it seemed to him that he had caused it. A look, full of tenderness from Kitty, told him that she loved him all the more for her suffering.

"If not I, who, then, is to blame?" he thought. She suf-

fered, and she seemed to take pride in her pain, and to rejoice in it. He saw that she had a loftiness of soul which he could not understand. It was above his powers.

"I have sent for mamma. Now go quick, and get Lizavyeta Petrovna — Kostia — it's nothing — it is all over."

She let go of his hand.

"*Nu, vot!* please go. Pásha is coming: I want nothing." And, to his great astonishment, Levin saw her take up her work again. As he went out of one door, Pásha, the maid, came in at the other, and he heard her give directions for arranging the room. Having dressed, and ordered his carriage, since it was too early for *izvoshchiks*, he found her walking up and down, and talking to two maids.

"I'm going for the doctor right away. Lizavyeta Petrovna has been sent for, but I will call there. There's nothing more, is there? Oh, yes, — Dolly!"

She looked at him without hearing, and motioned him with her hand. "Yes, yes, go," said she. And as he passed through the parlor, he heard a groan which made his heart stand still.

"It is she," he said to himself; and putting his hands to his head, he rushed out.

"Lord have mercy on us! pardon us! save us!" he exclaimed; and these words were not spoken merely by his lips. Now he, the unbeliever, knowing no longer either scepticism or doubt, called upon Him who held in His power his soul and his love.

The horse was not ready. In order not to lose time, and to find occupation for his strength and his attention, he started off on foot, ordering Kuzma to follow him. At the corner of the street he noticed a night *izvoshchik* coming along as fast as its lean horse could trot. In the little sledge sat Lizavyeta Petrovna, in a velvet cloak, with her head wrapped up in a *plátok*. "Thank God!" [*Slava Bohu*], he murmured, as he saw with joy her pale and serious face. He ran up to the cab, and stopped it.

"Only two hours? not more?" asked Lizavyeta Petrovna. "You may speak to Piotr Dmitritch, but don't hurry him. *Da!* please get some opium at the apothecary's."

"Do you think all will go on well?" asked he. "God help us!" he added, as he saw his horse starting from the door: he got into the sledge alongside of Kuzma, and hurried off to the doctor's.

XIV.

The doctor was not yet up; and a servant, who was busy cleaning the lamps, announced that his master had gone to bed late, and had given orders not to be waked, but would be up before long. Levin was at first perplexed, but finally decided to go to the apothecary's, and to send Kuzma for another doctor, so that, if, on his return, Piotr Dmitritch was still asleep, there might be no failure in having some doctor there. At the apothecary's the thin clerk refused him the opium at first, with the same indifference as the doctor's servant had shown in refusing to wake his master. Levin tried not to get angry, and named the physician and the midwife, and the person for whom it was wanted, and at last he persuaded him. The clerk asked if he should send it; and then taking the vial and a tunnel, he poured the laudanum from a larger vessel. But as he was ticketing, wrapping, and tying it with exasperating care, Levin seized it from his hands, and rushed out of the door.

The doctor was still asleep; and, this time, the servant was shaking the rugs. Levin, still resolved to keep cool, pulled from his pocket-book a ten-ruble note, and, putting it into the hand of the inflexible servant, assured him that Piotr Dmitritch would not scold him, as he had promised to come at any hour of the day or night. How important a personage had this Piotr Dmitritch, ordinarily so insignificant, become in the eyes of Levin.

The servant, who was overcome by these arguments, ushered Levin into the reception-room. He listened at the door, and heard the doctor coughing, and answering that he was going to get up. Three minutes passed; the three minutes seemed more than as many hours: Levin was beside himself, and knocked at the door of the chamber. "Piotr Dmitritch, in the name of Heaven! Piotr Dmitritch, — excuse me! — it's more than two hours now!"

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" answered the doctor; and by the sound of his voice, Levin knew that he was smiling.

Two minutes more went by, while the doctor was putting on his boots, and another two minutes while he was brushing his hair and putting on his coat.

"These people have no hearts," thought Levin. "He can brush his hair while we are dying."

"Piotr Dmitritch," he began to say again; but at this instant the doctor appeared all in readiness.

"Good-morning!" said the doctor, entering the reception-room serenely, and offering to shake hands. "Don't feel anxious. *Nu-s?*" [meaning, "How is it?"].

Levin began at once a long and circumstantial account, filled with a crowd of useless details, and interrupted himself at every moment to urge the doctor to set out. He fancied the latter was joking when he proposed that they should first have some coffee.

"I understand you," added the physician, smiling; "but you may be sure there's no hurry, and we husbands cut a sorry figure in such cases. The husband of one of my patients always goes off to the stable."

"But do you think, Piotr Dmitritch,—do you think she'll get on well?"

"I have every reason to believe so."

"Won't you come right along?" said Levin, looking with angry eyes at the servant who was bringing the coffee.

"In a few minutes."

"For Heaven's sake!"

"*Nu!* let me take my coffee, and I'll come at once."

The doctor proceeded to take his breakfast. Both were silent.

"It seems the Turks are beating. Did you read the telegram last evening?" asked the doctor, calmly chewing on a *bulka* [roll].

"No; but I'm going," said Levin. "Will you come in a quarter of an hour?"

"Make it a half."

"On your honor?"

When Levin got home, he found the princess at the door. She had tears in her eyes, and her hands trembled. When she saw Levin, she threw her arms round him, and kissed him; and they went to Kitty's room together.

Ever since Levin, on waking, had understood the situation, he had made up his mind to sustain his wife's courage, to keep back his own feelings, and have entire control of himself. When he went in after his visit to the doctor's, and found Kitty still suffering, again he cried more and more frequently, "Lord, forgive us, and be merciful!" and he was afraid that he could not endure it, so terrible was it to him: thus an hour went by.

And after this another hour passed, and a second, and a third, and more than five went by, with no change; and his terror grew with Kitty's suffering. Little by little the ordinary conditions of life disappeared; time ceased to exist; the minutes seemed to him hours, or the hours minutes. When Lizavyeta Petrovna asked for a light, he was surprised to find that it was five o'clock in the evening. If they had told him that it was ten o'clock in the morning, he would not have been surprised. Where the time had gone, what he had done, where he had been, he could not have told. Sometimes he was with Kitty, and saw her, now troubled and piteous, then calm and almost smiling, trying to re-assure him. Then he was with the princess, who was flushed with anxiety. Her gray curls were in disorder, and she was biting her lips to keep from crying. He had also seen Dolly, the doctor smoking great cigarettes, and Lizavyeta Petrovna with a serious but reassuring look, and the old prince pacing the dining-room with a sad face. But how they came and went, and where they had been, he could not tell. The princess had been with the doctor in Kitty's room, then in the library, where a well-set table had appeared, as by a miracle: then she disappeared, and Dolly was in her place. Then Levin knew that they sent him on an errand; he moved divans and tables cautiously, thinking it was for her sake; and he learned with indignation that they were preparing his own bed for the night. They sent him to the library to ask the doctor something: the doctor replied, and then began to speak of the unpardonable disorders of the *duma* [council]. Then they sent him to the princess, to get a holy image made of silver, with a golden chasuble, from her bed-chamber; and, with the aid of an old chamber-maid of the princess's, he unhooked it from the cabinet, and, in doing so, broke a little lamp, and heard the old woman console him for this accident, and encourage him about his wife. How had all this happened? He could not understand why the princess took his hand in a compassionate way, and why Dolly, with forced reasoning, tried to make him eat; why the doctor himself offered him some pills, looking at him gravely.

He felt himself to be in the same moral state as a year ago, at the death-bed of Nikolai. That was grief, this was happiness. But that grief and this happiness raised him above the usual level of existence, to heights where he

caught sight of yet higher summits; and his soul cried to God with the same simplicity, the same confidence, as in his childhood. All this time, he seemed to be leading two separate existences: one was at the foot of Kitty's bed; the other with the doctor smoking his big cigarette, and with Dolly and the princess talking of indifferent things.

Whenever a groan from Kitty's room reached his ear, he felt the same sensation of guiltiness which seized him when first she woke him that morning; and as he would hasten toward her room, he would remember that he was not to blame, and would long for protection and help. And as he looked upon her, he would see that there was no help to be given her; and again the pity would seize him, and he would pray, "Lord, forgive and help us!"

XV.

The candles had burned down to their sockets, and Levin was listening to the doctor's discourse on the charlatanism of magnetizers, when an unearthly cry stopped him. He sat petrified, not daring to stir, looking at the doctor with alarm. The doctor bent his head, as if to hear better, and smiled with an air of approbation. Levin had reached the point where nothing could surprise him; and he said, inwardly, "Evidently, that must be so; but why that cry?" He went back to the sick-room on tiptoe. Evidently, there was some change. What, he did not know, and did not care to know. But he saw it by the grave expression of Lizavyeta Petrovna's pale face. Her eyes were closely fixed on Kitty. The poor creature turned her head towards him, and sought with her moist hand to take his and press it on her forehead.

"Don't go, don't go! I am not afraid," said she quickly. "Mamma, take away my earrings: they bother me. — You aren't afraid. — Lizavyeta Petrovna, quick, quick!" — She spoke rapidly, and tried to smile; but suddenly her face grew convulsed, and she pushed him away. "This is terrible! I shall die, I shall die!" Then came the same unearthly cry.

Levin seized his head in his hands, and rushed from the room.

"That is nothing: all is going well," whispered Dolly to him.

But say what they might, he knew now that all was lost. He leaned against the lintel, and asked himself if it could be Kitty uttering such shrieks. The child was as nothing to him: now it seemed to him that he hated it.

"Doctor, what does that mean? My God!" he said, seizing the doctor's arm as he went in.

"It is the end," replied the doctor; and his face was so serious, as he said this, that Levin thought he meant that Kitty was dead.

Not knowing what would become of him, he went back to the bedroom, expecting to die with his wife. Suddenly the cries ceased. He could not believe it, but he could not doubt; and he heard a gentle rustling and a hasty breathing, and his wife's voice, as she whispered, with an ineffable expression of happiness, "It is over!"

He raised his head: she looked at him, as she lay there, beautiful with a supernatural beauty, and tried to smile at him, one hand resting on the counterpane.

Coming suddenly out of that mysterious and terrible world where he had been living for twenty-two hours, Levin felt himself transported into a reality of luminous happiness, and he could not bear it. The cords long tense snapped. He burst into tears; and the sobs of joy which he could not foresee, shook his whole body so violently that he could not speak. He knelt beside Kitty, and pressed his lips on her hand, and her gentle fingers answered his caress. Meantime, at the foot of the bed, in the skilful hands of Lizavyeta Petrovna, like the small, uncertain flame of a lamp, flickered the life of a human being, which just before had not been, and which with every right and every responsibility would live, and hand its life down.

"He lives, he lives! *da!* it is a boy! Don't be worried," Levin heard Lizavyeta's voice saying, while with a trembling hand she slapped the little one's back.

And amid the silence was heard a voice, absolutely different from any that had ever spoken in the room. It was the bold, decided, imperious, almost impertinent, voice of the new human being, which had come whence no one knew.

Just before, Levin would unhesitatingly have believed, if he had been told that Kitty was dead, that he himself with her was dead, and that their children were angels, and that they were all in the presence of God. And now that he had

come back to reality, it took a prodigious effort to admit that his wife was alive, that she was doing well, and that he had a son. Kitty was saved, her suffering was passed, and he was inexpressibly happy. That he could understand; but the child! Whence? Why? What was it? He could not wont himself to the thought of it. It seemed to him somehow too much, too overwhelming; and it was long before he became accustomed to it.

XVI.

The old prince, Sergéi Ivanovitch, and Stepan Arkadyevitch met at Levin's the next morning, about ten o'clock, to learn news of Kitty.

It seemed to Levin that he was separated from yesterday by a hundred years. He heard the others talk, and tried to descend to their level from the heights which he had scaled, that he might not offend them. While talking about indifferent things, he was thinking of his wife, of the state of her health, and of his son, to the idea of whose existence he was trying to accustom himself. A wife's part in life had been new and incomprehensible to him, even after his marriage; but now the place she occupied was so lofty, that he could not begin to realize it. He heard the men talking about the club; but he was thinking, "What is she doing now? Is she asleep? How is she? What is in her mind? Is the son Dmitri crying?" And in the midst of the conversation, in the midst of a sentence, he stopped, and left the room.

"Find out if I can see her," said the old prince.

"Very good — right away," replied Levin, as he started for her room.

She was not asleep, but was softly talking with her mother, making plans about the christening.

She lay comfortably arranged in bed, with her hands resting on the counterpane, and a peasant's *tcheptchik* [mob-cap], with blue ribbons, on her head. Her face lighted up more and more brightly as he approached her. It had the superhuman calm which one sees in death, but instead of a farewell, she welcomed him to a new life. An emotion, like that which he had felt again and again during her agony, seized his heart. She took his hand, and asked him if he had slept.

He could not answer, but turned his head away, distrusting his self-control.

"I have had a nap, Kostia," she said; "and I feel so well now." She looked at him, and suddenly the expression of her face changed. She heard her baby cry.

"Give him to me, Lizavyeta Petrovna, and let me show him to his father," she said.

"*Nu, vot!* Let papa look," said the nurse, taking up and showing a strange, red, uncertain *something*. "Wait, we must dress it first," said Lizavyeta Petrovna, as she swathed the child, at the foot of the bed.

Levin, as he looked at the poor little bit of humanity, tried in vain to discover some paternal sentiments within his soul. The only feeling was one of repulsion; but when they took off its things, and he saw its little, delicate arms and legs, still saffron-colored, and when he saw the nurse handling its little, waving arms, and putting them into linen garments, such pity seized him, and such terror, lest she should hurt it, that he made a gesture to stop her.

Lizavyeta Petrovna laughed. "Never fear, never fear," she said.

When the child was dressed, and metamorphosed into a regular doll, Lizavyeta Petrovna tossed him up and down, as though proud of her work, and held him off so that Levin might see his son in all his glory.

Kitty, not taking her eyes from him, was alarmed. "Give him to me, give him to me," she cried; and she lifted herself up.

"You must know that such motions are necessary. Be patient: I will give him to you. But we must let *papasha* see what a fine young man we are."

And Lizavyeta Petrovna handed to Levin with one hand — the other supported the limp occiput — this weak, red creature, whose head fell limply on its swaddling-clothes. All that was to be seen of it was a nose, a pair of unsteady eyes, and smacking lips.

"A splendid baby," said Lizavyeta Petrovna.

Levin drew a deep breath of mortification. This splendid baby [*prekrasnuï rebyónok*] inspired him only with a feeling of pity and disgust. It was not at all the feeling that he expected. He turned away while the nurse placed it in Kitty's arms. Suddenly Kitty laughed: the baby had taken the breast.

"*Nu!* that's enough, that's enough," said Lizavyeta Petrovna; but Kitty would not let go of her son, who had gone to sleep close to her.

"Look at him now," said she, turning the child towards his father. The little face suddenly took on an older expression, and the child sneezed.

Levin felt ready to cry with tenderness: he kissed his wife, and left the room.

How different were the feelings which this little being awakened in him from what he had expected! There was neither pride nor joy in the feeling, but rather a new and painful fear. His fear at first was so acute lest this poor, defenceless creature might suffer, that it drowned the strange feeling of thoughtless joy, and even pride, that rose in his heart when the infant sneezed.

XVII.

The affairs of Stepan Arkadyevitch had reached a critical stage.

He had spent the money brought by the sale of two-thirds of the timber, and the merchant would not advance any thing more; as Dolly, for the first time in her life asserting her rights to her personal property, had refused her signature to the contract when it was proposed to give a receipt for the sale of the last third of the wood. All the salary was used up for household expenses, and for the payment of unavoidable debts. There was absolutely no money to be had.

It was disagreeable and awkward, and Stepan Arkadyevitch felt that it ought not to be continued. The reason of it, in his opinion, lay in the fact that he got too small a salary. The place which he held had been very good five years before, but it was so no longer. Petrof, the director of a bank, got twelve thousand rubles; Sventitsky, a member of the Council, got seventeen thousand; Mitin, the head of a bank, got fifty thousand.

"Apparently I have been asleep, and they have forgotten me," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to himself; and he began to be obsequious, and to look around; and at the end of the winter he discovered a very good place, and matured his attack upon it, beginning at Moscow through his uncles, his aunts, and his friends, and then, when success seemed as-

sured, he himself went down to Petersburg. It was one of those places which nowadays are found varying in importance, worth anywhere from one to fifty thousand rubles a year. This place was in the Commission of the Consolidated Agency for the Credit-Balance of the Southern Railroad and the Banking Establishments. This place, like many others, required at once such varied talents and such extraordinary activity, that it is hard to find them united in one person: indeed, it was hopeless to find anybody with all these qualities, and therefore it is better to put in an honest man. Stepan Arkadyevitch, according to Muscovite society, was an honest man in every sense of the term; for in Moscow the word meaning honesty has two forms, depending on its accent. They speak of an honest agent, an honest writer, an honest journal, an honest institution; and it means not only that men or institutions are not dishonest, but that they know how to adapt themselves to circumstances. Stepan Arkadyevitch belonged in Moscow to that class of people who used that convenient word; and, as he passed for honest, he therefore felt that he had a better right than any one else to that place.

This place was worth from seven to ten thousand rubles a year; and Oblonsky could accept this position, and not resign his present duties. Every thing depended upon two ministers, a lady, and two Jews; and, although they were ready to grant what he wished, he had to go to Petersburg to solicit their aid. After faithfully promising Anna that he would see Karénin about the divorce, he extorted fifty rubles from Dolly, and set out for Petersburg.

Karénin received him in his library; but he was obliged to listen for some moments to the exposition of a project for reforming the status of Russian finance before he could put in a word about his personal affairs and about Anna.

"*Da!* That is very true," said he, when Alekséi Aleksandrovitch took off the *pince-nez* [eye-glasses], without which he could not read now, and looked inquiringly at his brother-in-law; "that is very true in detail; but, accurately speaking, is not liberty the leading principle of the age?"

"Yes, but the new principle which I advocate *embraces* that of liberty," replied Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, accenting the word "embraces," putting on his *pince-nez* to read over the passage where he had said that very thing; and turning over the pages of his elegantly written manuscript, he read the conclusive paragraph: —

"'For if I sustain the protectionist system, it is not for the advantage of the few, but for the good of all classes, both low and high;' and it is that which they will not understand," added he, looking over his *pince-nez* at Oblonsky, "absorbed as they are in their personal interests, and so easily satisfied with hollow phrases."

Stepan Arkadyevitch knew that when Karénin began to speak of what was said and done by those who were opposed to his views, he was nearing the end; and he did not try to escape "the principle of liberty," but waited until Alekséi Aleksandrovitch came to a pause, and turned over the leaves of his manuscript with a thoughtful air.

"*Ach!* By the way," said Oblonsky, after a moment's silence, "I shall beg of you, in case you should meet Pomorsky, to say a word to him for me. I want to be appointed member of the Commission of the Combined Agencies of the Credit-Balance of the Railroads of the South." Stepan Arkadyevitch could mention with great rapidity the name of the position to which he aspired. He knew it by heart.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch asked what the functions of this new commission were to be, and then he reflected. It seemed to him that the existence of this commission was directly opposed to his projects of reform. But as the operations of this commission were very complicated, and his own projects of reform occupied a very vast field, he felt that he could not settle this question at a glance.

"Of course I could speak to him, but why are you so very anxious for this place?"

"The salary is good, — nine thousand rubles, — and my means" —

"Nine thousand rubles!" repeated Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, and he frowned. The high emolument of this position reminded him that Stepan Arkadyevitch's supposititious function was directly opposed to the principal feature of his project, that which bore upon economy.

"I believe, and I show in my pamphlet, that in our day these enormous salaries are signs of the defectiveness of our economic *assiette* [position] of our administration."

"*Da!* What do you want?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "*Nu!* Let us see. A bank-director gets ten thousand rubles, — he is worth it; or an engineer gets twenty thousand. These are not sinecures."

"In my opinion, salaries ought to be regarded as payments

for merchandise, and consequently ought to be subject to the same law of supply and demand. If salaries are not subject to this law, — if, for example, I see two engineers of equal capacity, having pursued the same studies, one receiving forty thousand rubles, while the other contents himself with two thousand; or if I see a hussar, who has no special knowledge, become director of a bank with a phenomenal salary, — I conclude that there is an economic vice which has a disastrous influence on the civil service."

"You will acknowledge, however, that it is essential to fill these posts with *honest* men," interrupted Stepan Arkadyevitch, emphasizing the adjective.

But the Muscovite signification of the adjective had no force for Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. "Honesty is only negative merit," he replied.

"But you will do me a great favor to speak a little word to Pomorsky."

"*Da!* certainly; but it seems to me that Bolgarinof would be more influential."

"Bolgarinof is well disposed," Oblonsky hastened to say; and he blushed as he thought uneasily of the visit which he had made that very morning to this Jew. To think that he, Prince Oblonsky, a descendant of Rurik, after waiting two hours in the ante-room, had been received with obsequious politeness by this Bolgarinof, who had ill-concealed his triumph at having a prince among his other solicitors.

He had almost been exposed to a refusal, but he had made a terrible pun on the word Jew, — how he had to *chew* the cud of expectation;[1] — and though he had forgotten for a time the unpleasantness of the situation, it suddenly came back to him, and filled him with shame.

XVIII.

"Now, I have yet one more thing to talk over with you; and you know what it is about, — Anna," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, shutting out disagreeable memories.

When Oblonsky spoke Anna's name, Karénin's face suddenly changed, and took on an expression of corpse-like rigidity in place of its former vivacity.

[1] "Bullo dyélo *do-Zhida* i ya *dozhida*-lsa."

"What more do you want of me?" said he, turning about on his arm-chair, and shutting his *pince-nez*.

"A decision — some sort of a decision, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. I address you, not as" — he was going to say "a deceived husband," but stopped, and substituted with little appropriateness, "not as a statesman, but simply as a man, and a good man, and a Christian. You ought to have pity on her."

"In what way could I properly?" asked Karénin quietly.

"Yes, have pity upon her. If you saw her as I do, — I have seen her all winter, — you would pity her. Her position is cruel."

"I thought," said Karénin suddenly, in a piercing, almost whining voice, "that Anna Arkadyevna had obtained all that she wished."

"*Ach!* Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, for God's sake, don't make recriminations. What is past is past; and you know what she is now waiting for and hoping for is — the divorce."

"But I understood, that in case I kept my son, Anna Arkadyevna refused the divorce; and so my silence was equivalent to a reply, and I thought the question settled. I consider it settled," said he, with more and more warmth.

"For God's sake, don't get angry," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, touching his brother-in-law's knee. "This is not settled. If you will allow me to recapitulate, the affair stands thus: When you separated, you were as magnanimous as was possible to be. You granted her every thing — her freedom, even a divorce if she wanted one. She appreciated it. No, you don't think it; but she appreciated it absolutely, — to such a degree, that, at first, feeling her guilt towards you, she could not reason about it at all. She refused every thing. But the reality and time have shown her that her position is painful and intolerable."

"Anna Arkadyevna's life cannot interest me," said Karénin, raising his eyebrows.

"Permit me to disbelieve that," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch gently. "Her position is painful to her, and without any escape whatsoever. She deserves it, you say. She acknowledges that, and does not complain. She says up and down that she should never dare to ask any thing of you. But I, and all of her relatives, all who love her, beg and implore you to have pity on her. Why should she suffer? Whose advantage is it?"

"Excuse me: you seem to accuse me of being the cause of her sufferings."

"*Da!* not at all, not at all, understand me," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, touching Karénin's arm, as if he believed that personal contact would have a mollifying effect on his brother-in-law. "I merely say this. Her position is painful; and you can relieve it, and it will not cost you any thing. Then, too, you have promised. Let me arrange the matter: you shall have no trouble about it."

"My consent has been already given; and I had supposed that Anna Arkadyevna would in her turn have the generosity to understand" — Karénin's trembling lips could hardly utter the words.

"She leaves all to your generosity. She asks, she implores for only one thing — to be relieved from this unendurable position in which she has placed herself. She asks for her son. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, you are a good man. Just enter for a moment into her feelings. The question of the divorce is for her a matter of life or death. If you had not given your promise, she would have been resigned, and lived in the country. But you did give your promise; and she wrote you, and came to Moscow. And there in Moscow, where every familiar face was a knife in her heart, she has been living for six months, every day expecting an answer. Her situation is that of a condemned criminal, who for months has had the rope around his neck, and does not know whether he is to expect pardon or execution. Pity her; — and, besides, I will take care to arrange all — *vos scrupules.*"

"I am not speaking of that," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, with some disgust; "but I have perhaps promised more than I have the right to promise."

"Then, you refuse to do what you have promised?"

"I never refused to do all that I could; but I must have time to consider."

"No, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," said Oblonsky, leaping to his feet, "I do not wish to believe this. She is as unhappy as it is possible for a woman to be; and you cannot refuse such" —

"*Vous professez d'être un libre penseur* [you profess to be a freethinker]; but I, as a believer, cannot defy the law of Christianity in a matter so important."

"But in Christian communities, and here in Russia, di-

vorce is permitted," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Divorce is permitted by our Church."

"Allowed, but not in this acceptation."

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, I don't know you," said Oblonsky, after a moment's silence. "You are not the same man you were. Did you not forgive all? and weren't we grateful to you, and moved by genuine Christian feeling? Weren't you ready to sacrifice every thing? You yourself said, 'If any man will take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' And now"—

"I beg of you," said Karénin, rising suddenly, and trembling from head to foot, "I beg of you — to cut short, to cut short this interview!"

"*Ach, nu!* Pardon me, pardon me, if I have offended you!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, in confusion, holding out his hand; "but I had to fulfil the mission I was charged with."

Karénin put his hand in that of Stepan Arkadyevitch, and said, after a moment's reflection, —

"I must have time to think about it, and seek for light. You shall have my final answer day after to-morrow."

XIX.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was going out when Kornéï came in, and announced, "Sergéi Alekseyévitch."

"Who is Sergéi Alekseyévitch?" Oblonsky began to ask, for a moment not remembering.

"*Ach*, Serozha!" he exclaimed; "and here was I, thinking it was some *direktor* of a department," he said to himself. "Anna begged me to see him."

And he recalled the sad, timid way in which Anna had said to him, "You will see him, and can find out what he is doing, and where he is, and who is taking care of him. And. Stiva, — if possible! Would it be possible . . . ?"

He knew what she meant by the words, "if possible." She began to say, if it were possible to get the divorce, could she also have the child. But now Stepan Arkadyevitch knew that this was out of the question. He was none the less glad to see the boy again, though Karénin hastened to warn him not to talk to him of his mother.

"He was very ill after that interview with his mother,

which we were not prepared for, and for a while we feared for his life. Now that he is better, and much strengthened by sea-bathing, I have followed the doctor's advice, and sent him to school. Activity, being with companions of his own age, have a happy influence on him: his health is good, and he is studying well."

"Why, he is no longer Serozha: he is full-grown Sergéi Alekseyévitch," said Stepan Arkadyevitch with a smile, as a handsome, tall, robust boy, dressed in a *kurtotchka* [jacket] and long pantaloons, came in. He bowed to his uncle as to a stranger. Then, as he remembered him, he reddened, turned away angrily, and held out his school-notes to his father.

"*Nu!* that is excellent," said Karénin: "you can go and play."

"He has grown tall and slender, and lost his childish look: I like it," remarked Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile.

"*Da!* you remember me?"

The boy quickly glanced at his father.

"I remember you, *mon oncle*," answered the boy, casting down his eyes.

The uncle called the *malchik* to him, and took his hand. "*Nu!* how are you?" he asked, wanting to talk, but not knowing what to say.

The boy, blushing, and not answering, withdrew his hand, and as soon as he could flew away like a bird.

A year had passed since Serozha had seen his mother. During this time, his remembrance of her had been growing gradually fainter; and the life he led, surrounded, as he was, by boys of his own age, contributed to this. He even tried to get rid of these remembrances, as being unworthy of a man; and, as no one spoke to him of his mother, he concluded that his parents had quarrelled, and that he must accustom himself to the idea of remaining with his father. The sight of his uncle, who looked like his mother, was unpleasant to him, because it awakened memories which caused him shame; and it was still more unpleasant, because, from certain words which he had caught as he entered the door, and by the peculiar expression of his father's and his uncle's face, he knew that they were talking about his mother. And in order not to blame his father, and especially not to think of the past, he wanted to get out of his uncle's way.

Stepan Arkadyevitch, shortly after, as he went out, found the boy playing on the stairs, and asked him how he was getting along in his classes at school. Serozha, out of his father's presence, talked freely.

"I have a railroad now," he said, in answer to one of his questions. "Just see! These two are sitting on the seat; they are passengers; and there is one man trying to stand on the seat; and they are all going, and the doors open in front. *Nu!* and here it's very hard for the conductor."

"Is that the one standing?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, amused.

"Yes. He has to be bold and skilful, because the train comes to a stop very sudden, and he might get thrown over."

"*Da!* this is no joke," said Stepan Arkadyevitch sadly, as he looked at the boy's bright eyes, which were like his mother's, and which had already lost their childish look of innocence. And although he had promised Alekséi Aleksandrovitch not to speak of Anna, he could not resist.

"Do you remember your mother?" he asked suddenly.

"No," answered the child quickly, turning red; and his uncle could not make him talk any more.

When the Russian tutor found Serozha on the stairs, half an hour after, he could not make out whether he was crying or was sulky.

"Did you hurt yourself when you fell?" he asked. "I said this was a dangerous game, and I shall have to tell your father."

"If I had, no one should find it out," answered the boy.

"*Nu!* what's the matter, then?"

"Let me alone! What is it to him whether I remember or not?" and the boy seemed to defy not only his tutor, but the whole world.

XX.

Stepan Arkadyevitch, as usual, did not devote his time exclusively to business at Petersburg. He came, he said, to refresh himself after musty Moscow. For Moscow, in spite of its *cafés-chantants*, and its omnibuses, was still only a sort of marsh, in which one became morally bogged. The result of too long a compulsory stay in that stagnant pool was enfeebling to body and mind. Oblonsky himself became

bitter, quarrelled with his wife, was pre-occupied with his health, the education of his children, and the petty details of the household. He even went so far as to worry about his debts. As soon as he set foot in Petersburg, and entered that circle where life was really life, and not vegetating, as in Moscow, immediately all such thoughts disappeared like wax in the fire. His wife — He had just been talking with Prince Tchetchensky. Prince Tchetchensky had a wife and family, — grown-up children ; and he had another establishment, outside the law, and in this also there were children. But though the first family was well enough in its way, Prince Tchetchensky felt happier with his second family ; and he told Stepan Arkadyevitch that he had introduced his oldest legitimate son into his other family, to train him and develop him. What would have been said about that in Moscow? Children? In Petersburg, fathers didn't trouble themselves with their children, after the fashion of Lvof. Children went to day-school or boarding-school, and they were not taken out of their proper places by having a prominent position given them in the family. The government service? The service, too, was not that tiresome, hopeless tread-mill that it was in Moscow. Here there was interest in the service. A man could make friends, get patronage, and suddenly find himself high in his career, like Brianzef, whom Stepan Arkadyevitch met that evening, and who was now first dignitary.

Stepan Arkadyevitch had met also one of his friends, Bartnyansky, who now spent fifteen thousand rubles, and whose influence was rapidly increasing. Stepan Arkadyevitch was talking with him, and said, —

"You seem to have some connection with Mordvinsky. You might say a little word to him in my behalf. It is a place which I should like to have, member of the commission" —

"*Nu!* I won't forget, only what pleasure can you have in attending to this railroad business with the Jews? That's always a wretched business."

"I need money : I must have something to live on."

"But don't you live, then?"

"Yes, but in debt."

"Much?" asked Bartnyansky sympathetically.

"Yes : twenty thousand rubles."

Bartnyansky broke out into a gay laugh.

"Happy mortal! I have a million and a half of debts, and not a ruble; and, as you see, I live all the same."

And Stepan Arkadyevitch saw that this was not mere words, but was actually true; and he found many others in the same condition. Zhevakhof had three hundred thousand *rubles* of debts, and not a *kopek*. Petrovsky had spent five millions, and yet had only twenty thousand salary.

Petersburg had a delightful physical influence on Stepan Arkadyevitch. It made him feel younger. He felt as if ten years had been given to him. He experienced there the same feeling as his uncle, Prince Peter, did abroad.

"We don't know how to live here," said this young man of sixty to him the evening before. "For example: I spent the summer at Baden, and I feel like a new man. I enjoy my dinner, the women interest me: I'm well and vigorous. When I come back to Russia, I have to see my wife, have even to go into the country: I fall flat. I don't get out of my dressing-gown. Good-by to the young beauties: I am old, think of my health. To make me over, I go to Paris."

The relations between Stepan Arkadyevitch and Betsy Tverskaïa had been strange for a long time. He always jested with her, and he always said very improper things by way of jest, knowing that they pleased her more than any thing else. The day after his interview with Karénin, Stepan Arkadyevitch went to see her; but to-day, though, under the influence of Petersburg air, he conducted himself with more than his usual levity; he felt that she was not only displeased, but was even opposed to him; and he was glad to have the Princess Miagkaïa interrupt a call which was beginning to bore him.

"Ah, here you are!" said the stout princess, when she saw him. "*Nu!* And how is your poor sister? Do not look at me so. Since women who are a thousand times worse than she throw stones at her, I think she did quite right. I can't forgive Vronsky for not letting me know that she was in Petersburg. I should have gone to see her, and gone with her everywhere. Give her my love. *Nu!* tell me about her."

"*Da!* Her position is a very painful one," Stepan Arkadyevitch began; but the princess, who was following out her idea, interrupted him: "She did what everybody but myself does and hides. But she was not willing to lie, and she did right; and she has at least bettered herself in having forsaken that imbecile, — I beg your pardon, — your brother-

in-law. Everybody said he was a genius. A genius! I was the only one who said he was a goose; and people have come to be of my opinion, now that he has taken up with the Countess Lidia and Landau. I should like not to agree with everybody, — it's stupid; but this time I can't help it."

"Perhaps you can explain an enigma. Yesterday, talking of the divorce, my brother-in-law said to me that he could not give me an answer without reflection; and this morning I received an invitation from Lidia Ivanovna for this evening."

"*Nu!* That's just it!" cried the princess, delighted. "They will consult Landau."

"Why, who is Landau?"

"What! you don't know Jules Landau, — *le fameux* Jules Landau, *le clairvoyant?* That's what comes of living in the provinces. Landau, you must know, was *commis* [agent] of a mercantile house at Paris. He went one day to see a doctor, fell asleep in the waiting-room, and, while he was asleep, gave advice to all the sick, — most astonishing advice. Then the wife of Yuri Melyedinsky — you know he was sick — called him to see her husband. He treated her husband. In my opinion, he didn't do him any good, for Melyedinsky is just as sick as he was before; but his wife and he believe in Landau. They took him into their house, and they brought him to Russia. Naturally, people here have thrown themselves at him. He treats everybody. He cured the Countess Bezzubof; and she fell so in love with him, that she has adopted him."

"How! adopted him?"

"Yes, I mean adopted. He isn't Landau any more, but Count Bezzubof. But Lidia — and I like her very much, in spite of her crankiness — must needs be smitten with him; and nothing that she and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch take up is decided without consulting him. Your sister's fate is, therefore, in the hands of Landau *alias* Count Bezzubof."

XXI.

After an excellent dinner with Bartnyansky, followed by several glasses of brandy, Stepan Arkadyevitch went to the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's, a little later than the hour designated.

"Who is with the countess?—the Frenchman?" he asked of the Swiss, as he noticed beside Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's well-known overcoat, a curious mantle with clasps.

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch Karénin and the Count Bezzubof," answered the servant stolidly.

"Princess Miagkaïa was right," thought Oblonsky, as he went up-stairs. "Strange! it would be a good thing to cultivate the countess. She has great influence. If she would say a little word in my behalf to Pomorsky, it would be just the thing." It was still very light in the *dvor* [court], but the blinds were drawn in the Countess Lidia Ivanovna's little parlor, and the lamps were lighted.

At a round table, on which was a lamp, the countess and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch were sitting, engaged in a confidential talk. A lean, pale man, with thin legs and a feminine figure, with long hair falling over his coat-collar, and handsome, glowing eyes, was examining the portraits at the other end of the room. Stepan Arkadyevitch, after having greeted the *khozyaïka* and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, involuntarily turned round to look once more at this singular personage.

"Monsieur Landau," said the countess gently, and with a precaution which struck Oblonsky. The introduction was made.

Landau at once approached, placed his moist hand in Oblonsky's, and immediately went back to look at the portraits. Lidia Ivanovna and Alekséi Aleksandrovitch exchanged significant glances.

"I am very glad to see you to-day," said the countess to Oblonsky, motioning him to a chair. "You noticed," added she, in a low voice, "that I introduced him to you by the name of Landau; but his name is really Count Bezzubof, as you probably know. Only he is not fond of the title."

"*Da!* I heard that he had cured the Countess Bezzubof."

"Yes: she came to see me to-day," said the countess, addressing Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, "and it was sad to see her. This separation is terrible for her. It is such a blow to her."

"Then he is positively going?"

"Yes; he is going to Paris; he has heard a voice," said Lidia Ivanovna, looking at Oblonsky.

"*Ach!* A voice? really now?" repeated he, feeling that it was necessary to use great prudence among these people where such strange things occurred.

"I have known you for a long time," said the countess to Oblonsky after a moment's silence. "*Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis.* [Our friends' friends are our friends.] But to be truly friends, we must know what is passing in the soul of those we love; and I fear you are not thus *en rapport* with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. You understand what I mean?" said she, raising her beautiful, dreamy eyes to Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"I understand in part that the position of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch" — answered Oblonsky, not understanding in the least, and preferring to confine himself to generalities.

"Oh! I am not talking of external changes," said the countess solemnly, and at the same time looking tenderly at Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, who had risen to join Landau: "it is his heart which has changed, — he needs a new heart; — and I very much fear that you do not realize sufficiently the great transformation which has taken place in him."

"That is, — in a general way, I can perceive the change in him. We have always been friends, and now" — said Oblonsky, answering the deep gaze of the countess with a tender one, as he thought with which of the two ministers she could do him the most effective service.

"This transformation cannot work harm to one's love for his neighbor: on the contrary, it elevates it, it purifies it. But I'm afraid you don't understand me. — Will you not have some tea?"

"Not altogether, countess: of course, his misfortune" —

"Yes, one's misfortunes become the source of his happiness, when the heart is renewed, is filled with Him," said she, raising her eyes lovingly to Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"I believe I shall have to get her to speak, to them both," thought Oblonsky. "Oh! assuredly, countess; but I think that these changes are so personal [*intimui*] that no one likes to speak of them, even to his most intimate friends."

"On the contrary, we ought to speak, and to help one another."

"Yes, without doubt; but there are such differences of conviction; and, moreover" — and Oblonsky smiled unctuously.

"There cannot be differences in regard to sacred truth."

"It seems to me that he's going to sleep," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, approaching the countess, and speaking in a low voice.

Stepan Arkadyevitch turned round. Landau was seated near the window, with his arm leaning on a chair, and his head bowed. He raised it, and smiled in a *naïve* and child-like manner as he saw the looks turned towards him.

"Don't pay any attention to him," said the countess, pushing a chair towards Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. "I have noticed" — she began, but was interrupted by a lackey bringing her a letter. She read it through with extraordinary rapidity, wrote a reply, and resumed the thread of her discourse. "I have noticed that Muscovites, the men especially, are very indifferent to religion."

"Oh, no, countess! I think that Muscovites have the reputation of being very pious," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"But you yourself," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, with his weary smile, "seem to belong to the category of the indifferents."

"Is it possible to be indifferent?" cried Lidia Ivanovna.

"I am not indifferent, but rather in the attitude of expectation," answered Oblonsky, with his most agreeable smile. "I do not think that the time for me to settle such questions has come yet."

Karénin and the countess looked at one another.

"We can never know whether the time for us has come or not: we ought not even to think whether we are prepared or not," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch sternly. "Grace does not always light upon the most deserving, but comes to those who are unprepared; witness Saul."

"It seems that it isn't to be now," murmured the countess, following with her eyes the movements of the Frenchman. Landau got up and joined them.

"May I listen?" asked he.

"Oh, yes! we did not wish to disturb you," said the countess tenderly. "Sit down with us."

"The essential thing is not to close one's eyes to the light," continued Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"*Ach!* if you knew what a blessing we experience when we feel His constant presence in our souls," said the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, with an ecstatic smile.

"But a man may feel himself incapable of rising to such a height," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, convinced that the heights of religion were not his *forte*, but fearing to offend a person, who, by one word to Pomorsky, might get him the place that he wanted.

"You mean that sin may prevent him?" asked Lidia Ivanovna. "But that is a mistaken view. For him who believes, there is no more sin. Sin is already redeemed. *Pardon*," she added, as the lackey brought her another note. She read it, and answered verbally: then she continued, "For the believer, there is no sin."

"Yes; but 'faith without works is dead,'" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, recalling this phrase of his catechism.

"That is the famous passage in the Epistle of St. James which has done so much harm," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, looking at the countess, as if to recall frequent discussions on the subject. "How many souls that has blinded to the faith!"

"It is our monks who claim to be saved by works, by their fastings, their abstinences," said the countess, with an air of fastidious scorn. "Our way is far better and easier," she added, looking at Oblonsky with that scorching smile with which, at court, she was wont to wither young maids of honor, disconcerted at the newness of their position.

"Christ, in dying for us, saves us by faith," resumed Karénin.

"*Vous comprenez l'anglais?*" [Do you understand English?] asked Lidia Ivanovna; and, receiving an affirmative answer, she rose, and took a small book from a side-table. "I'm going to read you, '*Safe and Happy; or, Under the Wing*,'" said she, with a look of interrogation at Karénin. "It is very short," added she, resuming her seat. "You will see the supernatural joy that fills the soul of the believer. Man who believes cannot be unhappy, because he is no longer alone. *Da!* here you see" — She was about to go on reading when again the lackey appeared. "From Borozdin? Say to-morrow, at two o'clock. — Yes," she said, with a sigh, marking the place in the book with her finger, and looking up with her pensive, loving eyes. "Are you acquainted with Mary Sanina? You have heard of her great affliction? She lost her only son. She was in despair. *Nu!* how is it now? She found this friend. She thanks God for the death of her child. Such is the happiness faith can give!"

"Ah, yes: this is very" — murmured Stepan Arkadyevitch, glad to be able to keep silent during this reading, and not risk compromising his affairs. "I shall do better not to ask any thing to-day," thought he.

"This will be dull for you," said the countess to Landau. "You don't understand English; but this is short."

"Oh! I shall understand," said he with a smile; and he shut his eyes.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch and the countess looked at one another, and the reading began.

XXII.

Stepan Arkadyevitch felt greatly embarrassed by this strange conversation. After the monotony of life at Moscow, that of Petersburg afforded contrasts so marked that they disturbed him. He liked variety, but he preferred it more in the line of his accustomed ways, and felt himself at a loss in such a completely strange environment. As he listened to the reading, and saw the brilliant eyes of Landau — *naïve* or knavish, he could not tell which — fixed on him, he felt a peculiar heaviness in his head. The strangest thoughts whirled through his brain. "Mary Sanina is happy in having lost her son" — "It would be good if I could only smoke!" — "To be saved, one must believe" — "The monks are all wrong, but the countess is all right. What makes my head ache so? Is it the brandy, or the strangeness of all this? I have done nothing out of the way as yet; but I sha'n't venture to ask any thing to-day. They say she makes you say your prayers. She wouldn't make me say mine. That would be too nonsensical. What stuff that is she is reading! But she reads well. Landau Bezzubof, — why Bezzubof?" Suddenly Stepan Arkadyevitch felt that his lower jaw was irresistibly beginning to accomplish a yawn. He smoothed his whiskers to conceal the yawn, and shook himself; but the next moment he felt sure that he was asleep, and even beginning to snore. The voice of the countess waked him, saying, "He's asleep."

Stepan Arkadyevitch waked with a start, feeling a consciousness of guilt. But instantly he was relieved to find that the words, "He's asleep," had reference, not to himself, but to Landau. The Frenchman was as sound asleep as Stepan Arkadyevitch had been. But Stepan Arkadyevitch's nap would have offended them, — he did not think of this at the time, so strange did every thing seem, — but Landau's rejoiced them exceedingly, and especially the Countess Lidia Ivanovna.

"*Mon ami*" [my dear], said she cautiously, so as not to disturb him; and, picking up the folds of her silk dress, in the enthusiasm of the moment, calling Karénin, not Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, but, "*Mon ami, donnez lui la main! vous voyez?*" [Give him your hand! do you see?] "Sh-h!" said she to a servant, who entered the parlor for the fourth time with a message.

The Frenchman slept, or pretended to sleep, his head on the back of his arm-chair, his hand resting on his knee, but making feeble gestures, as if he were trying to catch something. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch got up, cautiously stepped over to the chair, and put his hand into the Frenchman's hand. Stepan Arkadyevitch also got up, and opening his eyes wide, and trying to decide whether he were asleep or not, looked from one to the other, and felt his ideas growing more and more confused.

"*Que la personne qui est arrivée la dernière, celle qui demande, qu'elle — sorte. Qu'elle sorte*" [The person who came in last — the one who is questioning — let him go away], murmured the Frenchman, without opening his eyes.

"*Vous m'excuserez, mais vous voyez — revenez vers dix heures, encore mieux, demain*" [You will excuse me, but you understand — come back at ten o'clock, or, still better, tomorrow].

"*Qu'elle sorte,*" repeated the Frenchman impatiently.

"*C'est moi, n'est ce pas?*" [It's I, isn't it?] asked Oblonsky breathlessly; and at an affirmative sign, forgetting what he was going to ask Lidia Ivanovna, forgetting his sister's trouble, he hastened out on tiptoe, and rushed off down the street as if he were fleeing from a pest-house. To recover his mental equilibrium he chatted and joked for a long time with an *izvoshchik*, had the man drive him to the French theatre, and finished the evening at a restaurant, over some champagne. In spite of all his efforts, the memory of the evening haunted him.

He came back to his uncle Piotr Oblonsky's, where he was staying, and found a note from Betsy, telling him to come and finish the conversation that had been interrupted in the morning; at which he made a face. The sound of a step on the stair interrupted his meditations, and he came out of his room to see who it was. It was his rejuvenated uncle, who was so tipsy that he could not get up the stairs alone. Stepan Arkadyevitch went with him to his room, and heard him tell

the events of the evening till he fell asleep. Stepan Arkadyevitch himself was in such a weak state of mind, that, contrary to his custom, he did not fall asleep quickly. What he had heard and seen during the day troubled him. But the evening at the countess's passed all the rest in strangeness.

The next day he received from Alekséi Aleksandrovitch a flat refusal in the matter of the divorce, and knew that this decision was the work of the Frenchman, and of the words which he had uttered during his slumber, real or feigned.

XXIII.

Nothing complicates the difficulties of life so much as a lack of harmony between married people. When their relations are so indefinite, nothing can be accomplished by either husband or wife.

Many families stay for years in some place that is unpleasant and inconvenient, simply on account of differences, — simply because there is no full agreement or harmony.

The life of Vronsky and Anna at Moscow was insupportable. The trees on the boulevards put forth their leaves, the sun grew warmer and warmer as summer came on, and the leaves began to be coated with dust. Instead of going to Vozdvizhenskoe, as they intended, they remained at Moscow, hateful to them both, simply because there was lack of harmony between them. And yet no real ground of misunderstanding existed between them, beyond that subtile irritation which led Anna to continual attempts at explanation, and Vronsky to oppose to her an icy reserve. From day to day the strain of the situation increased. Anna considered love to be the sole end of her lover's life, and could not understand him from any other point of view. But this need of loving, which she knew to be inherent in the count's nature, must be centred on her alone, or else, in her blind jealousy, she suspected him of infidelity, and with every woman. Sometimes she suspected him of low *amours*, which he might enter into as an unmarried man about town: sometimes she distrusted ladies in society, and especially the young lady whom he would be likely to marry in case he broke with her. This fear had been awakened in her mind by a careless remark of the count, who, in a moment of confidence one day, blamed

his mother's lack of tact in having ventured to propose to him to marry the young Princess Sorokina.

This jealousy led Anna to lay up a great variety of accusations against him. And yet, after all, in spite of the painfulness of her position, she adored him. But she considered him responsible for their prolonged stay at Moscow, for the uncertainty in which she lived, for Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's unreasonableness, and for her loneliness. If he loved her, he would understand her, and pity her. He wanted society, and so would not go to the country, as she would like. And, more than all, he was responsible for depriving her forever of her son.

Vronsky, for his part, dissatisfied with the false position which Anna obstinately maintained, charged her with aggravating still more their difficulties in all ways. If there came some rare moment of tenderness, Anna was not at all appeased, seeing in it, on the count's part, only the exasperating assertion of a right.

It was getting dark. Vronsky was at a gentlemen's dinner; and Anna, while waiting for him, had taken refuge in his library, where the noise of the street was less oppressive than in the rest of the house. She walked up and down, going over in memory their last altercation, and astonished to find that so trivial a cause could have led to so disgraceful a scene. In speaking of Hannah, Anna's English *protégée*, Vronsky had ridiculed girls' schools, and declared that the natural sciences would be of absolutely no use to this child. Anna immediately applied the criticism to her own occupations, and, in order to pique Vronsky in turn, said, —

"I certainly did not count on your sympathy in the matter, but I should have thought that the man who loved me might show simple delicacy."

The count grew red with anger, and said something disagreeable; and when she did not know what to reply, he, evidently intending to exasperate Anna still further, said, —

"I confess I don't understand your devotion to that child. It annoys me. I can see in it nothing but an affectation."

The remark was severe and unjust. It assailed Anna's laborious efforts to find something to do which should help her sustain her difficult situation.

"It is very unfortunate that your opinions should be always low and material ones," she had retorted, leaving the room.

The discussion was not resumed. But they both felt that it was not forgotten. All this day he had not been at home; and she was so lonely and wretched, as she thought of their quarrels, that she resolved to forget every thing, and to take the blame on herself, so as to bring about a reconciliation at any cost.

"I am to blame; I am irritable; I am absurdly jealous. When he has forgiven me, we will leave for the country; and there I shall be calmer," she thought.

"Affected!" She suddenly remembered the word [*nenaturalno*] which had roused all her wrath.

"I know what he meant. He meant by affected that I did not love my daughter, but loved a stranger. What does he know of the love a child can inspire? Has he the least idea what I sacrificed for him in giving up Serozha? But this desire to wound me! No, he loves another woman: this cannot go on."

But stopping on the verge of this fatal chasm, she tried to get out of the circle of thoughts that crowded upon her. She said, "Yes, he is true; he is the soul of honor; he loves me. I love him: in a day or two we shall be at peace. What is necessary? Calmness, gentleness. *Da!* now, when he comes, I will tell him that I was to blame; and we will go off." And, in order not to think any more, she gave orders to bring down her trunks, to begin preparations for departure.

At ten o'clock Vronsky came in.

XXIV.

"Was your dinner a success?" asked Anna, going up to the count with a conciliatory manner.

"As such things usually are," answered he, noticing at once by her face that she was in one of her best moods. "What do I see? This is first-rate," added he, pointing to the trunks.

"Yes, we must go. I went out to walk to-day, and it was so good that I longed to get back to the country. There's nothing to keep you here, is there?"

"I want nothing better. Have the tea brought while I change my coat. I'll come back in a moment."

The approval of the plan for departure was given in a tone of exasperating superiority, as if he had been speaking to a spoiled child, whose whims he was excusing. Anna's pugnacity was instantly aroused. Why should she humble herself before such arrogance? She restrained herself, however; and when he came in she told him calmly the incidents of the day, and her plans for departure.

"It came over me like an inspiration," said she, — "why wait here for the divorce? Will it not be all the same when we are in the country? I cannot wait longer. I want to stop hoping about the divorce. I don't want to hear any thing more about it. I think it won't have any more effect on my life. Don't you agree with me?"

"Oh, yes!" said he, looking with disquietude at Anna's excited face.

"Come, tell me what you did: who were there?" said she, after a moment's silence.

"The dinner was very good," answered the count; and he named over to her those who were there. "And we had a boat-race, and it was all very jolly. But in Moscow we are always absurd. Some woman, the swimming-teacher of the Queen of Sweden, gave us an exhibition of her art.

"What! Did she swim for you?" demanded Anna, frowning.

"Yes, in an ugly red *costume de natation*. She was old and hideous. What day do we go?"

"What an inane *fantasia!* Was there any thing extraordinary about her method of swimming?"

"Not at all. I tell you it was simply absurd. So you have decided on going?"

Anna tossed her head as if to get rid of a haunting thought.

"When shall we go? The sooner the better. I sha'n't be ready by to-morrow, but the day after."

"Yes — no — wait! Day after to-morrow is Sunday. I shall have to go to *maman*." Vronsky was disturbed: as he mentioned his mother's name, he saw Anna's eyes fixed with a look of suspicion on him, and this disturbance increased her distrust. She forgot the Queen of Sweden's swimming-teacher in her alarm about the Princess Sorokina, who lived in the suburbs of Moscow with the old countess.

"Can't you go there to-morrow?"

"*Da!* That's impossible. There is some business that I must attend to, — a power of attorney; and the money will not be ready to-morrow."

"If that is so, we won't go at all."

"*Da!* Why not?"

"Sunday or never!"

"Why not?" cried Vronsky in astonishment. "There's no sense in that."

"Not for you, because you never take me into account at all. You can't understand what I suffer here. The only thing that interests me here — Hannah. You say that it is hypocrisy. You said last evening that I did not love my daughter, but that I pretended to love this English girl, that this was unnatural. I should like to know what can be natural in the life I lead?"

Instantly she came to herself, and was frightened because she had broken her vow. But, though she knew that she was dashing to destruction, she could not resist the temptation of proving to him that he was in the wrong.

"I never said that: I said that this sudden show of tenderness for her didn't please me."

"Why do you, who boast of being straightforward, tell me a lie?"

"I never boast, and I never tell lies," said he, repressing the anger which was rising within him; "and I am very sorry if you do not respect" —

"Respect! That was invented to cover up the lack of love. If you don't love me any more, it would be better and more honorable to say so."

"No! this is becoming intolerable," cried the count, suddenly leaping from his chair, and turning upon Anna. "Why do you try my patience so?" he continued, holding back the bitter words that were ready to escape him. "It has its limits."

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded, looking with terror at the unconcealed expression of hate on his whole face, and especially in his fierce, cruel eyes.

"I mean"— he began. Then he stopped.

"I have a right to demand what you claim from me."

"What can I claim? I can only claim that you do not abandon me, as you intend to do," she said, comprehending all that he left unsaid. "Every thing else is secondary. I must be loved; but love is gone. All is over."

She turned towards the door.

"Stop! stop!" said Vronsky, still frowning, but holding her by the arm. "What is the trouble between us? I say that it is necessary to postpone our starting for three days, and you answer by calling me a liar and a scoundrel."

"Yes; and I say that a man who blames me because he has sacrificed every thing for me," said she, alluding to a former quarrel, "is worse than a scoundrel: he is a man without heart."

"That settles it: my patience is at an end," cried Vronsky, quickly dropping her hand.

"He hates me: that is certain," she thought, as she went from the room in silence with tottering steps. "He loves some one else: that is more certain still," she said to herself as she reached her room. "I must be loved, but love is gone. All is over." She repeated the words that she had said, — "I must put an end to it."

"But how?" she asked herself, sinking into a chair before her mirror.

The most contradictory thoughts crowded upon her. Where should she go? To her aunt, who had brought her up? To Dolly? or simply go abroad alone by herself? Would the rupture be final? What was he doing in his study? How would Alekséi Aleksandrovitch look upon it? and what would her former acquaintances in Petersburg say? A vague idea came into her mind, and awakened some interest, but she could not express it. She recalled a phrase which she had used to her husband after her illness, — "Why didn't I die?" and immediately the words awoke the feeling which they had then expressed. "Death, yes, that is the only way of escape. My terrible shame, and the dishonor which I have brought on Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, Serozha, all will be wiped away by my death. He will repent for me then; he will be sorry, will love me, he will weep for me." A smile of pity for herself came over her face as she mechanically took off the rings from her fingers, and imagined how he would feel after she was dead. Approaching steps — his steps — caught her ears. She affected to be busily engaged in taking off her rings, and did not turn her head.

He came to her, and, taking her hand, said tenderly, "Anna, we will go day after to-morrow if you wish. I am ready for any thing.

"Well?" said he, waiting.

She did not speak.

"What do you say?" he asked.

"You yourself know"—said she; and then, unable to control herself longer, she burst into tears. "Leave me, leave me," she murmured through her sobs. "I am going away to-morrow—I will do more. What am I? A lost woman, a millstone about your neck. I don't want to torment you. I will set you free. You do not love me: you love another."

Vronsky begged her to be calm. He swore there was not the slightest ground for her jealousy, and that he loved her, and always would love her; that he loved her more than ever.

"Anna, why torture ourselves so?" he asked, as he kissed her hand. His face expressed the deepest tenderness; and it seemed to her that her ears caught the sound of tears in his voice, and that she felt their moisture on her hand. Passing suddenly from jealousy to the most passionate tenderness, she covered his head, his neck, his hands, with kisses.

XXV.

Feeling that their reconciliation was complete, Anna the next morning eagerly made her preparations for departure. The day of departure was not definitely fixed; but, feeling sure that they should go in a day or two, Anna was busy in her room taking some things from an open trunk, when Vronsky entered, dressed to go out, notwithstanding the early hour.

"I am going now to *maman*. Perhaps she can get me the money through Yegerof, and then I shall be ready to go to-morrow," he said.

His allusion to this visit disturbed Anna's good-humor.

"No: I shall not be ready myself;" and immediately she thought, "Therefore it *was* possible to arrange it so as to do as I wished."

"No: do just as you intended to. And now go to the dining-room, and I will join you as soon as I have taken out these cumbersome things," she added, piling some more trumpery into Annushka's arms. When she entered the dining-room, Vronsky was eating a beefsteak.

"You can't realize how odious these apartments have become to me," she said as she sat down by him. "Nothing is

more detestable than these *chambres garnies*. There is no individuality in them, no soul. The clock, the curtains, the paper—*koshmar* [nightmare]! Vozdvizhenskoe seems to me like the promised land. It is decided that we go to-morrow, is it?" she added in a joyous tone. But suddenly her face lengthened. Vronsky's *valet* came in, and asked him to sign a receipt for a despatch from Petersburg. Still, there was nothing remarkable in Vronsky's receiving a telegram.

"To-morrow, without fail: I am all ready."

"From whom is the despatch?" she asked, not hearing him.

"From Stiva," answered the count quietly.

"Why don't you show it to me? What secret can there be between Stiva and me?"

Vronsky called the *valet* back, and ordered him to bring in the telegram.

"I did not care to show it, because Stiva has a passion for telegraphing. Why need he send me a despatch to tell me that nothing was decided?"

"About the divorce?"

"Yes. He maintains that he cannot get a definite answer. *Da, vot!* See for yourself."

Anna took the despatch with a trembling hand. It read as Vronsky had told her. At the end it said, "Little hope; but I shall do every thing possible and impossible."

"I told you yesterday that it was absolutely immaterial to me when I received the divorce, or whether I get it at all: so it is perfectly useless to hide any thing from me. — Suppose he hides from me in the same way his correspondence with women," thought she.

"Yashvin wanted to come this morning with one of his friends," said Vronsky. "It seems that he has been gambling again, and has won about sixty thousand rubles."

"No," said she, vexed because he by this change in subject so evidently tried to insinuate that she was vexed. "Why do you think that this news interests me so much that you must hide it from me? I told you that I did not want to think about it, and I should wish that you had as little interest in it as I."

"It interests me because I like clearness."

"Clearness! But in love, not in mere outside show," she said, getting more and more angry, not at his words, but at the tone of cool calmness in which he spoke. "Why do you want a divorce?"

"*Bozhe moï!* Always 'love,'" thought Vronsky, with a grimace. "You know very well why: it is for your sake and the children's."

"There will not be any more children."

"So much the worse! I am sorry."

"You feel the need of it, because of the children; but don't you have some thought of me?" said she, forgetting that he had just said "for your sake and the children's."

The question of the possibility of having children had been long vexatious and trying to her. She took his desire to have children as a proof of indifference towards her beauty.

"*Ach!* I said *for your sake*, — more than all for your sake; for I am convinced that your irritability comes largely from the uncertainty of your position," he answered, scowling with annoyance.

"That is not the cause; and I do not understand how my irritability, as you call it, can be caused by the fact that I have come absolutely into your power," she said, seeing with terror, in Vronsky's eyes, a cold and cruel judge condemning her. "How is my position indefinite? It seems to me the contrary."

"I am sorry that you are not willing to understand," he replied, obstinately determined to express his thought. "Its uncertainty comes from this, — that you think that I am free."

"Oh! as far as that goes, you can be perfectly easy," she said, turning from him, and beginning to drink her coffee. She took the cup, raising her little finger, and put it to her lips; and as she drank she looked at him, and by the expression of his face saw clearly that her motions and the sounds that she made in swallowing wrought on Vronsky's nerves.

"It is absolutely indifferent to me what your mother thinks, and how she intends to marry you off," said she, putting down the cup with trembling hand.

"We will not talk of her."

"Yes we will too: and I assure you that a heartless woman, whether young or old, — your mother or anybody else, — does not interest me; and I don't want to know her."

"Anna, I beg you not to speak disrespectfully of my mother."

"A woman who has no conception of what the honor of her son consists in, has no heart."

"I repeat my request that you will not speak of my mother disrespectfully," reiterated the count, raising his voice, and looking severely at Anna.

She did not reply, but looked attentively at his face and his hands, and recalled with all its details the scene of the evening before, and his passionate caresses. "Just such caresses he has lavished, and will still continue to lavish, on other women," she thought.

"You don't love your mother. Those are simply words, words, words!" she said, looking at him with angry eyes.

"If that is the case, it is necessary" —

"It is necessary to decide; and I have decided," said she, preparing to leave the room, when the door opened, and Yashvin entered.

She stopped immediately, and bade him good-morning.

Why, when her soul was full of bitterness; when she felt that she was at the turning-point of her life, which might take a terrible direction, — why, at this moment, she had to dissimulate before a stranger, who sooner or later would know all, she could not tell; but, calming the inner tumult of her feelings, she sat down again, and began to talk with the guest.

"*Nu!* how are your affairs? Have they paid you your debt?" she asked.

"*Da!* not yet. I shall probably get a part of it Wednesday," said Yashvin awkwardly; for he perceived that he had come in at an unfortunate moment. "When do you leave?"

"Day after to-morrow, I think," said Vronsky.

"You have taken long to make up your minds."

"But now it is all decided," said Anna, looking straight into Vronsky's eyes with a look that told him how impossible it was to think of reconciliation.

"Do you never pity your unfortunate adversaries?" continued Anna, speaking to the gambler.

"That's a question I have never asked myself, Anna Arkadyevna. My whole fortune is here," said he, pointing to his pocket. "Now I am a rich man, but I may come out of the club this evening a beggar. Whoever plays with me would gladly leave me without a shirt, and I him. *Nu!* We engage in war, and that makes the fun."

"*Nu!* but if you were married, what would your wife say?"

Yashvin laughed. "But I am not married, and I don't expect to marry."

"And haven't you ever been in love?"

"O Lord! plenty of times. Only remember one may sit down to cards, but he must be able to get up when the time comes for a *rendezvous;* and I get interested in love, but in such a way that I need not be late to play my hand in the evening."

A horse-jockey in the mean while came to see about buying a horse, and Anna left the dining-room.

Before he left the house, Vronsky went to her room to look for something on the table. She pretended not to see him; but then, being ashamed of this dissimulation, she looked him straight in the face, and asked him coolly in French, "What do you want?"

"The original certificate of the horse I've just sold," answered Vronsky in a tone which distinctly meant these words: "I have not time to begin explanations which will lead to nothing."

"I'm not to blame," thought he: "*tant pis pour elle* [so much the worse for her] if she wants to punish herself."

However, as he left the room he thought she said something to him, and his heart was suddenly touched with compassion for her. "What is it, Anna?" he asked.

"I said nothing," she answered coldly and calmly.

"Nothing! *tant pis*," he said again to himself. On his way out, as he passed a mirror, he caught sight in it of her pale face and trembling lips. He was tempted to go back and say some comforting words to her, but he was already too far on his way. He passed the entire day outside the house; and when he came home the maid informed him that Anna Arkadyevna had the headache, and begged not to be disturbed.

XXVI.

Never before had a day gone by without bringing a reconciliation. This was not a mere quarrel: it was apparently a permanent coldness. How was it possible for him to look at her as he had done when he came into her room after his document? how could he look at her, and see that her heart

was full of despair, and then go out with a calm, indifferent face? He had not only grown cold to her, but he hated her, because he loved some other woman. This was clear.

All the cruel words which had ever fallen from the count's lips came back to Anna's mind; and she thought of what he might say to her, and she grew more and more indignant.

"I will not keep you," she imagined him saying. "You can go when you please. As you don't care to be divorced from your husband, you probably intend to go back to him. If you want money, I will give it to you. How many rubles do you want?"

All these insulting words which the cruel man might say were said merely in her imagination, but she could not forgive him any more than if he had really said them.

"But did he not swear to me only yesterday that he loved me? Isn't he a sincere and honest man?" she said to herself a moment afterwards. "Haven't I been in despair several times before, all for nothing?"

She passed the entire day, except two hours during which she made a visit to her *protégés*, the Wilsons, in alternate doubt and hope. She had been waiting all day; and late in the evening she went to her room, telling Annushka to say that she had the headache.

"If he comes in spite of that, it will show that he loves me still: if not, it is over, and I shall make up my mind what there is for me to do."

When he returned, she heard his carriage-wheels on the pavement, his ring and his steps, and his colloquy with Annushka; then his steps passed by; he went into his library, and Anna knew that her lot was cast. Death presented itself before her clearly and vividly as the only way to punish Vronsky, to gain the victory over him, and to revive his love for her.

Now every thing was a matter of indifference — whether they went to the country or not, whether she procured the divorce or not — it was unnecessary: the essential thing was to punish him.

When she poured out her usual dose of opium, and it came over her that if she swallowed all that was in the vial she would die, it seemed so easy and simple that she felt a real joy in imagining how he would mourn, repent, and love her when it was too late. As she lay on her bed with open eyes, and watched the flickering candle-light on the moulded cor-

nice of the ceiling mingle with the shadow of the screen which divided the room, she vividly pictured to herself how he would think when she was no more, when she was only a memory. "How could I speak to her such cruel words?" he would say to himself. "How could I leave her without one loving word? and now she is gone: she has left us forever! She is there" — Suddenly the shadow of the screen seemed to waver and cover the whole ceiling: the other shadows from all sides joined in with it, trembling, and all became one absolute obscurity.

"Death!" thought she; and such a great terror seized her whole being, that for a long time she did not know where she was; her trembling hands could not find the matches, in order to light another candle in place of the one that had burned down and gone out. When it dawned on her that she was still alive, tears of joy poured down her cheeks.

"No, no! any thing — only to live! I love him, and he loves me: these dreadful days will go by!" and to escape her terror she fled to Vronsky's library.

He was in his library peacefully sleeping. She went close to him, and, holding the candle above his face, looked at him a long time. Now, as he slept, she felt such love for him, that she wept for tenderness; but she knew, that, if she woke him, he would look at her coldly, and that she would not be able to resist accusing him, and justifying herself. She went back to her room, and swallowed a second dose of opium, which threw her into a heavy sleep, without taking from her the consciousness of her misery.

Towards morning she had the frightful nightmare which she had experienced several times before. She saw a little old man, with unkempt beard, stirring something in a gourd, and muttering unintelligible French words; and, as always when she had this nightmare, she felt that the little old man shook it over her head without noticing her; and therein lay the horror of the dream. She awoke in a cold perspiration.

When she got up, the events of the day before seemed enveloped in mist.

"There was a quarrel. It had happened several times before. I said I had a headache, and he didn't come to see me. That is all. To-morrow we will go away. I must see him, and get ready for our departure," she said to herself; and knowing that he was in his library, she started

to go to him. But in crossing the parlor, her attention was arrested by the sound of a carriage stopping, and she looked out of the window. It was a *coupé*. A young girl in a light hat was stepping from the carriage, and giving orders to the footman, who was at the door-bell. After a colloquy in the vestibule, some one came up-stairs, and Anna heard Vronsky's steps in the drawing-room. Then he ran swiftly down-stairs. Anna looked out again, and saw him go out to the door-steps bare-headed, and approach the carriage. The young girl in the lilac-colored hat handed him a package. Vronsky smiled as he spoke to her. The *coupé* drove away, and Vronsky came quickly up-stairs.

This little scene suddenly cleared away the mist which weighed upon Anna's soul, and the feelings of yesterday tore her heart more cruelly than ever. She now could not understand how she could have so far debased herself as to stay one day more under his roof. She went into the count's library, to acquaint him with the resolution that she had taken.

"The Princess Sorokina and her daughter have brought me the money and papers from *maman*. I could not get them yesterday. How is your headache? better?" he said quietly, not seeming to notice the gloomy and tragic expression of Anna's face.

She did not reply; but, standing in the middle of the room, she looked fixedly at him. He glanced at her, his brows contracted, and he continued to read his letter. Without speaking, Anna turned slowly about, and left the room He might yet detain her; but he let her pass the threshold, and the only sound heard was the rustling of the sheet of paper.

"By the way," he exclaimed, just as she was disappearing, "it is really decided that we go to-morrow?"

"You, but not I," answered she.

"Anna, this kind of life is impossible."

"You, not I," she repeated again.

"It's no longer tolerable!"

"You — you will be sorry for this," said she; and she went out.

Vronsky was frightened at the despairing tone with which she spoke those last words, and his first impulse was to follow her; but he reflected, seated himself, and, irritated by this inappropriate threat, he muttered between his teeth, — "I have tried every means: there's nothing left but indiffer-

ence;" and he finally put on his coat to go to his mother's, to have her sign a deed.

Anna heard the sound of his steps in his library and the dining-room. He stopped in the drawing-room. But he did not come to her: he only gave some directions about the horse that he had just sold. She heard the carriage drive up, and the door open. Some one hurried up-stairs. She ran to the window, and saw Vronsky take from his *valet's* hands a pair of forgotten gloves, then touch the coachman's back, and say some words to him; and then, without glancing at the window, he sat down, as usual, in the carriage, crossing one leg over the other. And he turned the corner, and disappeared from Anna's sight.

XXVII.

"He is gone. It's all over," said she to herself, as she stood at the window; and the same cold horror which she felt in the night at the dying candle and the nightmare seized her now. "No, this cannot be," she cried. She was afraid to stay alone. She rang the bell violently, and, without waiting, went to meet the servant.

"Find out where the count has gone."

The man replied that he had gone to the stables. "He left word that the carriage would return immediately if you wished to go out."

"Very well. I am going to write a note, which you will send by Mikhaïl to the stables. Have him hurry."

She sat down, and wrote, —

"I am to blame. Come back. We must explain things. For Heaven's sake, come! I am frightened."

She sealed the note, and gave it to the servant; and, in her fear of being alone, she went to see her little girl.

"He is not the same as he was. Where are his blue eyes, and his pretty, timid smile?" was her first thought when she saw the beautiful, black-eyed child, instead of Serozha, whom, in the confusion of her thoughts, she had expected to see.

The little one was seated at the table, noisily tapping on it with a glass stopper. She looked at her mother with her two dark, wine-colored eyes. Answering the English nurse that she was well, and expected to go to the country the next

day, she stepped over in front of the little one, and put the stopper back into the *carafe*. The motion of the child's brows and her hearty laugh recalled Vronsky so vividly, that Anna, choking down her sobs, rose suddenly, and hurried from the room.

"Is it possible that all is over? No, it cannot be," thought she. "He will return. But how can he explain that smile of his, and his animation, after what he said? I shall believe whatever he says: otherwise there is only one remedy that I see, and that I do not want."

She looked at her watch. Twelve minutes went by.

"He has received my note, and must come back in ten minutes. And if he shouldn't come back? That's impossible. He must not find me with red eyes: I'll go and bathe my face. *Da, da!* Have I brushed my hair yet?" She could not remember. She put her hands to her head. "Yes, I brushed my hair, but I really don't remember when it was." She actually did not believe that her hands told her truly, and she went to the pier-glass to see. Her hair was properly arranged, but she could not remember any thing about it.

"Who is that?" she asked herself, as she caught sight of a glowing face and strangely brilliant eyes gazing at her from the mirror. "Yes, it is I." And she suddenly seemed to feel his kisses; and she shivered, and shrugged her shoulders. Then she put her hand to her lips, and kissed it. "It must be that I am going crazy;" and she fled to her room, where Annushka was arranging her dresses.

"Annushka," she said, as she stood before the maid, not knowing what to say.

"Will you go to Darya Aleksandrovna's?" said the maid, for the sake of suggesting something.

"To Darya Aleksandrovna's? Yes, I will go there. Fifteen minutes to go, fifteen to come back. He ought to be here." She looked at her watch. "Oh! how could he leave me in such a condition? How can he live, and not be at peace with me?" She went to the window, and looked out on the street: perhaps she had made a mistake in calculating, and she began over again to count the minutes since he left.

Just as she was about going to consult the great clock, a carriage stopped before the door. It was the count's carriage; but no one came up-stairs, and she heard voices in the vestibule. It was the messenger who came back in the carriage. She hurried down to him.

"The count had just gone to the railroad station," said Mikhaïl, as he handed her back the note.

"Go with this note to the Countess Vronskaïa's in the country, you understand? and bring an answer back to me immediately!"

"But what was I going to do?" she thought. "Yes; I was going to see Dolly, to be sure; but I shall be crazy. Ah! I might telegraph!" and she wrote the following despatch: "I absolutely must speak to you. Come back immediately."

Having sent the telegram, she went and dressed; and then, with her hat on, she again looked at Annushka, whose little, gentle gray eyes were full of sympathy.

"Annushka, my dear, what am I to do?" murmured she, dropping into an arm-chair, with a sob.

"You musn't excite yourself so, Anna Arkadyevna. Go out for a walk: that will divert you. These things will happen."

"Yes, I am going out," said Anna, collecting her thoughts, and rising. "If a despatch comes while I am gone, send it to Darya Aleksandrovna's. Or — no, I will come back."

"I must keep from thinking. I must do something, and go out, and, above all, get out of this house," thought she, listening, with alarm, to the wild beating of her heart. She quickly got into the carriage. "To the Princess Oblonskaïa's," she said to Piotr, the driver.

XXVIII.

The weather was clear. A fine, thick rain had fallen all the morning. But now it was bright. The roofs and flagstones and harnesses and the metal-work of the carriages glittered in the May sunshine. It was three o'clock, the busiest time in the streets.

Sitting in the corner of the comfortable carriage, which was rapidly drawn by a pair of grays, Anna, under the influence of the easy motion of the springs, and the fresh, pure air, reviewed the events of the past few days, and her situation seemed entirely different from what it had been at home. The idea of death did not frighten her so much, and did not seem to her so inevitable. Now she blamed herself for the humiliation to which she had stooped. "I begged him to

forgive me. I bent before him. I accused myself? Why did I? Can't I live without him?" And, leaving this question unanswered, she began to read the sign-boards mechanically. "*Office and warehouse. Surgeon-Dentist.*[1] — Yes, I will tell Dolly all about it. She does not love Vronsky. It will be hard, shameful to confess every thing — but I will. She loves me. I'll follow her advice. I will not allow myself to be treated like a child. *Philippof — Kalatchi* [little cakes]; they say they send them as far as Petersburg. The water at Moscow is so good; ah! the wells of Muitishchensky!" And she remembered how long, long ago, when she was seventeen, she had gone with her aunt to the monastery of Troïtsa[2] [Trinity].

"They travelled with horses in those days. Was it really I, with the red hands? How many things which seemed then beautiful and unattainable, are worthless to me now! What I was then, is passed forever beyond recall! And ages could not bring me back. Would I have believed then that I could have fallen into such debasement? How proud and self-satisfied he will be when he reads my note! But I will tell him — How disagreeable this paint smells! Why are they always painting and building! *Fashionable Dressmaker.*" [*modui i uborui*] she read.

A man bowed to her: it was Annushka's husband. "Our parasites, as Vronsky says. Ours? Why *ours?* Ah, if one could tear out the past by the roots! But that's impossible: one can only avoid thinking about it. And I do that." And yet here she recalled her past with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, and how she drove him out of her memory. "Dolly will think that I am leaving the second husband, and that I am therefore really bad. Do I want to be good? I cannot." — And she felt the tears coming. And seeing two happy young girls going by, she fell to wondering why they were smiling at each other. "Probably about love. They don't know how sad and wretched it is. The *boulevards* and the children! There are three little boys, playing horse. Serozha! my little Serozha. I shall lose all. I shall never have him again. *Da!* if he does not come back, all is indeed lost. Perhaps he missed the train, and has already reached

[1] Kontor i sklad. Zubnoï Vratch.

[2] The *Troïtskaïa Larra*, near Moscow, founded by St. Sergius in the fourteenth century in the time of the Grand Prince Simeon; the richest and most famous institution of its kind in Russia. At one time it had 700 monks and 110,000 *souls*, or male serfs.

home. Do I wish to humiliate myself still more?" she said, reproaching herself for her weakness. "No, I'm going to Dolly's. I shall say to her, 'I am unhappy, I am suffering; I deserve it: but I am so unhappy, help me!' Oh, these horses, this carriage! how I hate to use them! they are his. I will never see them again!" While thinking over what she should say to Dolly, and deliberately torturing her heart, she reached the house, and went up the steps.

"Is there company?" she asked, in the ante-room.

"Katerina Aleksandrovna Levina," answered the servant.

"Kitty, the same Kitty that Vronsky once loved," thought Anna; "and he thinks of her with love, and is sorry that he did not marry her; and he thinks of me with hate, and is sorry that he ever met me."

When Anna arrived, the two sisters were talking over the subject of Kitty's diet. Dolly went alone to the parlor to receive her.

"You haven't gone away yet? I was just going to your house. I have a letter from Stiva to-day."

"We had a despatch," answered Anna, turning to see if Kitty were coming.

"He writes that he does not understand what Alekséi Aleksandrovitch requires, but that he will not come away till he has a definite answer."

"I thought that you had company. Can I read the letter?"

"Yes, — Kitty," said Dolly, disturbed: "she is in the nursery. You know she has been very ill."

"I heard so. Can I read the letter?"

"Certainly: I'll go and look for it. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch does not refuse: on the contrary, Stiva is quite hopeful," said Dolly, stopping at the door.

"I neither hope nor want any thing. Does Kitty think it beneath her dignity to meet me?" thought Anna, when she was left alone. "Perhaps she is right; but she who once loved Vronsky has no right to thrust it in my face, even if she is right. I know that a virtuous woman cannot receive me in my present position. I have given up every thing for him, and this is my reward! Ah, how I hate him! Why did I come here? I am more wretched here than at home." She heard the voices of the two sisters in an adjoining room. "And what am I to say to Dolly? Delight Kitty with the spectacle of my misery? Submit to her condescension?

Da! Even Dolly wouldn't understand. I will not say any thing to her. All I should want to see Kitty for would be to show her that I am indifferent, — that I scorn it all."

Dolly came in with the letter: Anna looked it through, and returned it.

"I knew all that," said she; "but it doesn't interest me at all."

"*Da!* Why not? I have good hope," said Dolly, looking critically at Anna. She had never seen her in such a strange state of irritation. "When do you go away?"

Anna half closed her eyes, and looked before her without answering.

"Is Kitty afraid of me?" she asked, after a moment, glancing towards the door with heightened color.

"*Ach*, what nonsense! But she is nursing the baby, and cannot come just yet. — On the contrary, she is delighted, and is coming directly," answered Dolly awkwardly, as she disliked telling a fib. "There she is now."

When Kitty heard of Anna's call, she had not wished to appear; but Dolly reasoned with her, and she finally controlled her repugnance, and went to the parlor. She blushed as she approached Anna, and held out her hand.

"I am very glad," said she, in a low voice.

Kitty was constrained between her dislike of this wicked woman and her desire to be polite to her; but as soon as she saw Anna's beautiful, sympathetic face, all her prejudice vanished.

"I should have thought it quite natural if you had refused to see me. I am used to every thing," said Anna. "You have been very ill: yes, you have changed."

Kitty thought that Anna looked at her with dislike, and she attributed her unfriendliness to the unpleasant position in which she stood in regard to herself. Her heart was filled with compassion.

They talked of Kitty's illness, of her child, and of Stiva; but Anna was evidently absent-minded.

"I came to bid you good-by," she said to Dolly, as she rose.

"When do you go?"

Without answering her, Anna turned with a smile to Kitty.

"*Da!* I am very glad to have seen you again, I've heard so much about you from everybody, and especially from your husband. He came to see me, and I liked him very

much," she added, with a wicked emphasis. "Where is he?"

"He has gone to the country," answered Kitty, blushing.

"Give my love to him: now, don't forget!"

"I will do it, certainly," said Kitty simply, with a compassionate look.

"So *proshchaï* [good-by], Dolly," said Anna, kissing her; and shaking hands with Kitty, she hastened away.

"She is as fascinating as ever," remarked Kitty to her sister, when Dolly came in after going to the door with Anna. "And how beautiful she is! But there is something very painful about her, — terribly painful."

"She doesn't seem to be in her usual state to-day. I thought she came near bursting into tears in the anteroom."

XXIX.

Anna took her seat in the carriage, and went home more unhappy than ever. Her interview with Kitty awakened the consciousness of her own moral depravity, and the pain of this she felt in addition to her former sufferings.

"Where shall I drive you? Home?" asked Piotr.

"Yes, home," she replied, scarcely knowing what she said.

"They looked upon me as some strange, incomprehensible creature. — What can that man be saying so eagerly to the other?" thought she, seeing two passers-by talking together. "Is it possible to say what one really feels? I wanted to confess to Dolly, and I am glad that I kept still. How she would have rejoiced at my unhappiness! She would have tried to hide it, but at heart she would have been glad: she would have thought it just that I should pay for that happiness which she begrudged me. And Kitty would have been still more pleased. How I read her through and through! She knows her husband liked me uncommonly well, and she is jealous, and hates me; and, what's more, she despises me. In her eyes, I am an immoral woman. If I had been what she thinks, how easily I could have turned her husband's head if I had wanted to! I confess I thought of it. — There goes a man who is delighted with his own looks," she said

to herself, as a tall, florid man went by, and, mistaking her for an acquaintance, lifted his shiny hat from his shiny bald head. "He thought he knew me! He knows me quite as well as anybody in the world knows me. I don't know myself: I only know my *appetites*, as the French say. — They covet some of that bad ice-cream," she said to herself, as she watched two little street-children standing in front of a vender, who had just set down from his head his tub of ice-cream, and was wiping his face with a corner of his coat. "We all want our sweet delicacies; if not sugar-plums, then bad ice-cream, just like Kitty, who, not catching Vronsky, took Levin. She envies me, she hates me; and we hate each other. So goes the world. *Tiutkin coiffeur — Je me fais coiffer* ['I will have my hair dressed'] *par Tiutkin.* — I will tell *him* this nonsense when he comes," thought she, and smiled, and then instantly remembered that there was no one now to whom she could tell amusing things. "There is nothing amusing, nothing gay: it is all disgusting. The vesper-bell is ringing, and that storekeeper is crossing himself so quickly that one would think he was afraid of losing the chance.

"Why these churches, these bells, these lies? Just to hide the fact that we all hate each other, like those *izvoshchiks* who are swearing at each other so angrily. Yashvin was right when he said, 'He is after my shirt, and I am after his.'"

She was so engrossed by these thoughts that she forgot her grief for a while, and was surprised when the carriage stopped in front of her house. The sight of the Swiss, coming to meet her, reminded her that she had sent a letter and a telegram.

"Is there an answer yet?"

"I will go and see," said the Swiss; and he came back in a moment with a telegram in a thin square envelope. Anna read, —

"I cannot be back before ten o'clock. VRONSKY."

"And has the messenger come back?"

"Not yet," replied the Swiss.

"Ah! if that is so, then I know what I must do;" and feeling a vague sense of anger and a desire for vengeance arising in her soul, she ran up-stairs.

"I myself will go and find him," thought she. "Before I go away forever, I will show him what he has done. I never hated any one as I hate this man!" And when she caught sight of Vronsky's hat hanging in the ante-room, she shivered with aversion. She did not reflect that the despatch was in answer to her telegram, and that he could not have yet received her note. She imagined him now chatting gayly with his mother and the Princess Sorokina without a thought of her suffering. "Yes, I must go as quickly as possible," she said, not knowing at all whither she should go. She felt that she must fly from these thoughts which weighed her down in this terrible house. The servants, the walls, the furniture, every thing about it, filled her with disgust and pain, and crushed her with a terrible weight.

"Yes, I must go to the railroad station, and if not there, then somewhere, to punish him." Anna looked at the time-table in the newspaper. The evening train went at two minutes past eight. "Yes, I shall have plenty of time." She ordered the two other horses to be harnessed, and she had transferred from her trunk to her travelling-bag things enough to last for several days. She knew that she should never come back again. She revolved a thousand plans in her head, and determined that when she had done what she had in mind to do, either at the countess's country-seat, or at the station, she would go to the first city on the Nizhni Novgorod Railroad that she might happen to think of. Dinner was on the table. She took a bit of bread and cheese: the smell of the victuals was repugnant to her. She ordered the carriage again, and went out. The house cast a shadow clear across the street; but the sky was clear, and it was warm in the sun. Annushka, who brought her things, and Piotr, who carried them to the carriage, and the coachman, who was evidently angry, all were disagreeable to her, and vexed her with their words and motions.

"I do not need you, Piotr."

"Who will get your ticket?"

"*Nu!* Go if you wish: it makes no difference to me," she said pettishly. Piotr nimbly mounted the box, and, folding his arms, ordered the coachman to drive to the Nizhni station.

XXX.

"Now I am myself again, — now my mind is clear," said Anna to herself, as soon as the carriage started, and, rolling a little, flew swiftly along the uneven pavement.

"*Da!* what was that good thing that I was thinking about last? Tiutkin, the *coiffeur?* Oh, no! not that. Oh, yes! what Yashvin said about the struggle for existence, and hatred, the only thing that unites men. No: we go at haphazard."

She saw in a carriage drawn by four horses a party of merrymakers, who had evidently come to the city for a pleasure-trip.

"What are you seeking under the disguise of pleasure?" she thought. "You won't escape from yourselves;" and then, as her eye fell on a drunken workman, led by a policeman, she added, "That man's way is quicker. Count Vronsky and I did not reach this pleasure, though we expected much."

And for the first time Anna turned upon her relations with the count this bright light which was suddenly revealing her life to her.

"What did he seek in me? A satisfaction for his vanity, rather than for his love!"

And she remembered Vronsky's words, and the expression of his face, which reminded her of a submissive dog, when they first met and loved. Every thing seemed a confirmation of this thought.

"*Da!* he cared for the triumph of success above every thing. Of course, he loved me, but chiefly from vanity. Now that he is not proud of me any more, it is over. He is ashamed of me. He has taken from me all that he could take, and now I am of no use to him. I weigh upon him, and he does not want to be in dishonorable relationship with me. He said, yesterday, he wanted the divorce, so as to burn his ships. Perhaps he loves me still, — but how? The zest is gone," she said, in English, as she looked at a ruddy-faced man riding by on a hired horse.

"*Da!* there is nothing about me any longer to his taste. If I leave him, he will rejoice in the bottom of his heart."

This was not mere hypothesis: she saw things now clearly, as by a sort of clairvoyance.

"My love has been growing more and more selfish and passionate: his has been growing fainter and fainter. That is why we cannot go on together. He is all in all to me. I struggle to draw him closer and closer to me, and he wants to fly from me. Up to the time of our union, we flew to meet each other; but now we move apart. He accuses me of being absurdly jealous, — and I am; and yet I am not, either. I am not jealous, but my love is no longer satisfied. But" — she opened her mouth to speak, and, in the excitement caused by the stress of her thoughts, she changed her place in the carriage.

"If I could, I would try to be a simple friend to him, and not a passionate mistress, whom his coldness frenzies; but I cannot transform myself. I am not mistaken. Don't I know that he would not deceive me, that he is no longer in love with Kitty, that he has no intention of marrying the Princess Sorokina? I know it well, but it is none the easier for me. But what is that to me? If he is tired of my love, — if, when he does not feel for me just what I feel for him, — I would, a thousand times, rather have him hate me. This is — hell! And this is the case. He has long ceased to love me. When love ceases, disgust begins. — I don't know these streets at all. What hosts of houses! and in them, people, people, — no end of them! and they all hate each other!

"*Nu!* what could happen to me now that would give me happiness again? Suppose that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch should consent to the divorce, and would give me back Serozha, and that I should marry Vronsky?" And as she thought of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, Anna could see him before her, with his dull, lifeless, faded eyes, his white, blue-veined hands, and his cracking joints; and the idea of their relation to one another, which had hitherto been tinged with tenderness, made her shudder.

"*Nu!* Suppose I were married, would not Kitty still look at me as she looked at me to-day? Would not Serozha ask and wonder why I had two husbands? But between me and Vronsky what new feeling could I imagine? Is it possible that our relations might be, if not pleasanter, at least no worse than they are now? No, and no!" she replied, without the least hesitation. "Impossible! We are growing apart; and I am disagreeable to him, and he displeases me, and I cannot change him: every means has been tried. . . .

Da! there's a beggar with a child. She thinks she inspires pity. Were we not thrown into the world to hate each other, and to torment ourselves and everybody else? Here come the schoolboys out to play! Serozha?" It reminded her of her son. "I used to think that I loved him, and I was touched by his gentleness. I also lived without him, gave him up for my love, and was not sorry for the change, since I was contented with him whom I loved." And she remembered with disgust what she called that love. And the clearness in which she now saw her own life, as well as the lives of others, delighted her. "Thus am I, and Piotr and the coachman, Feodor, and that merchant, and all people from here to the Volga, wherever these remarks are applicable — and everywhere and always," she thought as the carriage stopped in front of the low-roofed station of the Nizhni Novgorod Railroad, and the porter came out to meet her.

"Shall I book you for Obiralovki?" asked Piotr.

She had entirely forgotten why she had come, and only by a great effort could she understand what he meant.

"Yes," she said, handing him her purse; and taking her little red bag, she got out of the carriage.

As she entered with the throng, she reviewed all the details of her situation and the plans between which she was halting. And again hope and despair alternately filled her tortured, cruelly palpitating heart. As she sat on the stelliform divan, she looked with aversion on the people going and coming, — they were all her enemies, — and thought now of how, when she reached the station, she would write to him, and what she would write, and then how at this very moment he — not thinking of her suffering — was complaining to his mother of his position, and how she would go to his room, and what she would say to him. The thought that she might yet live happily crossed her brain; and how hard it was to love and hate him at the same time! And above all, how her heart was beating, as if to burst its bounds!

XXXI.

A BELL sounded, and some impudent young men of a flashy and vulgar appearance passed before her. Then Piotr, in his livery and top-boots, with his dull, good-natured face, crossed the waiting-room, and came up to escort her to the

ears. The noisy men about the door stopped talking while she passed out upon the platform; then one of them made some remark to his neighbor, which was apparently an insult. Anna mounted the high steps, and sat down alone in the compartment on the dirty sofa which once had been white, and laid her bag beside her on the springy seat. Piotr raised his gold-laced hat, with an inane smile, for a farewell, and departed. The saucy conductor shut the door. A woman, deformed, and ridiculously dressed up, followed by a little girl laughing affectedly, passed below the car-window. Anna looked at her with disgust. The little girl was speaking loud in a mixture of Russian and French.

"That child is grotesque and already self-conscious," thought Anna; and she seated herself at the opposite window of the empty apartment, to avoid seeing the people.

A dirty, hunchbacked *muzhik* passed close to the window, and examined the car-wheels: he wore a cap, from beneath which could be seen tufts of dishevelled hair. "There is something familiar about that hump-backed *muzhik*," thought Anna; and suddenly she remembered her nightmare, and drew back frightened towards the car-door, which the conductor was just opening to admit a lady and gentleman.

"Do you want to get out?"

Anna did not answer, and under her veil no one could see the terror which paralyzed her. She sat down again. The couple took seats opposite her, and cast stealthy but curious glances at her dress. The husband and wife were obnoxious to her. The husband asked her if she objected to smoking, — evidently not for the sake of smoking, but as an excuse for entering into conversation with her. Having obtained her permission, he remarked to his wife in French that he felt even more inclined to talk than to smoke. They exchanged stupid remarks, with the hope of attracting Anna's attention, and drawing her into the conversation. Anna clearly saw how they bored each other, how they hated each other. It was impossible not to hate such painful monstrosities. The second gong sounded, and was followed by the rumble of baggage, noise, shouts, laughter. Anna saw so clearly that there was nothing to rejoice at, that this laughter roused her indignation, and she longed to stop her ears. At last the third signal was given, the train started, the locomotive whistled, and the gentleman crossed himself. "It would be interesting to ask him what he meant by that," thought

Anna, looking at him angrily. Then she looked by the woman's head out of the car-window at the people standing and walking on the platform. The car in which Anna sat moved past the stone walls of the station, the switches, the other cars. The motion became more rapid: the rays of the setting sun slanted into the car-window, and a light breeze played through the slats of the blinds.

Forgetting her neighbors, Anna breathed in the fresh air, and took up again the course of her thoughts.

"*Da!* What was I thinking about? I cannot imagine any situation in which my life could be any thing but one long misery. We are all dedicated to unhappiness: we all know it, and only seek for ways to deceive ourselves. But when you see the truth, what is to be done?"

"Reason was given to man, that he might avoid what he dislikes," remarked the woman, in French, apparently delighted with her sentence.

The words fitted in with Anna's thought.

"To avoid what he dislikes," she repeated; and a glance at the handsome-faced man, and his thin better half, showed her that the woman looked upon herself as a misunderstood creature, and that her stout husband did not contradict this opinion, but took advantage of it to deceive her. Anna, as it were, read their history, and looked into the most secret depths of their hearts; but it was not interesting, and she went on with her reflections.

"Yes, it is very unpleasant to me, and reason was given to avoid it: therefore, it must be done. Why not extinguish the light when it shines on things disgusting to see? But how? Why does the conductor keep hurrying through the car? Why does he shout? Why are there people in this car? Why do they speak? What are they laughing at? It is all false, all a lie, all deception, all vanity and vexation."

When the train reached the station, Anna followed the other passengers, and tried to avoid too rude a contact with the bustling crowd. She hesitated on the platform, trying to recollect why she had come, and to ask herself what she meant to do. All that seemed to her possible before to do, now seemed to her difficult to execute, especially amid this disagreeable crowd. Now the porters came to her, and offered her their services; now some young men, clattering up and down the platform, and talking loud, observed her

curiously; and she knew not where to take refuge. Finally, it occurred to her to stop an official, and ask him if a coachman had not been there with a letter for Count Vronsky.

"The Count Vronsky? Just now some one was here. He was inquiring for the Princess Sorokina and her daughter. What kind of a looking man is this coachman?"

Just then Anna espied the coachman Mikhaïl, rosy and gay in his elegant blue livery and watch-chain, coming towards her, and carrying a note, immensely proud that he had fulfilled his commission.

Anna broke the seal, and her heart stood still as she read the carelessly written lines: —

"I am very sorry that your note did not find me in Moscow. I shall return at ten o'clock."

"Yes, that is what I expected," she said to herself, with a sardonic smile.

"Very good, you can go home," she said to Mikhaïl. She spoke the words slowly and gently, because her heart beat so that she could scarcely breathe or speak.

"No, I will not let you make me suffer so," thought she, addressing with a threat, not Vronsky so much as the thought that was torturing her; and she moved along the platform. Two chamber-maids waiting there turned to look at her, and made audible remarks about her toilet. "Just in style," they said, referring to her lace. The young men would not leave her in peace. They stared at her, and passed her again and again, making their jokes so that she should hear. The station-master came to her, and asked if she was going to take the train. A lad selling *kvas* did not take his eyes from her.

"*Bozhe moï!* where shall I fly?" she said to herself.

When she reached the end of the platform, she stopped. Some women and children were there, talking with a man in spectacles, who had probably come to the station to meet them. They, too, stopped, and turned to see Anna pass by. She hastened her steps. A truck full of trunks rumbled by, making the floor shake so that she felt as if she were on a moving train.

Suddenly she remembered the man who was run over on the day when she met Vronsky for the first time, and she knew then what was in store for her. With light and swift steps she descended the stairway which led from the pump

at the end of the platform down to the rails, and stood very near the train, which was slowly passing by. She looked under the cars, at the chains and the brake, and the high iron wheels, and she tried to estimate with her eye the distance between the fore and back wheels, and the moment when the middle would be in front of her.

"There," she said, looking at the shadow of the car thrown upon the black coal-dust which covered the sleepers, "there, in the centre, he will be punished, and I shall be delivered from it all, — and from myself."

Her little red travelling-bag caused her to lose the moment when she could throw herself under the wheels of the first car: she could not detach it from her arm. She awaited the second. A feeling like that she had experienced once, just before taking a dive in the river, came over her, and she made the sign of the cross. This familiar gesture called back to her soul, memories of youth and childhood. Life, with its elusive joys, glowed for an instant before her, but she did not take her eyes from the car; and when the middle, between the two wheels, appeared, she threw away her red bag, drawing her head between her shoulders, and, with outstretched hands, threw herself on her knees under the car. She had time to feel afraid. "Where am I? What am I doing? Why?" thought she, trying to draw back; but a great, inflexible mass struck her head, and threw her upon her back. "Lord, forgive me all!" she murmured, feeling the struggle to be in vain. A little *muzhik* was working on the railroad, mumbling in his beard. And the candle by which she read, as in a book, the fulfilment of her life's work, of its deceptions, its grief, and its torment, flared up with greater brightness than she had ever known, revealing to her all that before was in darkness, then flickered, grew faint, and went out forever.

PART VIII.

I.

Two months had passed by, and though half the summer was gone, Sergéi Ivanovitch had not yet made up his mind to leave Moscow. An important event for him had just occurred, — the publication of his book, entitled, *An Essay on the Principles and the Forms of Government in Europe and in Russia*, upon which he had been working for six years. The introduction, as well as some fragments from the book, had already appeared in the reviews, and certain parts had been read by the author to the people of his circle; but although his work could not be said to possess the charm of novelty, Sergéi Ivanovitch nevertheless expected it to make a sensation.

Weeks passed by, however, without the least ripple being apparent in the literary world. Some of his scientific friends spoke to Koznuishef about his book, from politeness; but society was too much pre-occupied with quite different matters, to give the least attention to a publication of this kind. As for the newspapers, months went by, and there was absolute silence, except a squib in "The Northern Beetle." At length, after three months, a critical article appeared in a journal of importance. Sergéi Ivanovitch knew who the author was. He had met him at the house of a friend.

He was very young, very clever as a writer, but perfectly uneducated. Notwithstanding Sergéi Ivanovitch's disdain of the author, he began to read the article with extraordinary interest. But it proved to be abominable. Evidently, the critic understood the book just exactly as it should not have been understood. The article was merely a selection of extracts, cleverly put together, to demonstrate that the entire book, in spite of its high pretensions, was nothing but a tissue of pompous phrases, and these not always intelli-

gible, as the critic's frequent interrogation-points testified. In a word, he tried to show that the author of the work was a perfect ignoramus; and it was done in such a witty way that Sergéi Ivanovitch himself could not deny the wit of it; but, after all, it was abominable.

Sergéi Ivanovitch, in spite of the unusual conscientiousness with which he examined into the justice of these remarks, did not for a moment think of answering the ridiculous errors and blunders; but he involuntarily remembered how, when he met the young author of the article, he had showed up his ignorance in conversation. He, therefore, understood the animus of the criticism.

Sergéi Ivanovitch's disappointment of seeing the labor of six years, in which he had put his whole soul, pass thus unnoticed, was very keen; and his feelings were still more tried, because, now that his book was off his hands, he had nothing especial to occupy the larger part of his time. He was bright, well educated, in perfect health, and very active; and he did not know how to employ his industry. Conversations with callers, visits to the club, and the meetings of committees, took some of his time; but still, his leisure weighed heavily upon him.

To his joy just at this time, which was so trying to him, and after his interest in American subjects, foreign famines, expositions, spiritualism, was exhausted, the Slavic question began to engross public attention; and Sergéi Ivanovitch, who had been one of its earliest advocates, gave himself up to it with enthusiasm.

Among Sergéi Ivanovitch's friends nothing else was thought about or talked about except the Serbian war. All the things that lazy people are accustomed to do was done for the help of these brother Slavs. Balls, concerts, dinners, the names of matches, ladies' finery, beer, bar-rooms, every thing was significantly sympathetic for the Slavs.

With much that was said and written on this subject, Sergéi Ivanovitch could not agree. He saw that the Slav question was one of those fashionable movements that always carry people to extremes. He saw that many people with petty personal ends in view took part in it. He recognized that the newspapers made many useless and exaggerated statements, in order to attract attention to themselves, and belittle their rivals. He saw that in this common impulse of society, upstarts put themselves forward, and outdid each

other in showing absurd and abominable things, — commanders-in-chief without an army, ministers without a ministry, journalists without a journal, party-leaders without partisans. He saw much that was childish and absurd; but he also saw and admired the enthusiasm which united all classes, and which it was impossible not to share. The massacre of the Serbians, who professed the same faith, and spoke almost the same language, aroused sympathy for their sufferings, and indignation against their persecutors; and the heroism of the Serbs and Montenegrins, who were fighting for a great cause, caused a universal desire to help their brethren, not only in word, but in deed.

But there was another phenomenon which delighted Sergéi Ivanovitch especially. This was the manifestation of public opinion. Society actually spoke out its desires. "The national soul was moved," as Sergéi Ivanovitch expressed it; and the more he studied this movement as a whole, the more vast it seemed to him, and destined to mark an epoch in the history of Russia.

He devoted himself to the service of this great cause, and forgot all about his book. All his time now was so occupied that he could scarcely reply to the letters and demands made upon him.

He worked all the spring and a part of the summer, and it was only in the month of July that he could tear himself away from his new employments to go to his brother in the country.

He went for a fortnight's vacation, and rejoiced to find, even in the depths of the country, in the very holy of holies of the peasantry, the same awakening of the national spirit in which he himself and all the inhabitants of the capital and the large cities of the empire firmly believed.

Katavasof seized the opportunity to fulfil a promise he had made to visit Levin, and the two friends left town the same day.

II & III.

When Sergéi Ivanovitch and Katavasof reached the Kursk Railroad station, they found a large throng of enthusiastic people, who were accompanying a number of volunteers and their friends. Ladies carrying bouquets attended the heroes of the hour, to say good-by; and the crowd followed them.

One of the ladies armed with bouquets was in the station, and addressed Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"Did you also come to see the sight?" she asked, speaking in French.

"No: I am going myself, princess; that is, — to have a little rest at my brother's. But are you still on escort duty?" he added, with a smile of amusement.

"I have to. But tell me, is it true that we have sent off eight hundred already? Malvinsky told me so."

"We've sent off more than a thousand, if we count those not immediately from Moscow."

"*Nu, vot!* I said so!" cried the lady, delighted. "And the subscriptions? Do they not amount to nearly a million?"

"More than that, princess."

"Have you read the news? They have beaten the Turks again."

"Yes, I read about it." And they began to talk about their acquaintances who had volunteered.

"Do you know Count Vronsky, the famous, is going on this train?" said the princess, with a triumphant and significant smile.

"I knew that he was going: I heard it, but I did not know when."

"I just saw him. He is here. His mother is the only one with him. All things considered, I do not think he could do any thing better."

"Oh, yes! Of course."

During this conversation, the crowd had rushed into the restaurant of the station, where a man, with a glass in his hand, was making an address to the volunteers: —

"For the service of our faith and humanity and our brethren," he said, raising his voice, "Mátushka Moskva [Mother Moscow] gives you her blessing in this noble cause. May it prosper!" he concluded, with tears in his eyes. The crowd responded with cheers; and a fresh throng poured into the waiting-room, nearly overwhelming the princess.

"Ah, princess! What do you say to this?" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch, who, with a radiant smile of joy, was working his way through the crowd. "Didn't he speak gloriously? Bravo! And here's Sergéi Ivanuitch. You ought to speak just a few words, you know, of encouragement, you do it so well," added Oblonsky, touching Koznui-

shef's arm, with an expression of suave, flattering deference.

"Oh, no! I'm going off, right away."

"Where?"

"To the country, — to my brother's."

"Then you'll see my wife. I wrote her, but you'll see her before she gets my letter. Please tell her that you met me, and every thing is *all right:* she will understand. Tell her, too, that I got my place as member of the Commission of — *Nu, da!* she knows what that is, you know, *les petites misères de la vie humaine*" [the little miseries of human life], said he, turning to the princess, as though in apology. "Miagkaïa, not Liza, but Bibiche, sends a thousand guns and twelve hospital nurses. Did I tell you?"

"Yes: I heard about it," answered Koznuishef coldly.

"But what a pity you are going away," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "We give a farewell dinner to-morrow to two volunteers, — Dimer Bartnyansky of Petersburg, and our Veslovsky. Both are going. Veslovsky is just married. He's a fine lad. Isn't it so, princess?"

The princess did not reply, but looked at Koznuishef. The fact that the princess and Sergéi Ivanovitch evidently wanted to get rid of him did not in the least disconcert him. He went on chatting; and as he saw a lady going by with a subscription-box, he beckoned to her, and handed her a five-ruble note.

"I can't bear to see these subscription-boxes pass by me, now that I am flush," he said.

"What splendid news there is! Hurrah for the Montenegrins!"

"What's that you say?" he cried, when the princess told him that Vronsky was going by the first train. A shade of sadness passed over his merry face; but he soon forgot the tears he had shed over his sister's grave, and saw in Vronsky only a hero and an old friend. He hastened away to find him.

"One must do him justice, in spite of his faults," said the princess, when Stepan Arkadyevitch was gone. "He has the true Russian, the Slavic, nature. But I am afraid it will give the count no pleasure to see him. Whatever people may say, I pity that unhappy man. Try to talk a little with him on the journey," said the princess.

"Certainly, if I have a chance. I never liked him, but

what he is doing now makes up for much wrong-doing. You know, he's taking out a squadron of cavalry at his own expense?"

The bell rang, and the crowd pressed towards the doors.

"There he is," said the princess, pointing out Vronsky, who was dressed in a long coat and a broad-brimmed black hat. His mother was leaning on his arm. Oblonsky followed them, talking vivaciously.

Vronsky was frowning, and looked straight ahead, as though loath to hear what Stepan Arkadyevitch said.

Apparently at Oblonsky's suggestion, he turned to the side where Sergéi Ivanovitch and the princess were standing, and raised his hat silently. His face, which had grown old and worn, was like stone. He instantly disappeared in the train.

On the platform, men were singing the national hymn.[1] Then hurrahs and *vivas* resounded. A young volunteer, with a tall figure, stooping shoulders, and an invalid air, ostentatiously responded to the public, waving above his head a felt hat and a bouquet; while behind him, two officers, and an elderly man in an old cap, bowed a more modest farewell.

After Koznuishef had taken leave of the princess, he and Katavasof, who had just joined him, entered a car which was crowded with people; and the train started. At the next station, the national hymn, sung by a choir of young men, saluted the volunteers, and they responded in the same way; but these orations and the type of the volunteers were too well known to Sergéi Ivanovitch to awaken the least curiosity in him. Katavasof, on the other hand, whose studious habits kept him away from such scenes, was much interested, and questioned his companion about the volunteers.

Sergéi Ivanovitch advised him to look into their car, and talk with some of them. At the next station, Katavasof followed this advice. As soon as the train stopped, he went into the second-class car, and made the acquaintance of the volunteers. Some of them were seated in a corner of the car, talking noisily, aware that they were attracting the attention of the other passengers and of Katavasof. The tall, round-shouldered young man was talking louder than the others. He was evidently very drunk, and was telling a story. Opposite him sat an old officer in Austrian uniform. He was listening with a smile to the narrator, and occasionally prompting him. A third volunteer, in an artillery uniform,

[1] "*Boshe Tsara Khrani.*"

was sitting on a box near them. A fourth was asleep. Katavasof entered into conversation with the youth, and learned that he had been a rich merchant in Moscow, who, when scarcely twenty-two years old, had succeeded in squandering a considerable fortune. Katavasof did not like him, because he was effeminate, conceited, and sickly. He evidently felt, especially now that he was drunk, that he was doing a heroic deed; and he boasted in the most disagreeable manner. The next officer also impressed Katavasof unpleasantly; he had tried all trades; he had worked on a railroad, and had been director of an estate, and had built a factory; and he talked of every thing without any necessity of doing so, and often used words that showed his ignorance.

The third, the artillery-man, on the contrary, pleased Katavasof very much by his modesty and gentleness. He was evidently disgusted by the affected knowledge of the retired officer and the young merchant's boasted heroism, and he would say nothing about himself. When Katavasof asked him what induced him to go to Serbia, he answered modestly, —

"I'm going, like every one else. We must help the Serbians. It is too bad."

"*Da!* They have very few artillery-men."

"My service in the artillery was very short. I may be assigned to the infantry or the cavalry."

"Why in the infantry when they need artillery-men more than all?" asked Katavasof.

"I did not serve very long in the artillery, but left the service when I was a boy." And he began to explain why he had not passed his examination.

The general impression which these officers produced was not very favorable. An elderly man in a military overcoat had been listening to Katavasof's talk with them, and seemed scarcely more edified. He and the professor exchanged views. The old man was a soldier who had fought in two campaigns, and he knew what it meant to go to war: and in the actions and words of these gentlemen, the bravery with which they applied themselves to the flask, he read their inferiority as soldiers. But in the excitement, it would have been imprudent to express himself frankly. When Katavasof asked the old soldier how the volunteers impressed him, a smile came into his eyes, and he limited his reply to the remark, —

"What would you have? Somebody must go." And,

without confiding to each other their mutual opinions on this subject, they talked over the most recent war news, including the famous battle where the Turks, according to the reports, were beaten at every point.

When Katavasof returned to his car, he told Sergéi Ivanovitch, with some twinges of conscience, that he enjoyed talking with the volunteers, and he declared that they were excellent lads. In the great station where they next stopped, the chorus, the cheers, the bouquets, and the beggars again appeared, and again the ladies with bouquets took the volunteers into the restaurant; but there was much less enthusiasm than there had been at Moscow.

IV.

While the train stopped, Sergéi Ivanovitch did not go to the restaurant, but walked up and down the platform.

The first time that he passed Vronsky's compartment, he saw that the blinds were down. When he passed the second time, he saw the old countess at the window, and she called him.

"You see, I am going as far as Kursk with him."

"I heard so," answered Koznuishef, stopping at the window, and looking in. "What a noble action on his part!" he added, seeing that Vronsky was not in the car.

"*Da!* What could he do after his misfortune?"

"What a horrible thing it was!"

"*Ach!* What have I not been through! — *Da!* Come in. — *Ach!* What have I not been through!" she repeated, as Sergéi Ivanovitch came in and sat down on the sofa beside her. "You could not imagine it. For six weeks he never said a word to any one, and he only ate because I begged him. We dared not leave him alone a single instant: we feared he would try to kill himself. We lived on the first floor, but we had to look out just the same. You know he came near it once before, for her sake. Yes," said the old countess, her face clouding at this remembrance, "that woman died as was fit for such a woman to die. Her death was low and wretched."

"It is not for us to judge her, countess," replied Sergéi Ivanovitch, with a sigh. "But I can imagine what you have suffered."

"*Ach!* Don't speak of it! My son was with me at my country-place. A note was brought him. He answered immediately. We did not know at all that she was at the station. That evening I had just gone to my room, and my Mary told me that a lady had thrown herself under the train. I understood instantly what had happened: I knew it must be she. My first words were, 'Let no one tell the count.' But they had just told him. His coachman was at the station when it happened, and saw it all. I ran to my son's room. He was like a madman: it was terrible to see him. Without speaking one word, he left the house; and what he found, I do not know; but they brought him back like one dead. I should never have known him. '*Prostration complète*,' the doctor said. Then he became almost insane. *Ach!* What can be said?" cried the countess, waving her hands. "It was a terrible time. No: let people say what they will, she was a bad woman. *Nu!* What a fearful passion she was in! It was to prove something or other in an extraordinary way, and she proved it! She has spoiled life for two splendid men, — her husband and my son, — and ruined herself."

"What did the husband do?"

"He has taken the little girl. At first Alosha consented to every thing: now he repents having given up his daughter to a stranger; but could he take charge of her? Karénin went to the funeral, but we succeeded in preventing a meeting between him and Alosha. For him, — that is, her husband, — this death is a deliverance; but my poor son gave up every thing for her, sacrificed every thing, — me, his position, his career, — and she was not contented with that, but wanted to ruin him besides. No! whatever you may say, her death is the death of a bad woman, a woman without religion. May God forgive me! but when I think of the harm she has done my son, I cannot help cursing her memory."

"How is he now?"

"This is our salvation, this Serbian war. I am old, don't understand much about it; but God sent it. Of course, as his mother, it is painful; and besides, they say *ce n'est pas très bien vu à Pétersburg*" [it is not much approved of]; but what can be done about it? This one thing saved him. Yashvin, his friend, gambled away all he had, and enlisted. He came to Alosha, and persuaded him to go to Serbia with him. Now this is occupying him. Do talk with him, I beg of you, he is so sad. *Da!* and besides his other troubles,

he has a toothache. But he will be glad to see you. Please talk with him. He is walking up and down on the other side of the track."

Sergéi Ivanovitch said that he would be very glad to talk with the count, and went over to the side where Vronsky was.

V.

In the shadow of a heap of baggage piled on the platform, Vronsky, in his long overcoat and slouch hat, with his hands in his pockets, was walking, like a wild beast in a cage, up and down a narrow space where he could not take more than a score of steps. It seemed to Sergéi Ivanovitch, as he drew near, that he saw him, but pretended not to recognize him. But to Sergéi Ivanovitch, this was all the same. He stood above any petty susceptibility.

At this moment, Vronsky, in his eyes, was fulfilling a grand mission, and he ought to be sustained and encouraged. He approached the count. Vronsky stopped, looked at him, recognized him, and, taking a few steps to meet him, cordially held out his hand.

"Perhaps you would prefer not to see me," said Sergéi Ivanovitch; "but can I be of any service to you?"

"No one could be less unpleasant for me to meet than you," answered Vronsky. "Pardon me. There is nothing pleasant for me in life."

"I understand, and I want to offer you my services," said Koznuishef, struck by the deep suffering in the count's face. "Might not a letter to Ristitch or Milan be of some use to you?"

"Oh, no!" answered Vronsky, making an effort to understand. "If it is all the same to you, we will walk a little. It is so close in the cars! A letter? No, thank you. Does one need letters of introduction to get one's self killed? In this case, one to the Turks, perhaps," added he, with a smile at the corners of his mouth. His eyes kept the same expression of bitter sadness.

"*Da!* It would make it easier for you to come into relations with men prepared for action. Still, as you please; but I was very glad to learn of your decision. The very fact that a man of your standing has joined the volunteers, will raise them above all cavil in the public estimation."

"My sole merit," replied Vronsky, "is, that life is of no value to me. As to physical energy, I know it will not be wanting for any purpose; and I am glad enough to give my life, which is not only useless to me, but disgusting, to be useful to somebody:" and he made an impatient motion of his face, caused by his unceasing toothache.

"You will be born over again, is my prediction," said Sergéi Ivanovitch. His feelings were touched. "The deliverance of one's oppressed brethren is an aim for which one might as well live as die. May God grant you full success, and fill your soul with peace!" he added, and held out his hand.

Vronsky pressed his hand cordially.

"As a field-piece, I may be of use.— But as a man,—I am only a ruin," murmured the count, with intervals between the phrases. The steady pain in his tooth made it an effort for him to speak. He stopped; and his eyes fixed themselves mechanically on the engine-wheel, which advanced, revolving slowly and regularly on the rails. And suddenly another, not pain, but a sensation of intense inward torture, caused him to forget for a moment the pain of his tooth. At the sight of the engine and the rails, through the influence of his talk with an acquaintance whom he had not seen since his grief, a sudden memory awakened in him. Instantly *she* appeared to him, or, at least, all that remained of her, when he rushed like a maniac into the freight-house, where they had carried her. There, on a table, shamelessly exposed to the sight of all, lay her blood-stained body, which had so lately been full of life. Her head was uninjured, with its heavy braids, and its light curls about the temples; it was thrown back: and in the lovely face, with half-closed eyes, and her rosy lips parted, hovered still that strange and wild expression, as though her mouth were ready once again to pronounce their terrible threat, and warn him, as during their last quarrel, "that he would repent."

And he tried to remember how she looked when he first met her, also at a railroad station, with that mysterious, poetic, charming beauty, overflowing with life and gayety, enjoying and bestowing happiness. But he saw only her face, haughtily expressing her threat of unnecessary but implacable vengeance. He tried to remember the happiest moments that he had spent with her, but those joys of the

past remained forever poisoned. Sobs shook his whole frame.

After walking up and down by the baggage once or twice, the count controlled himself, and spoke calmly with Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"Did you hear the latest telegrams? Yes: they have fought three times, and probably there will be another battle to-morrow." And after a few words about King Milan's proclamation, and the consequences which it might have, the two men separated at the ringing of the bell.

VI.

As Sergéi Ivanovitch had not known just when it would be possible for him to leave Moscow, he did not telegraph his brother to send for him. Levin was not at home when he and Katavasof, black as negroes with smoke and dust, reached Pokrovsky about noon, in a *tarantás* which they hired at the station.

Kitty was sitting on the balcony with her father and sister when she saw her brother-in-law approaching, and she ran to meet him.

"Your conscience ought to prick you for not letting us know," said she, shaking hands with Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"We got along splendidly, and we did not have to bother you. I am so dusty, that I don't dare to touch you. And here is our friend, Feodor Vasilitch, who has come at last."

"But I am not a negro. When I have washed, I shall look like a human being," said Katavasof, laughing; and his white teeth gleamed out from his dusty face.

"Kostia will be very glad. He is out on the farm, but he will be back before long."

"Always at his farming, while the rest of us can think of nothing but the war with Serbia. *Nu!* how does my friend regard this subject? he is sure not to think as other people do."

"Yes, he does, — but — perhaps not like everybody," said Kitty, a little confused, looking at Sergéi Ivanovitch. "I will send some one to find him. We have papa with us just now: he has come back from abroad."

And the young wife, enjoying her power of quick motion,

from which she had been so long debarred, hastened to make her guests comfortable, to let her husband and Dolly know of their arrival, and to tell her father, who was sitting on the balcony.

"It's Sergéi Ivanovitch and Professor Katavasof."

"*Och!* in this heat! It will be terrible!"

"Not at all, papa: he is very nice, and Kostia loves him dearly," said Kitty, laughing at the expression of consternation on her father's face.

"Go entertain them, *dúshenka*," she said to her sister. "They saw Stiva at the station: he was well. And I am going to the baby for a little while. I actually have not nursed him since morning: he will be crying if I don't go," and she hurried to the nursery. She felt that the baby was needing her, and she was not mistaken. He was crying at the top of his voice. She heard his voice, and quickened her steps. But the more she hurried, the louder he cried. It was a fine, healthy scream, a scream of hunger and impatience.

"I am late, nurse, late," said Kitty, sitting down, and getting ready to suckle the child. "*Da!* give him to me, give him to me, quick. *Ach*, nurse! how stupid! *Nu!* take off his cap afterwards," said she, quite as impatient as her baby.

The baby screamed as though it were famished. "*Da!* it can't be helped, *mátushka*," said Agafya Mikhaïlovna, who could not keep out of the nursery. "You must do things in order. *Agu*, *agu*," she chuckled to the infant, not heeding Kitty's impatience.

The nurse gave the child to his mother. Agafya Mikhaïlovna followed the child, her face all aglow with tenderness.

"He knows me! He knows me! God is my witness, he knew me, *mátushka* Katerina Aleksandrovna," she cried.

But Kitty did not hear what she said. Her impatience was as great as the baby's. It hindered the very thing that they both desired. The baby, in his haste to suckle, could not manage to take hold, and was vexed. At last, after one final shriek of despair, the arrangements were perfected; and mother and child, simultaneously breathing a sigh of content, became calm.

"The poor little thing is all in a perspiration," whispered Kitty. "Do you really think he knew you?" she added, looking down into the child's eyes, which seemed to her to

peep out roguishly from under his cap as his little cheeks sucked in and out, while his little hand, with rosy palm, flourished around his head. "It cannot be. For, if he knew you, he would surely know me," continued Kitty, with a smile, when Agafya Mikhaïlovna persisted in her belief that he knew her.

She smiled, because, though she said that he could not recognize her, yet she knew in her heart that he not only recognized Agafya Mikhaïlovna, but that he knew and understood all things, and knew and understood what no one else understood, and things which she, his mother, was now beginning to understand, only through his teaching. For Agafya Mikhaïlovna, for the nurse, for his grandfather, even for his father, Mitya was just a little human being, who needed nothing but physical care; for his mother, he was a being endowed with moral faculties, and she could read the whole history of his spiritual relationship.

"You will see if he doesn't when he wakes up," insisted the old woman.

"*Nu!* very well, very well, we will see; now go away; he is going to sleep."

VII.

Agafya Mikhaïlovna went away on tiptoe: the nurse chased away the flies which had been hidden under the muslin curtain of the cradle, and closed the blinds; then she sat down, and began to wave a little withered branch over the mother and child.

"It's hot, hot! pray God, he may send a little shower," she said.

"*Da! da!* sh-sh-sh," was the mother's reply, as she rocked gently to and fro, and pressed Mitya to her breast. His eyelids now opened, and now closed; and he languidly moved his chubby arm. This little arm disturbed Kitty: she felt a strong inclination to kiss it, but she feared to do so lest it should wake him. At last the arm began to droop, and the eyes closed more and more. Only rarely now he would raise his long lashes, and gaze at his mother with his dark, dewy eyes. The nurse began to nod, and dropped off into a nap. Overhead she could hear the old prince's voice, and Katavasof's sonorous laugh.

"Evidently, they don't need me to help in the conversa-

tion," thought Kitty: "but it is too bad that Kostia is not there; he must have gone to his bees. Sometimes it disturbs me to have him spend so much time over them; but then, on the whole, I am glad: it diverts him, and he is certainly more cheerful than he was in the spring. At Moscow, he was so blue, and such a martyr! What a strange man he is!"

Kitty knew what caused her husband's disquiet. It was his doubting spirit; and although, if she had been asked if she believed that in the world to come, he would fail of salvation owing to his want of faith, she would have been compelled to say yes, yet his scepticism did not make her unhappy; and she, who believed that there was no salvation for the unbelieving, and loved more than all else in the world her husband's soul, smiled as she thought of his scepticism, and called him a strange man.

"Why does he spend all his time reading those philosophical books, which do not help him at all? He himself says that he longs for faith. Why doesn't he believe? Probably he thinks too much; and he thinks too much because he is lonely. He is always alone. He can't speak out all his thoughts to us. I think he will be glad that these guests have come, especially Katavasof. He likes to discuss with him."

And immediately Kitty's thoughts were diverted by the question where it would be best for Katavasof to sleep. Ought he and Sergéi Ivanovitch to have a room together, or apart? And here a sudden thought made her start almost enough to disturb Mitya.

"The washerwoman hasn't brought back the linen. I hope Agafya Mikhaïlovna hasn't given out all we had!" and the color rushed to Kitty's forehead.

"*Da!* I must find out myself," thought she; and she began again thinking about her husband.

"Yes, Kostia is a sceptic," again she thought, with a smile. "*Nu!* he is a sceptic; but I love him better so than if he were like Madame Stahl, or like me when I was at Soden. He will never be hypocritical."

An instance of her husband's goodness came back vividly to her memory. Several weeks before, Stepan Arkadyevitch had written a letter of repentance to his wife. He begged her to save his honor by selling her property to pay his debts.

Dolly was in despair. She felt that she hated her husband, — despised him; and at first she made up her mind to refuse his request, and apply for a divorce: but afterwards relenting, she decided to sell a part of her estate. Kitty, with a smile, recalled her husband's confusion when he consulted with her in regard to helping Dolly, and how, at last, he came to the conclusion that the only way to accomplish it without wounding her was to make over to Dolly their part of this estate.

"How can he be without faith, when he has such a warm heart, and is afraid to grieve even a child? He never thinks of himself, — always of others. Sergéi Ivanovitch finds it perfectly natural to consider him his business manager: so does his sister. Dolly and her children have no one else but him to lean upon. He is always sacrificing his time to the peasants, who come to consult him every day."

"Yes: you cannot do better than to try to be like your father," she murmured, touching her lips to her son's cheek, before laying him into the nurse's arms.

VIII.

Ever since that moment when, as he sat beside his dying brother, Levin had examined the problem of life and death in the light of the new convictions, as he called them, which from the age of twenty to thirty-four years had taken the place of his childhood's beliefs, he was terrified not only at death, but at life; because it seemed to him that he had not the slightest knowledge of its origin, its purpose, its reason, its nature. Our organism and its destruction, the indestructibility of matter, the laws of the conservation and development of forces, were words which were substituted for the terms of his early faith. These words, and the scientific theories connected with them, were doubtless interesting from an intellectual point of view, but they stood for nothing in the face of real life.

And Levin, like a man who in cold weather had exchanged his warm *shuba* for a muslin garment, felt, not with his reason, but with his whole being, that he was absolutely naked, and inevitably destined to perish miserably.

From that time, without in the least changing his outward

life, and though he did not like to confess it even to himself, Levin never ceased to feel a terror of his ignorance.

More than all, he felt with shame that what he called his convictions, not only came from his ignorance, but were idle for helping him to a clearer knowledge of what he needed.

Marriage, with its joys and its new duties, completely blotted out these thoughts; but they came back to him with increasing persistence after his wife's confinement, when he lived in Moscow without any serious occupation.

The question presented itself to him in this way: "If I do not accept the explanations offered me by Christianity on the problem of my existence, where shall I find others?" And he scrutinized the whole arsenal of his scientific convictions, and found no answer whatsoever to his questions.

He was in the position of a man who seeks to find food in a toy-store or a gun-shop.

Involuntarily and unconsciously he sought now in every book, in every conversation, and in every person whom he met, some sympathy with the subject which absorbed him. More than by any thing else, he was surprised and puzzled by the fact that the men of his class, who for the most part had, like himself, substituted science for religion, seemed to experience not the least moral suffering, but to live entirely satisfied and content. Were they not sincere? Or did science give to them a clearer answer to these troublesome questions? And he took to studying these men, and the books which might contain the solutions which he so desired.

He discovered, however, that he had made a gross error in taking up with the idea of his university friends, that religion had outlived its day, and no longer existed. The best people whom he knew were believers, — the old prince, Lvof, of whom he was so fond, Sergéi Ivanovitch, and all women, had faith; and his wife believed just as he had believed when he was a child, and nine-tenths of the Russian people — all people whose lives inspired the greatest respect — were believers.

Another strange thing was, that, as he read many books, he became convinced that the materialists whose opinions he shared, did not attach to these opinions any individual or personal importance. They were far from explaining these questions, without an answer to which life seemed to him impossible: they threw these aside, to take up others which were to him utterly uninteresting, — such, for example, as the

development of the organism, the mechanical explanation of the soul, and others.

Moreover, at the time of his wife's illness, he had a most extraordinary experience: he, the unbeliever, had prayed, and prayed with sincere faith. But as soon as the danger was over, he felt that he could not give that temporary disposition any abiding-place in his life.

He could not avow that the truth appeared to him then, but that he was mistaken now, because, as he began calmly to analyze his feelings, they eluded him. He could not avow that he had been deceived then, because he had experienced a temporary spiritual condition; and if he pretended that he had succumbed to a moment of weakness, he would sully a sacred moment. He was in a sad state of internal conflict, and he strove with all the strength of his nature to free himself from it.

IX.

These thoughts tormented him with varying intensity, but he could not free himself from them. He read and meditated, but the end desired seemed to grow more and more remote.

During the latter part of his stay in Moscow, and after he reached the country, he became convinced of the uselessness of seeking in materialism an answer to his doubts; and he read over the philosophers whose explanations of life were opposed to materialism, — Plato and Spinoza, and Kant and Schelling, and Hegel and Schopenhauer.

These satisfied his reason while he was reading, or was contrasting their doctrines with those of others, especially with those of a materialistic tendency; but just as soon as he attempted, independently, to apply these guides to some doubtful point, he fell back into the same perplexities as before. The terms "mind," "will," "freedom," "essence," had a certain meaning to his intellect as long as he followed the clew established by the deductions of these philosophers, and allowed himself to be caught in the snare of their subtile distinctions: but, when practical life asserted its point of view, this artistic structure fell, like a house built of cards; and it became evident that the edifice was built only of beautiful words, having no more connection than logic with the serious side of life.

Once, as he was reading Schopenhauer, he substituted the term "love" for that which this philosopher calls "will," and this new philosophy gave him a few days of calm. But he quickly saw its fallaciousness. Sergéi Ivanovitch advised him to read Khomyakof's theological writings; and though he was repelled by the excessive affectation of the author's style, and his strong polemic tendency, he was struck by the development of the following thought: "Man when alone cannot attain the knowledge of God. The true light is kept for a communion of souls who are filled with the same love; that is, for the Church." The thought struck Levin: How much easier he should find it to accept the Church, endowed with holiness and infallibility, since it had God for its head, — to accept its teachings as to Creation, the Fall, and Redemption, and through it to reach God, — than to fathom for himself the impenetrable mystery of Divinity, and to explain, in turn, Creation, the Fall, and the rest! But as he read, after Khomyakof, a history of the Church by a Catholic writer, and the history of the Church by an Orthodox writer, and perceived that the Orthodox Greek Church and the Roman-Catholic Church, both of them in their very essence infallible, were antagonistic, he saw that he had been deluded by Khomyakof's church-teachings; and this edifice also fell into dust, like the constructions of philosophy.

During this whole spring he was not himself, and passed hours of misery.

"I cannot live without knowing what I am, and why I exist. Since I cannot reach this knowledge, life is impossible," said Levin to himself. "In the infinitude of time, in the infinitude of matter, in the infinitude of space, an organic cell is formed, exists for a moment, and bursts. That cell is — I."

This was a gloomy sophism; but it was the sole, the supreme result of the labor of the human mind for centuries.

It was the final creed upon which were founded the latest researches of the scientific spirit: it was the dominant conviction; and Levin, without knowing exactly why, simply because this theory seemed to him the clearest, was involuntarily held by it.

But this conclusion seemed more than a sophism. He saw in it the cruel jest of some evil spirit, — cruel, inimical, to which it was impossible to submit.

To get away from it was a duty: deliverance from it was

in the power of every one, and the means of deliverance was — death.

And Levin, the happy father of a family, a man in perfect health, was sometimes so tempted to commit suicide, that he hid ropes from sight, lest he should hang himself, and feared to go out with his gun, lest he should shoot himself. But Levin did not hang himself, or shoot himself, but lived and struggled on.

X.

When Levin puzzled over what he was, and why he was born, he found no answer, and fell into despair; but when he set himself resolutely to work, he ceased to disquiet himself over his ignorance, and the problem of existence. Therefore, he plunged more and more resolutely into the life of every day.

Towards the end of June he returned to the country: resumed his ordinary work at Pokrovsky. The superintendence of the estates of his brother and sister, his relations with his neighbors and his *muzhiks*, his family cares, his new enterprise in bee-culture, which he had taken up this year, occupied all his time. These interests occupied him, not because he carried them on with a view to their universal application, as he had done before; but he contented himself with fulfilling his new duties simply because it seemed to him that he was irresistibly impelled to do what he did, and could not do otherwise.

Formerly, when he began to do any thing that was good and useful for all, for humanity, for Russia, he saw that the thought of it gave him, in advance, a pleasing sense of joy; but the action in itself never realized his hopes. But now, since his marriage, he went straight to the matter in hand; and, though he had no pleasure at the thought of his activity, he felt a conviction that his work was useful, and the results gained were far more satisfactory than before.

Now, quite against his will, he cut deeper and deeper into the soil, like a plough that cannot choose its path, or turn from its furrow.

To live as his fathers and grandfathers had lived, to carry out their work so as to hand it on in turn to his children, seemed to him a plain duty. It was as necessary as the duty of eating when hungry; and he knew, that, to reach

this end, he must leave his patrimonial estate in such a condition, that his son, receiving it in turn, might be as grateful to him as he was to his ancestors for what they had cleared and tilled. He felt that he had no right to leave the management of his estates to the *muzhiks*, but that he himself must keep every thing under his own eye,—maintain his cattle, fertilize his fields, set out trees.

It was as impossible not to look out for the interests of Sergéi Ivanovitch and his sister, and all the peasants who came to consult him, as it was to abandon the child who had been given into his hands. He must give his sister-in-law and her children his protection and sympathy, and his wife had a claim upon his time. And all these duties filled to overflowing his life, the meaning of which he could not understand when he reflected on it.

Not only did Levin see clearly *what* it was his duty to do, but he saw *how* he must fulfil it, and what had paramount importance.

Thus he did not hesitate to hire laborers as cheaply as possible, but he knew he was bound to pay them neither above nor below the market-price. He advanced money to Piotr, to save him from the claws of a money-lender, who charged him ten per cent a month; but he made no allowance for arrears of rent. He punished severely thefts of wood, but he would have scrupled to impound a peasant's cattle caught in the very act of pasturing on his fields. He stopped the wages of a laborer, compelled, by the death of his father, to quit work in mid-harvest, just as though he had no pity for him; but he gave board and lodging to old servants who were superannuated.

Levin felt that it was right, on returning home, to go first to his wife, who was not well, though some *muzhiks* had been waiting for three hours to see him; but he would not have been willing to go to his bee-hives before receiving them.

Whether he did well or ill, he did not know; and he not only did not try to prove it, but he even avoided all thoughts and discussions on the subject. When he reasoned, he doubted, and could not see what it was right to do, or not to do. When he ceased to consider, but simply *lived*, he never failed to find in his soul an uncompromising judge, which told him what was the best course to take, and which was the worst; and when he failed to follow this inner voice, he always felt it.

Thus he lived, not knowing, and not seeing the possibility of knowing, what he was, or why he lived in the world, and tortured by his ignorance to the point of fearing suicide; and yet, at the same time, he resolutely pursued the path of life which had been marked out for him.

XI.

The day on which Sergéi Ivanovitch reached Pokrovsky had been full of torment for Levin.

It was at that hurried, busy season of the year when all the peasantry are engaged in putting forth an extraordinary effort, and showing an endurance, which are quite unknown in the ordinary conditions of their lives, and which would be prized very highly if it were not repeated every year, and did not produce such very simple results. Digging, sowing, mowing, reaping, harvesting, threshing, — these are labors which seem simple and commonplace; but to accomplish them in the short time accorded by nature, every one, old and young, must set to work. For three or four weeks they must be content with the simplest fare, — black bread, garlic, and *kvas;* must sleep only a few hours, and must not pause night or day. And every year this happens throughout all Russia.

Having lived the larger part of his life in the country, and in the closest relations with the peasantry, Levin always at harvest-time felt that this universal activity among the people embraced his own life.

He went to the field in the early morning, came back to breakfast with his wife and sister-in-law, and then returned to the farm, where he was trying a new threshing-machine.

This whole day, Levin, as he talked with the *prikashchik* and the *muzhiks* in the field, as he talked at the house with his wife and Dolly and the children and his father-in-law, thought of only one thing; and constantly the same questions pursued him, — "What am I? and where am I? and why am I here?"

Standing near the newly thatched barn, he watched the dust, thrown off by the threshing-machine, flying in the air, and the chaff settling down on the sunny grass, while the swallows took refuge under the roof, and the laborers hurried

about in the sombre interior of the barn; and this strange idea came into his head: —

"Why is all this done?" thought he. "Why am I standing here superintending these people? and they, why are they doing their best in my presence? Why is my old friend Matrona raking there? I cured her when a beam fell on her at the fire," he said to himself, as he looked at a hideous old *baba*, who was walking with bare, sunburned feet across the hard, uneven soil, and was plying the rake vigorously. "She got well then. But if not to-day or to-morrow, then in ten years she must be borne to her grave, and there will be nothing left of her, nor of that pretty girl in red, who is husking corn with such graceful, swift motions. They will bury her. And that dappled horse will soon die," he thought, as he looked at the muzzled horse breathing painfully, and struggling up the ever-descending treadmill. "They will carry him off. And Feodor, the machine-tender, with his full, curling, silky beard, they will carry him off too. But now he gathers up the sheaves, and gives his commands, and shouts to the *babui*, and, with quick motions, stirs up the old horse on the treadmill. And it will be the same with me. Why?" And, in the midst of his meditations, he mechanically took out his watch to see how many hours they had been threshing. It was his duty to do this, so that he could pay the men fairly for their day's work.

"So far, only three ricks," he said to himself; and he went to the machine-tender, and, trying to make his voice heard above the racket, told him to work faster.

Feodor, his face covered with dust and sweat, shouted back some unintelligible reply; but Levin felt disgusted.

He mounted the drum, took Feodor's place, and began to do the feeding.

He worked thus till it was the *muzhiks'* dinner-hour; and then, in company with Feodor, he left the grange, and talked with him, leaning against a beautifully stacked pile of yellow wheat saved for planting.

Feodor was from a distant village, the very one where Levin had formerly let the association have some land. Now it was rented to the *dvornik*.

Levin talked with Feodor about this land, and asked him if it were not possible that Platon, a rich and trustworthy *muzhik* of his village, would take it for the next year.

"Price too high; won't catch Platon, Konstantin Dmi-

tritch," replied the *muzhik*, wiping the sweat from his neck with a corn-husk.

"*Da!* how does Kirillof pay it?"

"Mitiukh" — so Feodor called the *dvornik* — "does just as he pleases. He has no pity on the peasants. But uncle Fokanuitch," — so he called the *starik* Platon, — "does he try to skin a man? Where any one owes him, he gives trust. He does not try to get it from 'em. He's that kind of a man!"

"*Da!* Why does he give trust?"

"Men differ. One lives for his belly, like Mitiukh; but Fokanuitch, — he's an honest man, — he lives for his soul. He remembers God."

"What do you call living for the soul, and remembering God?" exclaimed Levin eagerly.

"Why, that's plain enough. It's to live according to God — according to truth. Here's different people. Take you, Konstantin Dmitritch, for example: you couldn't wrong poor people."

"Yes, yes; *proshchaï*" [good-by], stammered Levin, deeply moved; and, taking his cane, he turned towards the house. "Fokanuitch lived for his soul, according to God — according to truth." The *muzhik's* words found an echo in his heart; and confused but weighty thoughts arose within him from some hidden source, and filled his soul with their brilliant light.

XII.

Levin strode along the highway, not only filled with his thoughts, — for he could not entirely get rid of them, — but also under the sway of a spiritual impulse, such as he had never known before.

The peasant's words had had in his soul the effect of an electric spark, suddenly condensing the cloud of dim, incoherent thoughts, which had not ceased to fill his mind, even while he was talking of the letting of his field.

He felt that some new impulse, inexplicable as yet, filled his heart with joy.

"Not to live for one's self, but for God! What God? Could he have said what he did without meaning it? He said that we must live, not for ourselves, that is, for what interests and pleases us, but for God, whom no one knows or can

define. Still, call it nonsense, didn't I once understand what Feodor meant? Didn't I also feel convinced of its truth? Did I find it either false or absurd? Nay: I used to understand, and find in it the same meaning that he finds, and understood it more completely and clearly than any thing else in life. Feodor says Kirillof, the *dvornik*, lives for his belly. I know what he means by that. We all, rational beings, all of us live in the same way. But Feodor says, too, that it is wrong to live for the belly, but that we should live for truth, for God; and I know what that means as well. I, and millions of men, *muzhiks* and sages, in the past and in the present, we are in accord on one point; and that is, that we should live for 'the good.' The only knowledge that I and all men possess that is clear, indubitable, absolute, is here. It is not by reason that we have reached it. Reason excludes it, for it has neither cause nor effect. 'The good,' if it had a cause, would cease to be the good: if it had an effect — a reward — it would cease to be the good. I know this; we all know it: and yet I have been waiting for a miracle to convince me of it. Here it is, the miracle, — the one and only possible existence, surrounding me on every side, and yet I have not noticed it. Can there be greater miracle than this?

"Have I really found the solution of my doubts? Shall I cease to suffer?" And Levin followed the dusty road, insensible to weariness and heat, and feeling that his long travail was at an end. The sensation was so delightful, that he could not believe that it was true. He choked with emotion; his strength failed him; and he left the high road, and went into the woods, and sat down under the shadow of an aspen on the unmown grass. He uncovered his moist forehead, and stretched himself out on the succulent wood-grass, and leaned his head on his hand.

"Yes, I must reflect and consider," he thought, looking attentively at the motionless grass, and watching the movements of an earth-beetle crawling up the stalk of couch-grass, and stopped by a leaf. "Every thing has its beginning," he said to himself, removing the leaf from the beetle's way, and bending down another stalk of couch-grass to help the beetle on. "What makes me so happy? What discovery have I made?"

"I used to say that there was going on in my body, in the body of this grass, in the body of this beetle, — the

beetle did not want to go to the other stalk, but spread its wings, and flew away, — incessant change of matter, in conformity to certain physical, chemical, and physiological laws; and in all of us, together with the aspens and the clouds, and the nebulæ, there was evolution. Evolution from what? into what? Endless evolution and conflict. — But was conflict with the Infinite possible? And I was surprised to find nothing along this line, in spite of my best efforts, which could reveal to me the meaning of my life, my motives, my longings. But the consciousness that there is a meaning is, nevertheless, so strong and clear, that it forms the very foundation of my existence; and I marvelled and rejoiced when the *muzhik* said, 'To live for God, for the soul.'

"I have discovered nothing: I have simply opened my eyes to what I knew already. I have simply come to the recognition of that Power which formerly gave me life, and which gives me life again to-day. I am freed from error: I recognize my master."

He went over in memory the course of his thought for the last two years, from the day when the idea of death struck him, on seeing his beloved brother hopelessly sick. Then he had clearly resolved, that since man had no other prospect than suffering, death, and eternal oblivion, he must either commit suicide, or find the explanation of the problem of existence, and in such manner as to see in it something more than the cruel irony of a malevolent spirit. But he had succeeded in explaining nothing. He had not killed himself: he had married, and had experienced new joys, which made him happy when he did not ponder on the meaning of life. What did this mean? It meant that he was thinking badly, and living well. Without knowing it, he had been sustained by those spiritual verities which he had sucked in with his mother's milk, which his intellect had misconstrued. Now it was clear to him that he could live only through the blessed influence of the faith in which he had been taught.

"What should I have been, how should I have lived, if I had not absorbed these beliefs, — if I had not known that I must live for God, and not for the satisfaction of my desires? I should have been a thief, a liar, a murderer. Nothing of what seems the chief joy of my life would have had any existence for me."

And he began to try to imagine what he might have been, if he had not really known the aim of his existence.

"I was in search of a solution which thought could not reach, for the problem was too lofty. Life itself, with the innate knowledge of good and evil, alone could give me an answer. And this knowledge I did not acquire. It was given to me, like all the rest; *given*, I could not know where to get it. Did I get it from reason? But would reason ever have proved to me that I ought to love my neighbor, instead of choking him? I was taught it in my childhood; but I believed it gladly, because it was already existent in my soul. Reason discovered the struggle for existence, — that law which demands the overthrow of every obstacle in the way of our desires. That is the result of reason; but reason has nothing to do with loving our neighbor.

"*Da!* it is pride," he said to himself, as he rolled over on his stomach, and began to tie the stalks of grass into a knot, trying not to break them.

"And not only the pride of the intellect, but folly of intellect! But worse than that — wickedness of intellect, — abominable wickedness of intellect," he repeated.

XIII.

Levin remembered a recent scene between Dolly and her children. The children had been left alone, and had amused themselves by boiling the raspberry shrub, and making a fountain of milk with their mouths. Their mother, catching them in the act, tried to impress on them, in their uncle's presence, how much work was involved in what they were destroying; that the labor was performed for their benefit; that if they broke the cups, they couldn't take their tea; and if they wasted their milk, they wouldn't have any more, and would be hungry.

Levin was struck by the indifference and scepticism with which the children heard their mother's words. They were only sorry to have their interesting sport interrupted, and they did not believe a word of what she said. They did not believe, because they did not know the value of what they were playing with, and did not understand that they were destroying their own means of subsistence.

"'That is well enough,' they thought; 'but there is nothing

interesting or worth while in it, because it is always the same, and always will be. And it is monotonous. We don't have to think about it, it is all ready: but we do need to get up something new and exciting; and here we were making candy in a cup over the candle, and squirting the milk into each other's mouth. It is fun. It is new, and not half as stupid as to drink milk out of a cup.'

"Isn't that the way we do, isn't that the way I do, in trying to penetrate the secrets of nature and the problem of human life by reason? Don't all the theories of philosophy do the same thing, and lead by strange paths to the simple knowledge that they all possess, and without which they could not live? We see clearly, in all the different theories of every philosopher, that the true meaning of human life is as indubitably known as it is known to Feodor *the muzhik;* and don't they all come back to this, even though it be by an uncertain intellectual path? *Nu — ka!* leave the children to get their own living, make their own utensils, do the milking. Would they play tricks? they would die of hunger. *Nu — ka!* give us over to our own ideas and passions, with no knowledge of our Creator, without the consciousness of moral good and evil, and what would be the result? We reason because we are spiritually satiated. We are children. Here am I, a Christian, brought up in the faith, surrounded by the blessings of Christianity, living upon these spiritual blessings without being conscious of them; and like children I have been reasoning, or at least trying to reason, out the meaning of life.

"But in the hour of suffering, just as when children are cold and hungry, I turn to Him, and, like these same children whom their mother reprimands for their childish faults, I feel that my childish efforts to get out of the mad circle of reasoning have done me no good.

"Yes, reason has taught me nothing. What I know has been given, revealed to me through the heart, and especially through faith in the teachings of the Church.

"The Church, the Church?" repeated Levin, turning over again, and, as he rested his head on his hand, looking at a herd of cattle down by the river at a distance. "Can I really believe all that the Church teaches?" said he to test himself, and to bring up every thing that might destroy his present feeling of security. He expressly called to mind the church teachings which more than all had seemed strange to him, and disgusted him.

"Creation? Yes, but how did I myself explain existence? existence? the Devil? sin? How did I explain evil? redemption?"

And now it seemed to him that no one of these church dogmas seem inimical to the great objects of life, — faith in God, in goodness. On the contrary, all tended to produce that greatest of miracles, that which consists in enabling the whole world, with its millions of human beings, young and old, the *muzhik* and Lvof, and Kitty and peasants and tsars, married and single, to comprehend the same great truths, so as to live that life of the soul which alone is worth living, and which is our only aim.

Lying on his back, he looked up into the high, cloudless sky. "Do I not know," thought he, "that that is infinity of space, and not a vault of blue stretching above me? But, however I strain my sight, I can see only a vaulted dome; and, in spite of my knowledge of infinite space, I have more satisfaction in looking at it as a blue, vaulted dome, than when I try to look beyond."

Levin stopped thinking. He listened to the mysterious voices which seemed to wake joyfully in him. "Is it really faith?" he thought, fearing to believe in his happiness. "My God, I thank thee!" he cried; and he swallowed down the sobs that arose, and brushed away with both hands the tears that filled his eyes.

XIV.

Levin looked away, and saw the herd, and his one-horse *telyéga* and his driver, who approached the herd of cattle, and began to talk to the herdsman. Then he heard the sound of wheels and the neighing of the horse; but he was so occupied with his thoughts, that he did not think why it was that his coachman was coming for him. He only realized it when the coachman, while still some distance off, cried, "The *baruina* sent for you. Your brother and another *barin* have come."

Levin got in at once, and took the reins, as though awakened from sleep. It was long before he could collect his thoughts. He looked at the well-fed horse, and at the spot on his neck where the harness rubbed; and he looked at Ivan, the coachman, sitting beside him; and he thought of

how he had been expecting his brother, and that his wife had perhaps been disturbed by his long absence; and he began to wonder who the unknown guest was who had come with his brother, and these friends appeared to him different from what they had been before. It seemed to him that his relations with all men had become more friendly. "Now there will be no more coldness such as used to be between my brother and me, — no more disputes. There will be no more quarrels with Kitty. I shall be cordial to my guest, whoever he may be, and kind to the servants, and to Ivan, — all will be different." And holding in the horse, who was eager to break into a run, he tried to think of something to say to Ivan, who was sitting motionless near him, not knowing what to do with his idle hands.

"Better keep to the left, to clear that tree," said Ivan at this moment, touching the reins which his master held.

"Have the goodness to leave me alone, and not give me lessons," answered Levin, exasperated, as he always was, at interference with his affairs. As he spoke, he saw that his new moral condition had not changed his character. Just before they arrived, he saw Grisha and Tania running towards him.

"Uncle Kostia! Mamma and grandpapa and Sergéi Ivanuitch, and some one else, are coming to meet you!"

"*Da!* Who is it?"

"A horrid man, who does so with his arms," said Tania, jumping into the *telyéga*, and imitating Katavasof.

"*Da!* Old, or young?" asked Levin, smiling, and reminded of some one by Tania's performance.

"*Ach!* I hope he isn't a bore," thought he.

At a turn of the road he met Katavasof, in a straw hat, walking in front of the others, and throwing his arms about, as Tania had said.

Katavasof was very fond of talking philosophy, his conceptions of which were drawn from the exact natural sciences; and Levin had often had discussions with him at Moscow. Sometimes Katavasof made it evident that he counted himself victorious. Levin remembered one of these discussions, and he made up his mind not to express his views so carelessly in future. Leaping from the *telyéga*, and joining Katavasof and his brother, he asked where his wife was.

"She has gone to the Kolok woods with Mitya," answered Dolly. "She found it too hot in the house."

Levin always disapproved of taking the child to the woods, and he felt extremely vexed to hear about it.

"She carries that son of hers from pillar to post," said the old prince. "I told her she'd better try the ice-house."

"She wanted to go to the beehives. She thought you were there," added Dolly. "That is where we were going."

"*Nu!* What have you been doing that's good?" said Sergéi Ivanovitch, dropping behind the others, and walking with his brother.

"*Da!* Nothing particular; as usual, busy with the farming [*khozyáïstvo*]. You'll stay with us a while, now? We've been expecting you a long time."

"Only a fortnight. I have a great deal to do at Moscow."

At these words the two brothers looked at one another, and Levin dropped his eyes. He intended to be on especially friendly terms with his brother, and not let any thing disturb the simple and cordial relations that he wished to maintain with Sergéi Ivanovitch. He did not know what to say. He wanted to avoid the Serbian war and the Slavic question, which had caused unpleasant discussions while at Moscow. Finally, he asked him how his book was getting on.

"*Nu!* Was your book reviewed?" Koznuishef smiled.

"No one thinks any thing about it, — I, least of all," he said. "You see, Darya Aleksandrovna, we're going to have a shower," he added, pointing to the white clouds which were piling up above the aspen-tops. It was evident by these words, that the relationship between the brothers, which Levin wanted to overcome, was just the same as of old, — if not unfriendly, at least cool.

Levin approached Katavasof. "How good it was of you to come to us!" said he.

"I have wanted to come for a long time. Now we shall have time to talk. Have you read Spencer?"

"Not thoroughly. I don't get any thing out of him."

"How so? he is interesting. You surprise me!"

"I have definitely made up my mind that the answers to certain questions that interest me are not to be found in him or his followers. Now" —

But he was suddenly struck by the pleasant and serene expression of Katavasof's face, and he felt sorry that he had expressed himself so strenuously when he had resolved not to be dragged into discussion. He added, "However, we

will talk about that by and by. If we are going to the apiary, let us go down through the path."

He led the way through a narrow path by a field that had not been mown, and established his guests, who were afraid of the bees, under the shade of some young aspens, on benches that were placed there for the purpose of receiving some beehives. He himself went after bread, honey, and cucumbers, to the *izba* that stood not far from the hives. He took from the wall, where it hung, a mask of iron wire, put it on, and, with his hands in his pockets, went into the enclosure kept for the bees, where the hives, ranged in order, had each its own history for him. There, amongst the buzzing insects, he was glad to find himself alone for a moment, to reflect, and collect his thoughts. He felt practical life asserting its rights, and making havoc of his ideals. He remembered how he had already been angry with his coachman, Ivan, had spoken coolly to his brother, and talked foolishly with Katavasof.

"Can it be possible that my happiness was only a transitory feeling, that will pass away, and leave nothing behind?"

But at the same moment as he analyzed his state of mind, he felt with joy that his experience had left new and important results. Practical life had only temporarily spread a cloudy film over his inward calm. Just as the bees, buzzing around him, threatened him, and robbed him of his physical calm, and compelled him to defend himself; so did the cares which surrounded him, as he sat in his little *telyéga*, disturb his spiritual calm. But the annoyance lasted only while he was among them: and as his physical strength, notwithstanding the bees, was still unharmed; so his spiritual strength, newly created, was also in reality complete.

XV.

"Do you know, Kostia, whom Sergéi Ivanuitch found on the train?" said Dolly, after she had given her children their cucumbers and honey.

"Vronsky. He's going to Serbia."

"*Da!* and not alone either. He's taking out a squadron of cavalry at his own expense," added Katavasof.

"That's like him," answered Levin. "But are you still sending off volunteers?" added he, looking at Sergéi Ivanovitch.

Sergéi Ivanovitch was busy rescuing a live bee from the honey that had flowed out of the white honeycomb at the bottom of his cup, and he did not answer.

"*Da!* I should think so!" said Katavasof, biting into a cucumber. "If you had only seen them at the station this morning!"

"*Nu!* what an idea this is! For Heaven's sake, tell me, Sergéi Ivanovitch, where all these volunteers are going, and whom are they going to fight with?" asked the old prince.

"With the Turks," answered Sergéi Ivanovitch, smiling quietly, as he at last rescued the helpless bee on the point of his knife, and set him on an aspen-leaf.

"But who has declared war on the Turks? Is it the Countess Lidia Ivanovna and Madame Stahl?"

"No one has declared war; but the people sympathize with their oppressed brethren, and want to help them."

"The prince was not speaking of help, but of war," said Levin, coming to the assistance of his father-in-law. "The prince means that private persons ought not to take part in a war without being authorized by the government."

"Kostia, look out! there's a bee! Won't he sting?" cried Dolly.

"*Da!* that isn't a bee: that's a wasp!" said Levin.

"*Nu-s, nu-s!* give us your theory," demanded Katavasof, evidently provoking Levin to a discussion. "Why shouldn't private persons have that right?"

"*Da!* my theory is this: war on the one hand is such a terrible, such an atrocious, thing, that no man, especially no Christian man, has the right to assume the responsibility of beginning it; but it belongs to government alone, when it becomes inevitable. On the other hand, in common sense, where there are state questions, and above all in matters concerning war, private citizens have no right to use their own wills."

Sergéi Ivanovitch and Katavasof were both ready at the same instant with answers.

"That's where you're mistaken, *bátiushka*," said the latter. "There may be cases when government doesn't carry out the will of its citizens, and then society declares its own will."

But Sergéi Ivanovitch did not approve of this reply. He frowned as Katavasof spoke, and said sternly, —

"You put the question all wrong. Here there is no dec-

laration of war, but simply an expression of human, of Christian sympathy. Our brethren, men of the same blood, the same faith, are butchered. *Nu!* we do not look upon them only as men and as co-religionists, but purely as women, children, old men. The feelings are stirred, and the whole Russian people fly to help check these horrors. Suppose you were walking in the street, and saw a drunken man beating a woman or a child. I think you would not stop to ask whether war has been declared before you attacked the man, and protected the object of his fury."

"No; but I would not kill him."

"Yes, you might even kill him."

"I don't know. If I saw such a sight, I might yield to the immediate feeling. I cannot tell how it would be. But in the oppression of the Slavs, there is not, and cannot be, such a powerful motive."

"Perhaps not for you, but other people think differently," said Sergéi Ivanovitch angrily. "The people still keep the tradition of sympathy with brethren of the orthodox faith, who are groaning under the yoke of the infidel. They have heard of their terrible sufferings, and are aroused."

"That may be," answered Levin in a conciliatory tone, "only I don't see it. I myself am one of the people, and I don't feel it."

"I can say the same," put in the old prince. "I was living abroad: I read the newspapers, and I learned about the Bulgarian atrocities; but I never could understand why all Russia took such a sudden fancy for their Slavic brethren. I am sure I never felt the slightest love for them. I was greatly ashamed. I thought I must be either a monster, or that Carlsbad had a bad effect on me. But since I have come back, I don't feel stirred at all; and I find that I am not the only one who is not so much interested in the Slav brethren as in Russia. Here is Konstantin."

"Private opinions are of no consequence — there is no meaning in private opinions — when all Russia, when the whole people, signified what they wished," said Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"*Da!* Excuse me. I don't see this. The people don't know any thing," said the prince.

"But, papa, how about that Sunday in church?" said Dolly, who had been listening to the conversation. — "Get me a towel, please," she said in an aside to the old bee-

keeper, who was looking at the children with a friendly smile.

"*Da!* What happens at church? They tell the priest to read a prayer. He reads it. Nobody understands one word. They snore just as they do during the whole sermon. Then they tell them that the salvation of their souls is in question; but how, they haven't the least idea. *Nu!* Then they pull out their kopeks, and give them."

"The people cannot know their destiny. They have an instinctive feeling, and at times like these they show it," said Sergéi Ivanovitch, looking at the old bee-keeper.

The handsome, tall old man, with his black beard, wherein a few gray hairs were beginning to show, and with his thick, silvery hair, stood motionless, holding a cup of honey in his hand, looking at the gentlemen with a mild, placid air, evidently not understanding a word of the conversation, nor caring to understand.

He nodded his head with deliberation as he heard Sergéi Ivanovitch's words, and said, —

"That's certainly so."

"*Da, vot!* Ask him about it," said Levin. "He doesn't know. He doesn't think. — Have you heard about the war, Mikhaïluitch?" asked he of the old man. "You know what was read on Sunday at church, don't you? What do you think? Ought we to fight for the Christians?"

"Why should we think? Our Emperor Aleksander Nikolayevitch will think for us, as in every thing else. He knows what to do. — Should you like some more bread?" asked he, turning to Darya Aleksandrovna, and pointing to Grisha, who was munching a crust.

"What's the use of asking him?" said Sergéi Ivanuitch. "We have seen, and still see, hundreds and hundreds of men abandoning all they possess, giving their last penny, enlisting and trooping from every corner of Russia, all with the same object. Do you mean that that signifies nothing?"

"It signifies, in my opinion," said Levin, beginning to get excited, "that out of eighty millions of men, there will always be found hundreds, and even thousands, who have lost their social position, are restless, and so throw themselves into the first adventure that comes along, whether it is to follow Pugatchef, or to go to Serbia."

"I tell you they are not adventurers who devote themselves to this work, but they are the best representatives of

the nation," cried Sergéi Ivanuitch excitedly, as though he were defending his last position. "There are the contributions: isn't that a test of popular feeling?"

"That word 'people' is so vague. Perhaps one in a thousand among the peasants understands, but the rest of the eighty millions do as Mikhaïluitch here does. They not only don't show their will, but they haven't the slightest idea that they have any will to show. How, then, can we say that this is the will of the people?"

XVI.

Sergéi Ivanovitch was skilled in dialectics, and he took up another side of the question.

"*Da!* if you want to get at the mind of the nation, of course it will be very hard work. We have not the proper gifts, and cannot reckon it that way. But there are other means of learning it besides arithmetic. It is felt in the air, it is felt in the heart, not to speak of those subterranean currents which have shaken the mass of the people. Take society in a narrower sense. Take the intelligent classes, and see how on this point even the most hostile parties combine. There is no longer a difference of opinions: all the organs of society express the same thing. They have all become aware of an elemental force which fills the nation with its own motive-power."

"Yes; the newspapers all say the same thing; that is true," said the old prince: "but then, so do all the frogs croak before a storm. That doesn't signify much."

"Whether frogs or not, — I don't edit newspapers, and I don't set up to defend them. I am talking of the unanimity of opinion among intelligent people," said Sergéi Ivanovitch, turning to his brother.

Levin was about to reply, but the old prince took the words from his mouth.

"*Nu!* there's a reason for that unanimity. Here's my son-in-law, Stepan Arkadyevitch, as you know, who has just been appointed member of some committee, commission, or other, — I don't know what, — with eight thousand rubles salary, and nothing to do. — Now, Dolly, that's not a secret. — Ask him if his office is useful: he will tell you that it is indispensable. And he is an upright man; but you could

not make him cease to believe in his full eight thousand salary."

"Oh, yes! he told me to tell Darya Aleksandrovna that he had got that place," said Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"The newspapers are unanimous. War will double their circulation; and, of course, they will support the Slavic question for you and the national instinct."

"I don't like the papers much; but you are unjust," said Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"I will only add one more suggestion," said the old prince. "Alphonse Karr wrote a clever thing just before the Franco-Prussian war, when he said, 'You say this war is absolutely necessary; very good: go to the front, then, and be under the first fire, and lead the first onslaught.'"

"Good editors would be glad to do that," said Katavasof, smiling, and trying to imagine certain editorial friends of his in this chosen legion.

"Yes; but when they ran away," said Dolly, "they'd bother the others."

"Just as soon as they begin to run put a *mitrailleuse* behind them, or some Cossacks with whips," said the prince.

"*Da!* that's a joke, but not a very good joke: excuse me, prince," said Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"I don't think it was a joke," said Levin: "it was"—

But his brother interrupted him.

"Every member of society is called upon to do his duty, and thoughtful men perform theirs by giving expression to public opinion; and the unanimous and full expression of public opinion is creditable to the press, and at the same time a good symptom. Twenty years ago the world would have kept quiet: to-day the voice of the Russian people is heard, demanding, like one man, to avenge its brethren. It is a great step taken,—a proof of power."

"The people are certainly ready enough for sacrifices where the salvation of their souls is concerned, but not for killing Turks," said Levin, involuntarily connecting this conversation with the thoughts of the morning.

"What do you mean by soul? That, to a naturalist, you must remember, is a very vague term. What is the soul?" demanded Katavasof, with a smile.

"*Ach!* You know."

"Upon my word, I haven't the least idea;" and the professor broke into a burst of laughter.

"Christ said, 'I am come not to bring peace, but a sword,'" remarked Sergéi Ivanovitch, quoting a passage from the Gospel, which had always troubled Levin.

"That's just so," repeated the old bee-keeper, who had been standing near them, in response to a chance look directed to him.

"Come, *bátiushka*, you're beaten, you're beaten, — wholly beaten!" cried Katavasof gayly.

Levin reddened with vexation, not because he was beaten, but because he had been drawn into discussion again.

"No: it is impossible for me to dispute with them," he thought: "their armor is impenetrable, and I am defenceless."

He saw that he could not defeat his brother and Katavasof, and it was equally impossible to agree with them. He could not admit that it was right for a handful of men, his brother among them, to claim to represent, with the newspapers, the will of the nation, — especially when that will called for vengeance and butchery, and when their whole case rested on the doubtful stories of a few hundreds of miserable fellows in search of adventures. In his opinion, there was no confirmation of these assertions. The people — and he felt that he was one of them, a representative of the great Russian people — would never regard war as a boon, whatever its object. If public opinion was infallible, why were not the Revolution and the Commune as legitimate as the war for the assistance of the Slavs?

Levin would have liked to express these opinions; but he imagined that the discussion was irritating his brother, and that it would end in nothing; so he held his peace, and called the attention of his guests to the shower that was threatening, and advised a hasty return to the house.

XVII.

The prince and Sergéi Ivanovitch got into the *telyéga*, while the rest of the group hastened along on foot.

But the black, threatening storm-cloud was coming up so fast, and the wind drove up the low, smoke-like masses so rapidly, that the rain was all but on them when they were still quite a distance from the house.

The children ran on ahead, laughing and screaming.

Dolly, hindered by her dress, tried to keep up with them. The gentlemen followed with long strides, clinging to their hats. At last, just as they reached the porch, the great drops began to rattle on the iron spout.

"Where is Katerina Aleksandrovna?" demanded Levin of Agafya Mikhaïlovna, who was coming out of the door, loaded with shawls and umbrellas.

"We supposed she was with you."

"And Mitya?"

"Must be in the Kolok woods with his nurse."

Levin seized the shawls, and started to run. In the few minutes that had elapsed, the storm had reached beyond the sun, and it was as dark as though there was an eclipse. The wind blew like a tornado, making the leaves fly, twisting the branches of the birches, bending the trees, plants, and flowers, and almost presenting a barrier to Levin's passage. The fields and the forest disappeared behind a curtain of rain, and all those who were caught outside by the storm ran to shelter.

Bending his head, and fighting vigorously against the gale, which tugged at his shawls, Levin advanced as best he could. He thought he already saw white forms behind a well-known oak, when suddenly a glare of light seemed to burst from the ground before him, and the vault of the sky above him to fall with a crash. When he opened his dazzled eyes, he looked through the thick curtain formed by the rain, which cut him off from the Kolok woods, and saw, to his horror, that the green top of a well-known oak had disappeared.

"Can the lightning have struck it?" he had time to exclaim; and instantly he heard the sound of the oak-tree falling with a crash, and carrying with it the neighboring trees. "My God! my God! keep them safe," he murmured, rigid with fear; and though he instantly felt the absurdity of the prayer, since the harm would have been already done, he nevertheless said it over and over, for he knew that, absurd as it was, he could not do any thing else to help them. He hastened towards the spot where they generally went, but he did not find them. They were in another part of the woods under an old linden, and they saw him. Two figures dressed in dark clothes — they usually wore white — were crouching under the trees. It was Kitty and the nurse. The rain had stopped, but it was still lightening when Levin reached them. The nurse was dry, but Kitty was wet through. They were

standing just as they had been when the shower began, though it was no longer necessary. Both were leaning over the baby-carriage, and protecting Mitya with their sunshades.

"Alive? safe? God be praised!" he cried, as he ran to them with his shoes full of water. "*Nu!* how could you do such a foolish thing? I can't understand it," Levin began with vexation as he saw Kitty's glowing and wet face, under her shapeless hat, turned to him.

"I assure you, it was not my fault. We were just going when" —

"*Nu!* God be thanked that you're safe and sound! I don't know what I'm saying."

They hastily picked up the wet things, the nurse took the baby, and Levin, ashamed of his vexation, gave his arm to his wife, and led her away, pressing her hand gently.

XVIII.

In spite of his feeling of having been deceived, as he discovered that his moral regeneration had not materially changed his nature for the better, Levin felt none the less, all the rest of the day, a sensation of joy which filled his heart to overflowing. He took but a small part in the conversation; but the time passed gayly, and Katavasof made a conquest of the ladies by the originality of his wit. He was drawn out by Sergéi Ivanovitch, and amused them, and interested them greatly, by telling of his researches into the different characteristics and features of male and female flies, and of their habits. Sergéi Ivanovitch was very gay; and at tea, he explained the future of the Eastern question so simply and well, that all could follow him. Kitty alone did not hear him: she was occupied with Mitya. The day ended pleasantly without irritating discussions. As the atmosphere had been cooled by the storm, they staid in the house.

Kitty, who was obliged to give Mitya his bath, left with regret; and a few minutes after, a message was brought to Levin, that she wanted to see him. It made him anxious. He rose at once, in spite of the interest he felt in his brother's theory as to the influence of the emancipation of forty millions of Slavs upon the future of Russia. What could they want with him? They never called him to go to the child except in a case of emergency. But his anxiety, as well as

the curiosity that had been roused by his brother's ideas, disappeared as soon as he found himself alone for a moment, and his secret happiness came back to him, clear and strong as in the morning, without his needing to awaken it by reflection. The feeling had become independent of the thought. He walked along the terrace, and saw two stars glowing in the sky.

"Yes," said he to himself, "as I looked at the heavens, I thought there was a truth in the delusion that this, which I am gazing at, was a solid vault. But there was the something that remained half thought out in my mind, — something that I hid from myself. Now, what was it? There cannot be an answer."

But as he entered the child's chamber, he remembered what it was that he hid from himself. It was this: —

"If the chief proof of the existence of God lies in the inward revelation of good and evil which He has given to each of us, why should this revelation be limited to the Christian Church? How about those millions of Buddhists and Mohammedans, who are also seeking for the truth?"

It seemed to him that there must be an answer to this question, but he could not find and express it before entering the room.

Kitty, with her sleeves rolled up, was bending over the bath-tub, where she was holding up the baby's head with one hand while she sponged him with the other. She turned towards her husband as she heard his steps.

"*Nu, vot!* look, look! Agafya Mikhaïlovna is right: he knows us."

The fact was, that Mitya to-day for the first time gave indubitable proof that he knew his friends.

As soon as Levin went to the bath-tub, the experiment was successful. They brought up a cook who had not seen the baby much. The baby frowned, and shook his head. Kitty came to him, and he smiled, and stretched out his hand to her, so that not only the mother and the nurse, but Levin himself, were enchanted. They took the baby from the water, wiped him, and, after he had expressed his disapprobation with a piercing scream, they gave him to his mother.

"*Nu!* I'm very glad to see that you begin to love him," said Kitty, as she sat down in a comfortable seat, with the child at her breast. "I am very glad. It really alarmed me when you said you hadn't any feeling for him."

"No! did I say that I did not care for him? I only said that my illusions had gone."

"How so?"

"I wasn't disappointed in him, but in the feeling that he would arouse. I expected more. I expected as a surprise some new and pleasant feeling; and instead of that, it was pity, disgust" —

She listened to him as she put on her rings, which she had taken off while bathing the baby.

"And more of fear and pity than of satisfaction. I never knew until to-day, after the storm, how I loved him."

Kitty smiled with radiant joy.

"Were you very much afraid? And I was too. But I'm still more afraid now that I see the danger we were in. I shall go and look at the oak to-morrow. How nice Katavasof is! *Du!* the whole day has been so pleasant. You are so delightful with your brother when you want to be. *Nu!* go to them. It is always hot and close here after the bath."

XIX.

Levin, on leaving the nursery, began to follow out the thought that had been obscure.

Instead of going back to the parlor, where he heard the sound of voices, he leaned over the balustrade of the terrace, and looked at the sky. There was not a cloud in the south, but it was still lowering in the opposite quarter. From time to time there would be a glare of lightning, followed by the distant rumbling of the thunder. Levin looked at the stars and the Milky Way, and listened to the drops of rain falling rhythmically from the leaves of the trees. When the lightning flashed, the stars would disappear from his vision. Then they would re-appear, one by one, resuming their places as if a careful hand had re-adjusted them in the firmament.

"*Nu!* What is it that troubles me?" he asked himself, feeling, as he did so, a response in his soul which as yet he was unable to define. "Yes, it is the laws of good and evil revealed in the world which are the proof, the evident, unimpeachable proof, of the existence of God. These laws I recognize as at the very centre of my being; and so I am bound by them, willingly or unwillingly, to those others who

recognize them as well; and this union of souls sharing a common belief is called the Church. *Nu!* but Hebrews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, are they in the same relation?" he asked himself, recurring to the dilemma which had threatened him. "Can these millions be deprived of the greatest of blessings, of that which alone gives a meaning to life?" He paused. "The question which I am asking is the question of the relation of the various forms of human belief to Divinity. It is the revelation of God to the universe, with all its planets and starry systems, which I am presuming to fathom. And at the moment when knowledge, sure, though inaccessible to reason, is revealed to me, shall I still persist in dragging logic in?"

"Do I know that the stars do not move," said he, noticing the change that had taken place in the position of the brilliant planet which he had seen rising over the birches; "but seeing the stars change place, and not being able to imagine the revolution of the earth, then I should be right in saying that they moved. Would not the astronomers have made no calculations, and gained no knowledge, if they had taken into consideration the varied and complicated motions of the earth? Have not their marvellous conclusions as to the distances, the weight, the motions, and revolutions of the celestial bodies all been based upon the apparent movements of the stars around a motionless earth, — these very movements which I now witness, as millions of men for centuries have witnessed them, and which can always be verified? And just as the conclusions of the astronomers would have been inaccurate and false if they had not been based upon their observations of the heavens such as they appeared relatively to a single meridian and a single horizon, so all my conclusions as to the knowledge of good and evil would be lacking if I did not connect them with the revelation of these which Christianity has made, which my soul can always verify. The relations of human belief to God must, for me, remain unfathomable: to search them out belongs not to me."

"Haven't you gone in yet?" said Kitty's voice, suddenly. "There's nothing that troubles you, is there?" asked she, looking wistfully up into her husband's face. By the light of a flash of lightning on the horizon, she saw that he was calm and happy, and she smiled.

"She understands me," thought he. "She knows what

I am thinking. Shall I tell her, or not? Yes, I will tell her."

But just as he was about to speak, Kitty broke in.

"Kostia," said she, "do go; there's a good fellow, and take a look at Sergéi Ivanovitch's chamber, and see if it's all right. I'm so tired!"

"Certainly, I'll go," answered Levin, rising, and kissing her.

"No; better be silent," thought he, as she turned back into the parlor: "this secret has no importance save for me alone, and my words could not explain it. This new feeling has neither changed me nor blinded me nor made me happy, as I thought. Just as neither surprise nor rapture took the place of paternal love, so it has been here. The feeling stole into my soul through suffering; and it is faith, — not faith, — I do not know what it means. I shall probably continue to be vexed with Ivan the coachman, and get into useless discussions, and express my thoughts blunderingly. I shall always be blaming my wife for what annoys me, and repenting at once. I shall always feel a certain barrier between the sanctuary of my inmost soul, and the souls of others, even my wife's. I shall continue to pray without being able to explain to myself why, but my inward life has conquered its liberty. It will be no longer at the mercy of circumstances; and my whole life, every moment of my life, will be, not meaningless as before, but full of deep meaning, which I shall have power to impress on every action."

GLOSSARY.

Ach (akh)	Oh, ah, ha, alas.
Arshín	2.333 feet, .711 meter.
Artel	Labor union.
Artelshchik	Railroad porter.
Baba (pl. babui)	Peasant-woman; literally, woman.
Babka	Midwife, grandmother.
Barin	Lord, master.
Baruina	Lady, mistress.
Baruishna	Unmarried lady.
Bashluik	A Caucasian hood.
Bashmak	Shoes, slippers.
Bátiushka	Little father.
Bátiushki	Ye gods (little fathers).
Botvinya	Vegetable soup and *kvas*.
Bozhe moï	My God, good heavens.
Burlak	River-boatman, clown.
Caviare	Roe of sturgeon.
Da, Da tchto	Exclamation; literally, yes, yes, what?
Da, vot	Literally, yes, here.
Datcha	Summer villa.
Denshchik	Officer's servant.
Desyatin	2.7 acres, 1.092 hektars.
Domovoï	Household spirit dwelling behind the stove.
Drozhky	Carriage.
Dusha, dushka, dúshenka . .	Terms of endearment; little soul.
Dvornik	Janitor, choreman (one who tends the *dvor* or courtyard).
Dvorianstvo	Nobility.
Eka	There!
Ekonomka	Housekeeper.
Fréïlina	Maid of honor.

Furazhka	Forage-cap.
Golubtchik	Darling.
Infernalnaïa	Infernal-room (from Italian).
Ish-tui	Look you.
Istopnik	Stove-tender.
Izba	Peasant's hut.
Izvoshchik	Hack-driver.
Kaftan	Coat.
Kalatch	Roll.
Kak-zhe	How.
Kammer-junker	Gentleman of the bed-chamber.
Kapelldiener	Usher.
Kasha	Wheat gruel.
Katalshchik	One who rents skates; literally, skater.
Képi	Soldier's cap.
Kha, kha!	Exclamation.
Khozyáïka	Mistress of a house, hostess.
Khozyaïn	Master, host.
Khozyáïstvo	Estate, farming. See p. 344, note.
Kitel	Linen suit.
Kondrato	Conrad.
Kopek	$0.008.
Krestianin, krestianka	The old name of the serf, male and female peasant.
Kvas	Sour, fermented drink.
Lasotchka	Diminutive of Laska.
Lavronty	Lawrence.
Linéïka	Two-seated drozhky.
Malchik	Boy, lad.
Maman	Mamma (French).
Masha	Diminutive Marya, Mary.
Matimatik	Learned man.
Matushki	Exclamation; literally, little mothers.
Mátushka	Little mother.
Mazurka	Cotillon, the german.
Metayers	Small farmers.
Muzhik	Peasant, diminutive of *muzh*, a man.
Muzhitchok	Little old *muzhik*.
Natchalnik	President, chief, head.
Nu, nu-s, nu-ka	Well.
Och (okh)	Oh.
Pápasha	Diminutive of papa.

Pavina	Diminutive of Pava.
Platok	Handkerchief, or kerchief, shawl.
Pomyéshchik	Proprietor, land-owner.
Predvodítel	Marshal, leader of the nobility.
Proshchaï, proshchaïte	Good-by.
Prikashchik	Superintendent.
Pud	Forty pounds.
Reká	River, wide ditch.
Rotmistr gvardi	Captain of the guard.
Ruble (100 kopeks)	.50–.80 (whether paper or silver).
Samovar	Tea-urn.
Sázhen	7 feet, 2.134 meters.
Serozha	Diminutive of Sergéi.
Shafer	Groomsman.
Shapka	Cap.
Shchi	Cabbage soup.
Shuba, shubka	Fur garments.
Shuler	One who cheats at cards.
Shliupik	Mushroom.
Skotnik	Cow-herd.
Starik	Old man, boss.
Stárosta	Elder.
Starshiná	Elder, chief of a commune.
Sudar	Sir.
Swiss, shvéïtsar; Ger. Schweitzer	Inside man.
Tanchurotchka	Diminutive of Tania.
Tarantás	Travelling wagon.
Tabula rasa	Blank tablet (Latin).
Tchin	The order of official rank established by Peter the Great.
Tchinovnik	Official.
Telyéga	Cart, wagon.
Tiurka (pl. tiurki)	Bread-crumb soaked in *kvas*.
Topchatchek	Flail.
Troïka	Three-horse team.
Tulup, tuluptchika	Sheep-skin vest or coat.
Verst	.663 mile, 1.067 kilometer.
Vodka	Brandy.
Vot	Here.
Zakuska	Lunch.
Zemski doktor	The communal doctor.
Zemstvo	Territorial assembly.

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